THE

European Magazine,

For OCTOBER, 1808.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of Rear-admiral Sir R. G. Keats, K.B. and, 2, a Map of Spain and Portugal.]

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London:

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FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, Cornhill.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month, as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. Bishop, of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; to any Part of Ireland, at One Guinea and a Half per Annum, by Mr. Smith, of the General Post Office, at No. 3, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Part of the East Indies, at Thirty Shillings per Annum, by Mr. Guy, at the East India House.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

In reply to *C. S.* we must state, that we shrink from political controversy, especially where it is, like that to which he alludes, so strongly tinctured with the *glaring colours* of party. Upon the subject of our intestine divisions, CARDINAL XIMENES once (not very handsomely, we confess) observed, that the English, like their native mastiffs, lived in a state of internal hostility; "the cause," he continued amplifying as he proceeded, "which frequently creates a *canine* uproar is, as every one knows, a BONE; whence, among them, any *statistical* elevation, or political advantage, is humorously called a *bone of contention*. During the time of profound peace, the 'island dogs' are frequently *growling*, *snapping at*, and *tearing* each other; but the moment that the *barking* of *foreign curs* gives the alarm, the contention about a *bone*, *bones*, or *bonuses* ceases; all the whole species, whether *shagged*, *long-eared*, *crops*, or *bobtails*, become friends, and, with one heart and mind, join *their teeth* to defend their kennels against their exotic enemies."

Such was the allegorical picture of the English, drawn by the hand of a *great master* at the beginning of the 16th century, which we are extremely sorry to see reversed at the beginning of the nineteenth. Instead of the characteristical union alluded to, which is always desirable, but most imperatively so at the present period, we are grieved, from the influence of *recent events*, to observe, that the baleful operation of PARTY prevails to a very considerable degree; and that, although the metropolitan demagogues *must* know that they are *mere tools* in the hands of much *abler workmen*, they still persevere, like a set of *daring* but *incautious labourers*, whom, we remember, once exerted their whole force to *undermine* an *ancient wall*, which, had it not been for the *cooler judgment* of the SURVEYOR, would have *fallen*, and have buried them all in its ruins. We do not wish to extend animadversion further; but are still firm in opinion, that the observation in our last acknowledgments, which elicited the note of C. S. was both MORAL and LEGAL, consequently in the highest degree CONSTITUTIONAL.

For want of room, we have been under the unpleasant necessity of postponing several articles that were intended for insertion this month.

The "ADVENTURES of the BROTHERHOOD of ST. THOMAS" are not admissible into this work; though we have no doubt but that they will, in *due season*, appear in all the NEWSPAPERS.

We must inform TULLY, that LINEN did not come into *use* among *the lower order of the people* till the *decline* of the ROMAN EMPIRE.

We shall read the manuscript of BRITANNICUS with attention, and either send him a *private* answer, or acknowledge it in our next.

A variety of other pieces are under consideration.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from October 8 to October 15, 1808.

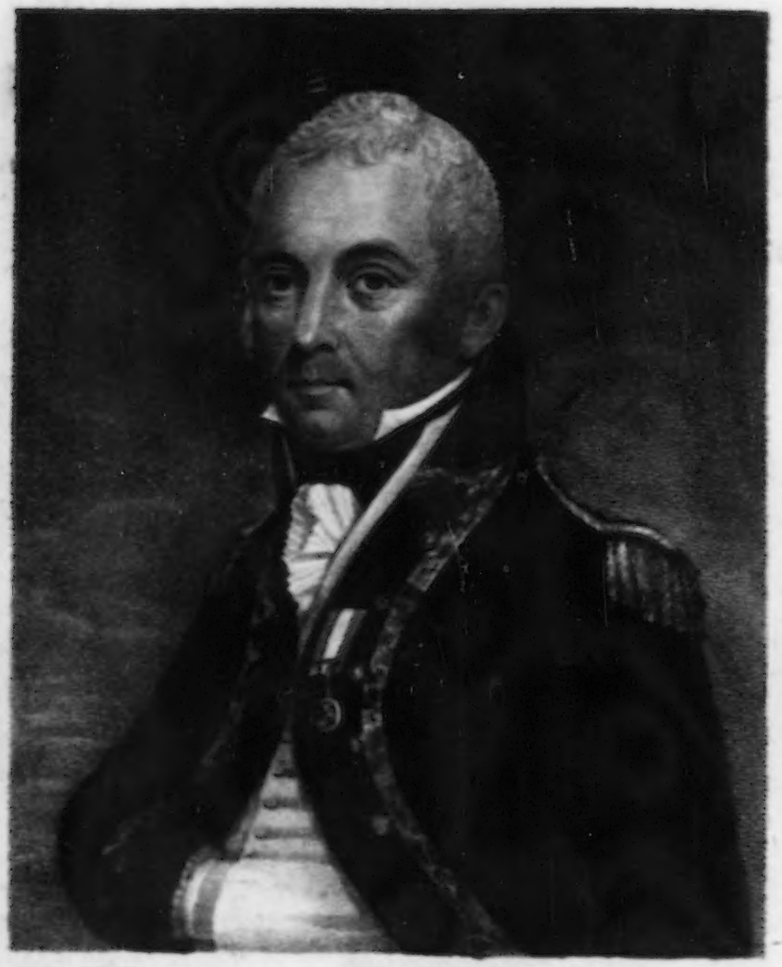
MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	83	8	51	0	42	0	38	2	61	0
Kent	89	9	58	0	44	6	37	9	58	0
Sussex	86	0	00	0	49	0	41	0	00	0
Suffolk	79	8	49	3	39	6	31	10	50	9
Cambridge	80	10	49	0	37	10	25	10	58	0
Norfolk	80	11	55	1	39	0	33	3	51	4
Lincoln	85	8	51	5	42	2	27	6	60	9
York	87	8	67	9	40	10	29	10	68	10
Durham	89	4	00	0	00	0	27	4	00	0
Northumb.	83	0	68	0	40	0	27	8	00	0
Cumberland	84	4	55	4	42	10	27	4	00	0
Westmorl.	95	10	70	0	41	8	29	4	00	0
Lancaster	82	6	00	0	40	9	31	1	68	0
Chester	78	7	00	0	42	4	28	6	00	0
Gloucester	95	0	00	0	47	11	00	0	65	8
Somerset	86	3	00	0	39	8	00	0	72	0
Monmouth	93	2	00	0	42	4	00	0	00	0
Devon	82	0	00	0	35	6	28	10	00	0
Cornwall	77	0	00	0	37	8	24	0	00	0
Dorset	82	0	00	0	47	0	35	0	60	0
Hants	85	0	56	0	50	2	40	6	00	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	90	0	53	0	45	0	34	10	61	8
Surrey	95	4	52	4	46	8	40	4	66	0
Hertford	80	3	43	0	41	8	35	4	50	3
Bedford	85	11	49	6	41	8	37	0	65	2
Huntingdon	80	1	00	0	39	10	33	0	61	6
Northampt.	80	4	44	0	40	0	36	4	00	0
Rutland	85	6	00	0	43	6	32	0	74	0
Leicester	83	7	47	1	41	1	35	10	64	11
Nottingham	93	0	57	6	44	4	31	8	64	8
Derby	90	8	00	0	47	0	35	4	66	0
Stafford	86	0	00	0	44	10	34	5	68	9
Salop	85	2	53	4	41	5	36	4	00	0
Hereford	88	10	44	9	35	2	34	7	57	11
Worcester	89	9	52	1	44	3	42	7	67	4
Warwick	92	4	00	0	45	9	38	7	71	9
Wilts	83	10	52	0	48	10	41	0	81	0
Berks	93	11	00	0	47	6	41	4	66	4
Oxford	87	11	00	0	43	1	39	8	59	3
Bucks	90	2	00	0	41	0	38	4	60	10
WALES.										
N. Wales	90	0	00	0	40	0	38	0	00	0
S. Wales	80	8	00	0	44	0	22	8	00	0

European Magazine.



Engraved by Ridley & Blood from an Original Painting by H. Meyer.

Rear Admiral
Sir Richard Goodwin Keats K.C.B.

Published by J. Adams, Bible, Crown & Constitution, Cornhill, Nov. 1, 1814.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1808.

MEMOIR

OF

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS, K.B.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IT has more than once been observed, that, in this country, there is no branch of biographical literature from which so much real advantage could be derived, as from the contemplation of the lives and memoirs of those naval officers who have passed through all the gradations of actual service, who have experienced all those vicissitudes, both of climate and of fortune, concomitant to the profession, and have received that approbation and those honours which, it is beautifully observed by the poet,*

"————Heav'n appointed
The reward of noble actions."

This kind of history has in it something so congenial to the sentiments of Britons, that we dwell upon it with a peculiar kind of satisfaction; we (if the expression may be allowed) embody the subject with ourselves; our passions rage on the side of the nautical hero: we are proud of his actions as if they were our own, and, on a more general, and still more generous principle, glory in a patriotic alliance with him that makes us sharers in the glory of our country.

This, in the largest and most extended point of view, is, we conceive, the reason why the lives of naval officers are generally read with such avidity; this endues them with that strong power to elicit sensations of public esteem: but they have a still greater use, inasmuch as they must be considered as stimulatives to professional emulation, and, consequently, as most prolific sources of national advantage.

For this reason, in particular, we are extremely sorry to observe, that, while we contemplate the portrait of the gallant admiral which embellishes this number of our Magazine (especially as his memoirs would have furnished another brilliant example to the younger class of his profession), we should have found it so very difficult to obtain even materials for this short notice; however, in the hope that what we have written will stimulate some person who is infinitely more capable to enlarge upon this interesting subject, we proceed to state those few hints towards a more finished production which have come to our knowledge.

Rear-admiral SIR RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS is the son of the Rev. G. Keats, a clergyman who for many years filled the highly respectable and eminently useful station of head-master of the free grammar-school at Tiverton, Devonshire:* a seminary from which many

* Dr. Akenside.

* The free grammar-school at Tiverton is a very fine building, situate near the banks of the Loman, at the east end of the town, and extending to the length of 170 feet. This was erected about the year 1604, pursuant to the will of Peter Blundell, a native, and eminent clothier of that town. He was born in the year 1520, "of parents in such a low station of life, that, when very young, he was obliged to run on errands, and do other

of those gentlemen, whose learning and talents have become so conspicuous in the western part of this kingdom, have derived the first principles of their education.

To the admiral who is the subject of this brief notice, his situation under the guidance of a parent who was so capable of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," was rendered peculiarly advantageous, and consequently his improvement was concomitant.

At what period he entered into the naval service of his country we have not been exactly informed; but we know, that after he had completed the term of his service as a midshipman, he was appointed a lieutenant on board the Prince George man of war, then bearing Admiral Digby's flag. This ship formed part of the squadron of Admiral Lord Rodney, in the memorable expedition to the West Indies, and was particularly distinguished by being the vessel in which his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence commenced his naval career as a midshipman. Upon this important occasion, Lieutenant Keats had the honour of being selected as a proper officer to whom the person, and, indeed, in a considerable degree, the professional tuition of his royal highness might be safely entrusted.

From this confidential distinction an intimacy ensued betwixt the august personage under his care and himself, which, in the early stages of his promotion, proved highly advantageous to him: therefore, in this remarkable instance, his royal highness is entitled to all the reward of public applause which must result from his having patronized an officer of such distinguished merit, as events immediately subsequent, and those still more recent, have proved Admiral Keats to be.

It is, with our slender materials, impossible for us to follow him through the gradations of his promotion with the accuracy we could wish. Every step which a gallant officer gains in the honourable course of service, is not only an encouragement to him, but, as we have observed, an advantage to the nation; as, while it stimulates him to still greater exertions, it points to the goal, and animates others to the noblest actions.

Lieutenant Keats was promoted to the rank of captain in the year 1789, and we think, about the year 1793, commanded the Bonetta sloop of war. He was captain of the Superb in the action off Algesiras,* 12th July, 1801, and in the subsequent retreat of the combined squadrons, when the two three-decked ships were blown up, and a 74 gun ship captured. He was also flag captain to Sir John Duckworth at the battle of St. Domingo, the 6th February, 1804.† He was, on the 9th of November, 1805, honoured with an appointment to a colonelcy of the marines; promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue on the 2d of October, 1807; and succeeded in bringing off the Marquis Romana and the Spanish troops from the Danish territory: in consequence of which he was, on the 15th of October, 1808, still further honoured by his sovereign, by being created one of the knights of the most honourable military order of the Bath.

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little services for the common carriers, to obtain necessary support. As he grew up, he attended their horses; and having saved a little money in this employ, he bought a piece of kersey cloth, which he sent to London by one of the carriers, who, making no charge for the carriage, sold it to great advantage. The profits from this kersey, and a few more savings, enabled him to purchase others, which he sent and sold in like manner. From similar returns, in a short time he bought as many kersies as would load one horse, with which he went himself to London, where he was employed some time by the agents in the kersey trade, by whom he was much esteemed for his fidelity and great assiduity. When he had acquired a sufficient sum to begin the manufacture of kersies, he returned to Tiverton, and established himself in that business, which he conducted many years with great credit and success. The fortune he thus acquired by his active and laudable exertions was very great; and as his mind happily enlarged with his circumstances, his liberality was unconfined, and his bounty became general and useful. He died unmarried, at the age of eighty, and, by his will, bestowed the whole of his ample fortune to promote learning, to encourage husbandry, to advance the trade and manufactures of his native place, to animate the industrious, and to remove the ills or alleviate the distresses of his fellow-creatures." (a)

(a) Dunsford's Historical Memoirs, &c.

* European Magazine, Vol. XL. page 145.

† Ibid. Vol. XLIX. page 236.

ORIENTAL OBSERVATIONS.

No. IV.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *October* 14, 1808.

EVER since the commencement of your Magazine I have taken it, and have been highly pleased with it, as it contains more useful information than any other I have seen. From its very general circulation, I think any thing of great utility will be more generally beneficial, when published in it, than in most others. The enclosed paper, I conceive, may be eminently advantageous to a very numerous and meritorious class of our fellow-subjects, the seamen in the royal navy and in the merchant service.

The very great and most important services which Marquis Wellesley rendered to the state, and the glorious victories gained under his auspices in India, ought to fill with gratitude the heart of every person interested in the welfare of his country. His attention was not confined to the great affairs of state, but extended to every thing. The Lascars (native seamen of India), which composed the crews of the first ships that went from India to Europe, were found to have suffered a most dreadful mortality during the voyage to Europe, and on the return to India. Marquis Wellesley appointed a committee, composed of seamen and medical men, to inquire into the causes of that mortality, and to suggest means to secure the crews of ships from such a dreadful evil. These gentlemen published their proceedings: the enclosed is an extract from that publication. The means of preserving the health of seamen, therein laid down, may be easily procured, and at a very trifling expence; while the experience of its efficacy gives almost a certainty of preventing the evil. I remember, upwards of fifty years past, a person had a nostrum, by pouring a little of which into the casks in which beef and pork were packed, it was asserted the meat would continue longer good. He was generally employed by the owners of ships in the service of the East India Company. I believe it is now ascertained that this nostrum was the muriatic radical mentioned in the enclosed. By publishing it, you will render a most important service to the public, and you will greatly oblige, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Z.

Extract from an Essay on the Diseases incident to Indian Seamen (Lascars) on long Voyages, p. 151. *Printed at the Honourable East India Company's Press, in Calcutta,* 1804.

THE idea that the fossil acids, even when taken into the circulation, are neither decomposed nor intimately combined with the animal fluids, is repeated by the same author (Dr. Cullen) in his Materia Medica, Vol. I. p. 228; Vol. II. p. 327—412.

Dr. Trotter also says, the nitric and sulphuric acids, in whatever manner exhibited, pass through the body pure and unaltered, as when taken into the stomach.—*Observations on Scurvy*, p. 146—184.

Dr. Beddoes, on the other hand, alleges, that the mineral acids are decomposed by almost all animal and vegetable substances. He remarks, that persons taking the vitriolic acid smell sensibly of sulphur; and that this is the best remedy we have in herpes, a disease which, he thinks, analogous to scurvy, and approaching it by a number of intermediate shades; for these reasons, he thinks a full trial should be made of these acids in scurvy.

A simple inspection of the best tables of affinities favours the opinion of Dr. Beddoes, respecting the decomposition of the sulphuric and nitric acids by animal and vegetable substances; for both carbon and hydrogen more strongly attack oxygen than sulphur and azot do; and the successful application of the nitric acid, by Mr. Scott, to the cure of the same diseases in which the good effects of mercury are most conspicuous, leave no doubt of the fact, as far as that acid is concerned, in the minds of those who admit oxygenation as the principle on which these cures are effected.

With regard to scurvy in particular, that ingenious practitioner recommended to Admiral Rainier a trial of this medicine on board his ships; and the successful result of this experiment appeared by the report of two surgeons of his fleet. A collection of the cases treated by these gentlemen, which establish the efficacy of this acid, was

transmitted by Dr. Scott to Dr. Beddoes.

But the muriatic radical, according to Lavoisier (p. 257, 2d edit.), has so strong an affinity for oxygen, "that it has not hitherto been decomposed by art, perhaps, not even by nature." And this proposition still appears to be true, notwithstanding the supposed discovery of Girtanner.—(*See Thompson's Chymistry*, Vol. II. p. 59.)

Yet, that even this acid may be successfully employed for the prevention and cure of the scurvy, will appear from the following narrative, obtained by the friendly communication of Mr. Brown, who went as surgeon of the ships Britannia and Speedy, on whaling voyages round the world. The use of it in all putrid cases was pointed out to him by the late Sir William Fordyce; and Mr. Brown had first occasion to experience its effects, in a putrid fever, on a voyage to New South Wales, with 150 convicts, besides marines, and the ship's crew. He says, "we had not passed the Bay of Biscay, when a putrid fever made its appearance, and raged with a pestilential fury. It was, under God, owing to this admirable medicine, that we lost only one man, and he was at the age of 74."

As a preventive of the scurvy, he advises to mix a spoonful of the acid in a hogshead of water, and to give it as common drink. "Its taste is imperceptible; and it will not only keep the water sweet and wholesome, but will refresh the blood, and prevent that disposition to putrefaction, which is the invariable attendant of a long continuance in the sea air. Notwithstanding this preventive, should symptoms of the scurvy appear, its use must be varied, and stronger. To a quart of spruce beer, or the same quantity of treacle and water, add forty-six drops of the acid: shake them well together, and give a teacupful every six hours; on the second or third day the purple spots will begin to assume a light yellow colour, and in less than five more, they will disappear. If a ship is fortunate enough to have essence of malt on board, the same quantity of the acid, mixed in a quart of wort, three times stronger than what is ordered by the printed directions, is greatly preferable to the molasses and water, or the spruce beer, and will very much hasten the cure. It ought not to be concealed, that, on leaving off the marine acid, it is probable that scorbutic symptoms will return. It must then be repeated in more frequent and in stronger doses. I never saw occasion for less than thirty, or more than sixty drops to a quart. But this must be left to the good sense and discretion of the surgeon."

In a note, he adds, "I thought I had stored myself very plentifully with it this voyage (1794—1795), but I was quite mistaken; we had used it as a preventive, from our leaving England to Port Jackson; and from New South Wales to Masafuero. At this place, meeting with several American ships, which were greatly distressed with the scurvy, and not permitted, by the Spaniards, to go into any of their ports, I was induced to part with a considerable quantity of it, for their relief. This, we had afterwards cause to regret; for, though both ships were remarkably healthy while it lasted, yet, in five weeks and six days after it was exhausted, the scurvy broke out among us, as before related."

"I can speak with safety when I add, that in the course of two voyages round the world, I am every day more and more convinced of its efficacy."

The history to which he above alludes is as follows:—It was on the 5th of April, 1795, that we passed this port (Payta, in Peru), in company with the Amelia, Captain Quested. In running down the coast we saw few whales; and although we had been two months from Coquimbo, yet I wished to put in here, for a fresh supply of vegetables; as, should we pursue our intended route to California, the prospect of touching at any port was very distant, and from some symptoms among our crew, I knew the sea-scurvy was not very remote. It is true, while the marine acid lasted, I had little apprehension of danger, because experience assured me I could trust to its effects. But that valuable medicine, from its daily use, was fast exhausting, and we could get no supply. A spirit of discontent, however, which prevailed on board the Amelia, made it rather unsafe to go to Payta; so that we proceeded, without interruption, until we fell in with a considerable body of whales, near the Gallopagas islands, where we cruised together for three months; during which time, by the aid of the muriatic acid, both ships enjoyed an excellent state of

health. In July, the ships separated; and on the 8th of that month, we fell in with a great number of whales; when, in twelve days, we got three hundred barrels of oil. But what I feared came to pass: the medicine being done, and no vegetable being in the ship, our people fell fast down in the scurvy."

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I ENCLOSE an account of the circumstances, &c. with some anecdotes concerning Cataracts in the Eyes, which you seemed desirous to have. I think it may be useful, and encourage the aged to undergo the operation. I hope it will be just in time to admit it this present month.

Yours,

6, *King's-road, Bedford-row,* D. J.
18*th Oct.* 1808.

You expressed a wish to be informed of a recent case of BLINDNESS, which, though not uncommon, may be useful in being more generally known.

It may be cheering information to the domestic circle of some of your readers, who are experiencing the melancholy infirmity of a decaying sight, occasioned by that disorder of the humours in the eye which renders the pupil more and more opaque, till a thin film seals up the sight, and becomes what, in surgery, is denominated *a confirmed cataract*, that they have no cause to despair, however far *advanced in age*: such is the perfection to which the beautiful operation of *extracting the cataract* has been carried, in recent times, and such is the exquisite skill and touch of the hand of the dextrous oculist.

About two years ago, a great oculist extracted the cataract from one eye of the father of the present writer; the patient, of a hale and sound constitution, was verging towards his eightieth year. He saw after the operation; no unusual case, even when, as in the present, inflammation followed, and all vision became extinct. How this happened, whether from the want of steadiness in the hand of the veteran operator, or from a want of prudence in performing the operation at a distance from the metropolis, and himself permitting the attendance of a medical man, may, perhaps, be understood by some who can trace the present appearance of that eye. This circumstance is mentioned as a caution, that no other person than the oculist himself be suffered to interfere; and that the operation may not be done at an inconvenient distance, so that the progress of the eye may be sedulously watched.

It was, therefore, with abated courage and failing hope that the patient ventured to undergo the same operation on his single eye, which was now closed in utter darkness. It succeeded! At the fourth day he distinguished the minutes on a watch-dial, and could read small print; within a fortnight he amused himself at card-playing; and now, after a month has elapsed, may make every sober use of his eye.

The operation is simple, attended with the slightest pain, that of a mere puncture; and does not last more than three minutes. I can give a notion of its shortness by an anecdote furnished me by a friend of the late Mr. Draper, the husband of Sterne's Eliza. On his return from India, blind with cataracts, and shaken in every nerve by the hostile climate, having resolved to undergo this operation, he wanted a firm mind. At the mere touch of the hand, the agitated and terrified man fainted. It was during the swoon the operation was performed; and when he recovered, he saw once more that world which he seemed for ever to have quitted.

A similar case to the first has come under my observation, in the person of a respectable clergyman, also about the age of eighty. He underwent the operation in both eyes, the shortness of which surprised, as much as delighted: he declared it was without pain. The village pastor has re-ascended his pulpit, and reads his manuscript sermons with a facility he has not enjoyed for many preceding years.

It is a mere act of humanity due to some who are afflicted by this melancholy disorder, to give them every cheerful hope, and to shew the ease with which they may promise themselves a perfect recovery; and it is a mere act of justice to inform the afflicted, that the operator, in both these cases, was Mr. WATHEN PHIPPS, whose zealous humanity excites the gratitude of his opulent patients, not less than of those who receive gratuitously from his hand a gift which would be worthy of Heaven itself to bestow on man!

18*th October,* 1808.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IN looking over, the other day, an explanation of the Church Catechism, published in London lately by the booksellers to the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and taught in many of the most respectable schools and academies about London, in page 16 of the thirty eighth and last edition, I find, immediately following the question, "What is meant by renouncing him?" (meaning the word Devil), this answer, "The renouncing all familiarity and contracts with the devil, whereof *witches* and conjurors, and such as resort to him, are guilty."

There seems to me, Mr. Editor, something extremely improper in this answer; as it tends to make children believe in the existence of witches, a doctrine which (except by a few poor ignorant people) is now universally exploded. It is but of small importance that the reverend author, Mr. Lewis, minister of Margate, Kent, and the publishers, can quote the history of the witch of Endor in support of this doctrine: for that passage, it is well known, having puzzled our best biblical critics, is, to this day, not well understood. This much, however, is certain respecting it, that the term there translated Witch does not call up to the mind of one in the least acquainted with the original, that catalogue of crimes for which poor old women in this country, till about a century ago, used to be condemned to the flames. The truth is, were those who quote and lug in scripture, in support of this, that, and the other doctrine, to study, even with a moderate degree of care, the language of scripture, and to pay, even the least, attention to the laws, customs, manners, and modes of thinking, to which the sacred writers not unfrequently refer, they would find that, instead of supporting their peculiar notions, these passages often militate against them, and are calculated to support doctrines of an opposite tendency. Did people, for instance, attend to this, that, in the third chapter of the book of Genesis, the original word, translated *sewed*, means to fix, tie, or fasten together, in general, be it by a pin of wood, or in any other way, they would not, as is often done, ask that ridiculous question, Where Adam found the needles and thread with which he sewed the fig-leaves together? And did they attend to this, that there was a small window, in the temple at Jerusalem, commonly called the Needle's Eye, and well known to the Jews by that name, they would not be so apt to find fault with the expression of our Saviour, when he tells us, that "It is easier for a camel to pass through the Needle's Eye, than for a rich man, by means of his riches, to enter into the kingdom of heaven." So that, though for some time before, as well as after, the days of James VI. who wrote a treatise on Witchcraft, the doctrine was believed; yet if the reverend author, and the publishers of the above Catechism, can give no other proof than they have done, or than is generally known, for the existence of witches, they would have evinced a more rational piety, have shown themselves better pneumaticians, and better acquainted with the Christian system, had they saved themselves the trouble of warning people against resorting to them. A book, published with a view of being put into the hands of young people, tending to a belief of the existence of witches, however valuable in other respects, comes, in my opinion, with a very bad grace from any connected with the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge. Not doubting but that this will find a place in your valuable and widely spread Miscellany, I remain, with good wishes, sir,

Yours, &c.

JAMES HALL.

137, *St. Martin's-lane*,
Oct. 1, 1808.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *London*, 16*th Sept.* 1808.

AS I have frequently met with the words *extravagancy*, *indifferency*, &c. which imply the same meaning as *extravagance*, &c. I should be very glad to learn, through the respectable channel of your Magazine, if the one may not be used whenever the other may; or, if the latter is not a more elegant and modern expression than the former.

I remain, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

G.

THE PURRAH.

An African Tale.

IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatized by Joseph Moser, *Esq.*

Act II. Scene I.

An external view of the Palaver-house, exhibiting a very large white cottage-like building, the roof of which appears thatched with bamboo, and in some places overgrown with grass and flowering shrubs: it is surrounded with mangrove and palm trees: the roof extends beyond the fabric, which is encompassed by a palisado, under which groups of negro soldiers appear as upon guard. In the front is displayed a wide area, with small tents, distinguished by flags of different colours, stalls on which commodities are exposed for sale, and booths with stages, on which tumblers, dancers, &c. exhibit their tricks. All kinds of African music is heard, and a variety of negro men, women, boys, and girls appear.

Enter Foolhah, *fantastically dressed in white and red, with a sash of ribands of various colours: he has on his head a cap and bells, bells at his wrists and ancles.*

Sings, shaking a pair of castenets.

Gingle, gingle, tingle, tingle,
My lasses advance,
And join in the dance,
To the tune of the merry bells round.
Let politics sleep,
We'll caper and leap,
While castenets rattle at ev'ry rebound.
Let politics sleep, &c.

Behold, yonder goug*
Has attracted a throng
To stare at the tricks of their magic;
Their spirits are evil,
They deal with the devil,
And all their amusements are tragic.
Their spirits are evil, &c.

To my gingle gingle
Your ears shall all tingle,
And lasses shall bound,
While the castenets' sound
Makes them leap like their squirrels that scarce touch the ground.
And lasses shall bound, &c.

[*A dance:* Foolhah *leads off. The negro youths and girls follow.*

Enter Gangway *and* Bob Boom, *who join the dancers.*

Gangway. Cheerly, my hearts!—Well footed, my lasses!—Here we go up, up, up—Now we reel—now the starboard—now the larboard tack—follow the leader—'ware a lee shore—(*Capers and dances.*) Steady! steady! Bob, how many knots have we run?

Bob Boom. I should guess nineteen and half, by log———

Gangway. You dog, why don't you sing out? I take it we have got into soundings.

Foolhah. Yes, there are *soundings* enough in the fair.

Bob Boom. Fair! I thought every thing was black here:—you seem to have had a complete dip, my little cock-boat. [*To the first negro-girl.*

First Negro-girl. No! my petticoat be vite.

Bob Boom. Petticoat be vite! May be so—the girls in my country scarcely wear any, except they are invisible.

Gangway. I see, Bob, like our frigate, she has a sheathing of white just below the gunwale. My partner seems a first-rate; she has brought her eyes to bear upon me, and they have raked me fore and aft.

Second Negro-girl. I no do you harm—I go with dis man. [*Pointing to* Foolhah.

Gangway. Dis man—he's a comical one; he looks like the ambassador to the king of what d'ye call it, that I saw when I was last here. What are you, brother?

Foolhah. A fool, brother! and therefore likely to be a favourite.

Bob Boom. Gangway, you've got your answer. Shall we bear down upon the squadron there, or cruise in the woods.

Foolhah. You had better go, unless you come to buy.

Gangway. To buy?

Foolhah. Yes: this is a solemn holiday, in which the chiefs hold a council in yonder palaver-house: the dealers dispose of their slaves in the market on the other side, and here the people assemble at the fair.

Bob Boom. Plenty of business! but, just as it is in London, some talking away at the west end of the town; some buying and selling at the east; and some listening to the nonsense of buffoons, or admiring the capering of dancers, about the middle. However, let's scud; for I see by the jack that approaches

* Moorish drum.

if we meet we shall have a pooping sea.

Gangway. His head looks like the acorn fixed upon the spindle.

[*Exeunt* GANGWAY *and* BOB BOOM.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* JAGO.

Charlotte. But is it certain that the captain is so attached to her?

Jago. He loves her as dear as his eyes. I wish you had heard what he said to Isabella, at the factory, about her.

Charlotte. I am glad I did not: but sure he will never devote himself to a woman of her complexion.

Jago. Whether he does or not, 'tis all the same to you: you are not in love with her.

Charlotte. Not I, indeed!

Jago. Then here comes one that, I believe, is.

Enter INVOICE.

Invoice. If you mean me, I confess that I am perfectly charmed with Ergetta; but must resign her to the captain, who has professed a regard for her.

Charlotte. A regard for her!

Invoice. Yes, that has exceedingly interested him in the fate of her lover Alimama, whose trial is, I hear, about to commence.

Charlotte. I am sure, whatsoever may be his crime, I hope he will be acquitted.

Invoice. Justice must take its course. His people are inflexible.

Jago. Yet sure his father———

Charlotte. Will not act like a parent, if he does not use every exertion to save his son.

Invoice. No; but he will act like an African.

Jago. I learned while I was in other countries, that human nature is every where the same, though human complexions may differ.

Sings.

Let Africa superior boast
Her palmy wine and spangled coast,
Her fertile fields and lurid groves,
Where negroes woo their sable loves,
With other attractions to win ye;
Display her ivory and gold;
Lament her natives bought and sold;
Too frequently her sons degrade,
And make them objects of a trade,
As is done in the regions of *Guinea.*

Foolhah.

Yet still I hope to find a friend
That will our native land defend.
All nations, I think,
Love to hear the gold chink.
If avarice a horrid crime is,
Say what you know, begin, *Imprimis.*

Jago.

Of guineas, the pow'r
Is felt to this hour;
If double, they gingle;
They please us when single:
In a certain degree
One's grasp'd as a fee,
And the smiles of a lady will win ye.
In another description
'Twill write a prescription;
Procure you a potion;
Set tye wigs in motion;
Put Brief in a fury,
And summons a jury;
Such, such is the force of a guinea.

The touch of the ore will oft comfort a sinner;
Its splendid display give the poet a dinner:
Then hail the blest coast,
Our nation's proud boast,
Where gold from the mountains in torrents is hurl'd,
Which, stamp'd at the Mint, soon makes slaves of the world.

[*Exeunt.*

The scene closes.

Scene II.

Discovers the interior of the Palaver-house, which displays columns rudely formed of the trunks of trees: a raised platform of earth in the middle serves for a table, on which is placed rolls of vellum, arms, and skins: banks of earth are formed into seats: from the columns are suspended bows and arrows, leopards and other skins, sabres, assagays, &c. formed into trophies: the attendant guards are armed, and adorned with assagays and swords, gris gris, &c.* MARRIBA *is seated in state, holding, as an ensign of his office, a gold-headed cane; near him* MORREY, TIMMINA, PONGO, RABILA, *and other African chiefs are also seated.*

Morrey. I rise not to repress the ardent task,
Which, as I understand, my patriot friends
Have undertaken: let it be pursued.
I wish not, in its bud, to blunt inquiry:
Howe'er the passions of our chief may suffer,
I know the strong sensations of his mind,

* Dresses composed of feathers.

But never yet have learn'd he shrunk from duty,
And to his private feelings gave his honour.

Marriba. Nor will he now. If Alimama, wild
As is the stag that o'er our deserts bounds,
And, with that wildness, as the tiger fierce;
If he has dar'd to step beyond the law,
And, in defiance to his country's gods,
Has sacrific'd his conscience or his cast,
Behold my pledge.

[*Takes off his chain, to which is suspended a piece of gold in the form of a heart, and throws it on the table.*

By yonder glorious sun;
By the pale crescent of the wexing moon,
That represents a double cornu-copia,
Here solemnly I vow to yield his life
To justice and his country. Nor shall keen sensations,
However strong parental feelings glow,
E'er urge me once to see him, but in public.

Morrey. Prais'd be the gods of Afric, noble fathers!
We have a chief dare vindicate our laws,
And hurl destruction on the wretch profane,
Whose impious passions scorn'd our sacred rites,
And tore a virgin from you hallow'd groves.

Marriba. Why this address to us?
What man has dar'd
To brave the vengeance of the fiery god,
And from their mystic caverns call his ministers?

Morrey. The man that dar'd to violate our laws,
Who pass'd the sacred bounds of yonder woods,
Where in their deepest dells our priests reside,
Where spirits, shrinking from the radiant blaze,
Expanding wave their various tinted wings,
Is known to you, to all; 'twas Alimama.

Marriba. My son!

Morrey. Your son, O chief! In me the spirit speaks;
Your son has dar'd to violate our laws:
Like you, the youth contemns his country's gods:
Like you, he bows to Alla and his prophet.

Marriba. Who dares accuse him?

Morrey. That dare I.

Marriba. The proof?

Morrey. Lies in the priestess of the Purrah rites,
That sacred tribunal which guards our country.

Marriba. Let her approach: confronted by my son,
Whate'er she dare to urge he means to answer.

Pongo. And more than answer, thoroughly confute.
Therefore suspend your judgment, honour'd sire,
'Till I return, and introduce my friend,
My brave companion, in whose gen'rous heart
Each virtue, like the fruit of Africk's clime,
Expands and glows luxuriant: whose vivid mind,
Tho' oft it hurries him beyond the verge
Of cold prudential caution, always bears
The curbs and checks of virtue and of honour.
The royal eagle, fetter'd and restrain'd
By piety, by duty's stern behest,
Instant becomes a dove. Would he offend
His country's gods? Impossible!

Morrey. Yet here comes his accuser.

Pongo. She shall be met, and accusations vile
Shrink from the blaze of genius and of truth.

[*Exit* Pongo.

Enter four virgins attired in white, their mantles striped with blue: they are veiled: each of these bears a small vase, with incense smoking. Bunda *follows, her train borne by two children: then come other priestesses of the Purrah. Solemn music is heard without to accompany the following song:—*

Revenge, revenge our breasts inspires!
No longer blaze the sacred fires;
Their flames have lost their brilliant hue,
In smould'ring smoke and sulph'rous blue.
Their flames have lost, &c.

With shrieks the hallow'd wood resounds,
While echo spreads those horrid sounds:
Revenge! revenge! the *Ghiné* cries;
Revenge! revenge! the grove replies.
Revenge! revenge! the, &c.

Let groans, let tortures dire ensue,
Vengeance, vengeance is his due!
The gods demand his guilty head;
Their claim we urge, to strike him dead.
The gods demand his, &c.

Enter ALIMAMA, PONGO, *and Guards.*

Bunda. At his approach, this claim
I now re-urge.

Marriba. For what offence?

Bunda. The greatest that our laws
can recognize,
A violation of our sacred rites.
Does not the holy Purrah here exist?

Marriba. It does, peculiar to the
Boolam cast:
But how can this affect my virtuous son?
Bred in our prophet's principles and creed,
He's a Mandingo.

Bunda. Horrid cast! the violators
of our country's laws.
That's his offence.

Marriba. It may have been his fa-
ther's. If their faith
Was prone to error, which I can't dis-
cern,
How can their crime affect the gen'rous
youth?

Bunda. If taught thus to contemn our
ancient race,
And trample on our laws; it rests with
him,
As I shall now explain. The pure Ergetta,
Straight as the palm that ornaments our
groves,
In elegance superior to her sex,
With mental pow'rs superior to her form,
With graces and with genius all her own,
Shone like a meteor to our village maids.
Yet, humble, and unconscious of her
charms,
She won all hearts by seeming to recede
From public praise, and in our hallow'd
groves
To shroud her beauties from the eye of
day.

Marriba. This noble virgin Alimama
lov'd;
I see it in his looks: but where's the
crime?

Bunda. Let me proceed. Within
our woods,
The lovely maid, enchanted with our
rites,
Became devoted to her country's gods.
A priestess of the Purrah, tho' so young,
She bore the sacred fire before the altar,
And, at the cauldron, held the holy torch.
Secluded from the world, a virgin life,
With solemn asseverations she had vow'd;
When Alimama, as the orient beam
Receded from the world, oft track'd her
haunts,
And with insidious arts, like serpent
vile,
Seduc'd her from her duty, and her gods.

Alimama. Such is the crime of which
your son's accus'd:
And tho' I bow with rev'rence to this
court,
And, for her calling, honour my accuser,
I must observe, in answer to the charge,
Which e'en a priestess might have urg'd
more gently,
That, taught to reverence the Omnipo-
tent,
Whether he blazes in the face of day,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the
storm,
Or with a milder radiance tints the
woods
With silver'd beams, where thro' the
chequer'd shades
The nymphs and shepherds to the cool-
ing breeze,
Compos'd in mind, attune their ev'ning
songs,
And freight the gale with harmony and
love:
I therefore scarcely should have dar'd to
violate
A known decree, but that Ergetta's life
Was once at stake, when from this agile
arm
The monster met his death that sought
her blood.

Bunda. She was within our bounds:
how came you there?

Alimama. I scorn, O priestess!
To urge a falsehood, even to save my
life.
When slave-trade ships appear'd upon
our coasts,
And hostile bands were pour'd from
yonder hills,
In hope to capture your inactive cast,
And sell your youths to bondage worse
than death,
The interior hordes with terror fled be-
fore them,
'Till, hemm'd around with myriads, they
surrender'd.
Ergetta then, with all her village maids,
Her sire and kindred bands, were taken
pris'ners.
Indignant to behold this horrid outrage,
Tho' by our native mountains safely
guarded,
I summon'd the Mandingo tribe to arms.

Pongo. Your ardent spirit spread
thro' all our ranks
Like fire thro' arid fields of ripen'd
corn:
The country blaz'd, the silken ensigns
wav'd;
The golden lion on our standard shone,
And all Mandingo's sons obey'd the sig-
nal.

Alimama. The pray'rs of Purrah's
priests had nought avail'd,

But, when our warriors, with impetuous force,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the plain,
The caitiff hosts were routed and retir'd.
Pongo. Retir'd! they fled with shame. Disgrace and fear
Gave them the swiftness of the antelope.
Bounding from crag to crag, we pick'd them out,
And sped our arrows to a certain mark.
We hung upon their rear till day declin'd,
Then left them to consult inglorious safety.
Alimama. My eagerness to free the female captives
Sped me like lightning to the trading coast.
Already had Ergetta and her band
Become the objects of nefarious traffic.
How I redeem'd them now I shall not speak:
I saw, and, tho' unknown to her, I lov'd.
I gave the maidens to their trembling sires;
And while with frantic rites they thank'd the gods,
Swift as a dart I sought my native hills.
Bunda. Whate'er your merit, which you've not conceal'd,
Might in this act have been, say, does it follow,
That you, vile wretch! should impiously dare
To thrid our brakes, and in our sacred bounds
To violate a priestess of our gods?
Alimama. To violate!
Bunda. Else wherefore lurk'd you in the sacred grove,
And with unhallow'd steps profan'd our temple,
Our verdant temple.
Alimama. I lov'd Ergetta with a holy flame:
I track'd her haunts, to breathe my fond complaints.
It fortun'd once again I sav'd her person
From force less savage than the warrior tribe.
Bunda. You sav'd her life, to violate her honour.
Alimama. Hear me, O priestess! holy virgins, hear me!
And you, my sire, and rev'rend fathers round:
The crystal stream that dashes down yon rock,
The virgin gold that glows in lucid spar
Is not more pure than is my lov'd Ergetta.
Marriba. This I believe: but yet the Purrah laws
Is violated by your ardent passion,
Which led you to invade the sacred grove.
Bunda. There spoke the righteous judge. His life is forfeit.
This I demand.
Timmina. His life! no, priestess! tho' his crime be great,
A parent's censure sure might countervail.
Bunda. Her violation?
[*The priestesses shriek and groan.*
Morrey. I think not:
The impious crime's acknowledg'd by the youth:
What follow'd was the grievous consequence,
That forc'd a virgin from the holy altar.
Rabila. I'm of the same opinion.
Chiefs. So are we all.
Bunda. Nay more, Ergetta, at our sacred fane,
When press'd by me, declar'd her ardent love
For Alimama.
Alimama. Bless'd, be for ever bless'd,
Thou dearest echo of her dearer words.
No longer I'll accuse my fate severe:
Secure in my Ergetta's love, I bid
E'en death itself defiance.
Pongo. Death shall not in this form assail my friend:
Let him but seek him in the field of war,
Where, if he falls, he's sure to fall with glory,
The hero's fame would then repress my grief:
But here to lose his life in cool debate,
To fall a sacrifice to frigid caution,
It must not be.
Alimama. Show me but danger in my country's cause,
And if I do not rush upon it, mock me,
Brand me with cowardice, and take my life:
But here to fall, inglorious——
Pongo. And leave Ergetta in their savage hands.
Alimama. Her very name inspires my ardent mind:
Who dares demand my life?
[*Snatches a sabre from the column:* PONGO *and attendants take the trophied arms:* BUNDA *and the priestesses shriek and groan.*
Morrey. Treason! treason! guards, seize these ruffian chiefs:
The caitiffs fly from their superior force.

Marriba. We will not fly, tho' sire opposes son:
Yield, Alimama!

Enter ERGETTA, *with a dagger in her hand, her hair dishevelled.*

Ergetta. He shall not yield: I come to guard his life,
And offer as a pledge my own.
Bunda. Th' apostate priestess! Seize her! seize her! guards.

Enter DENGHIL *and* SABA: *they attempt to seize* ERGETTA; ALIMAMA *strikes* DENGHIL *down;* PONGO *disarms* SABA.

Pongo. These warriors, form'd of reeds, shrink from our swords.
Alimama. Our cause must triumph o'er such opposition.
But dare I lift my hand against my sire?
Marriba. Already have you pass'd the bourn of duty,
And, in defiance of your country's gods,
Discarded ev'ry filial, pious tie:
I now behold a traitor in my son:
I therefore give compassion to the gale
That passes o'er and sweeps yon mountain's brow.
The band's dissolv'd that link'd our fates together,
While thus I seize, and give him up to justice.

[*Seizes* ALIMAMA, *who drops his sabre.*

Alimama. Then thus I yield to your superior pow'r,
Impress'd with duty while inflam'd by love.
The gods above direct my wavering mind.
Ergetta. On my account, O noble Alimama!
You must be fix'd: the arrows of our fate
Fly thro' a sable cloud, yet still their points
Are sure, or soon or late, to reach our hearts:
I am prepar'd to meet their keenest wounds,
And bare my bosom to the poison'd steel;
But can I suffer you to be afflicted?
No—hear me, fathers! holy priestess, hear me!
I, I was the aggressor. If a crime
Lurks in the pleasing form of Alimama,
'Twas I seduc'd him from his filial duty,
Urg'd him to pass the sacred pale that bounds
Our hallow'd groves, and break his country's laws.
Marriba. For which my judgment is, he merits death.
Ergetta. Thus spoke the judge: now let the father plead
Within your bosom for an only child,
And place before your eyes his spring of life,
Display his talents, dwell upon his virtues,
And show his wide career of valiant deeds,
Think how you've gloried in his victories,
Have hail'd him as the saviour of his country,
And prais'd the gods that gave you such a son.
Marriba. Well you've observ'd that once the father triumph'd:
My mind recurs to ev'ry point you've urg'd:
I gloried in my son, and vainly hop'd
In Fame's long list to see his name enroll'd
The first of Afric's warriors. My presumption
Perhaps the gods have thus thought fit to punish.
My pride repress'd, I now behold the youth
Whom nations honour'd, whom his country lov'd,
Stand 'fore my judgment-seat a common criminal,
A traitor to his father and his gods,
And here pronounce his doom.
Ergetta. Beware, rash man!
My ardent passion loses all respect
For age, for pow'r. Dare not assail his life,
Lest you involve your own.
Marriba. Ha!
Bunda. Say rather yours,
Already forfeit by your own confession.
A violated priestess, by our laws, is doom'd to death!
Alimama. By Alla and his prophet, it is false!
No violation have I dar'd to offer
To pure Ergetta.
Ergetta. No! tho' I love the noble Alimama
Dearer than country, friends, or life itself,
This pointed dagger should have pierc'd his heart,
Had he presum'd to loose my virgin zone
Before the holy priest perform'd his rite.
Bunda. That rite's still unperform'd: yet you've confess'd,
Deep in the Purrah caverns were you urg'd;

And, tho' the sentence died upon your lips,
Enough was gather'd to confirm your crime.

Ergetta. I say 'tis false: the alabaster rock
That stands an idol to the Boolam cast
Is not more pure, more free from stain than I.

Bunda. Yet, on confirm'd suspicion, I accuse you;
And bending to your pow'r, oh righteous judge!
Demand the ordeal.

Marriba. The ordeal?

Bunda. The red water ordeal.

Marriba. Let it be performed.

Alimama. Too well I know that fell deception lurks
In trials of this nature, where the priest
Oft mingles in the chalice dire ingredients
Baneful to life: she shall not take it!

Marriba. Our doubts, did doubts remain, are fully clear'd:
Therefore prepare the fire.

Bunda. Pile it high:
And while th' aspiring flames ascend to heav'n,
The gods will smile upon our holy off'ring:
Lead both the pris'ners forth.
In human gore our deities delight,
Let all the country hail the glorious sight.

Priestess sings.

Flames ascending,
Priests attending,
Lead the victims round the pile:
Horrid sights,
Mystic rites,
Cause our deities to smile.

CHORUS OF PRIESTESS AND VIRGINS.

Flames ascending,
Priests attending,
Lead the victims round the pile:
Horrid sights,
Mystic rites,
Cause our deities to smile. [*Exeunt.*

The scene closes.

Scene III.

An apartment in the Factory.

Enter ISABELLA *and* CHARLOTTE.

ISABELLA *sings.*

My weeds thrown aside,
No longer I'll veil
Those charms which my pride
Oft sigh'd to conceal.
To Afric's black shore
By jealousy driv'n,
I'll no longer deplore
The dictates of heav'n.
Consign'd to his tomb,
My grief I shall smother:
One spouse met his doom,
So I'll look for another.

Charlotte. Dear Isabella! whatsoever misfortunes you may have met with, they do not appear to have lowered your spirits: yet when I consider the age of your late husband———

Isabella. Age! its my opinion he was senior to Methusalem.

Charlotte. And the obstinacy of your father———

Isabella. Obstinacy! the great Mogul would bear contradiction better. "I am the best-natured man in the world," he used to say, "but then no one must oppose my will." You know he knocked my brother down, because he only hinted it was cold in December, just after the old gentleman had asserted that it was sultry.

Charlotte. Ha, ha, ha! I don't wonder, under such a summary jurisdiction, that you were prevailed on to give your consent.

Isabella. Consent! no not quite so bad as that neither. My father never thought it worth his while even to ask my opinion. Did I never tell you the process of the amour that stamped my legend, and made me pass current as Isabella Ingot.

Charlotte. Never.

Isabella. Oh, its curious! you shall therefore hear it.—"Bell," said my father, "you know little Ingot, of Allhallows Barking?"—"What, sir, that frightful jew-looking man, that turns his large eyes upon me, and stares me out of countenance?"—"Frightful, Bell! why you're mad; he's the handsomest man in the district; we call him at club the *Double Plum*: he's a great admirer of you."—"An admirer! Mercy defend me! Sir, he's as old——"—"Old, you jade!"—"Yes, sir, I have heard you say that he was in business when you was a boy."—"So he was—he's quite in love with you."—"Oh Lord! do you think I want a lover, sir?"—"I know you do."—"Of his years!"—"Yes! better than none. I'm resolved you shall marry him."—"Marry him, sir! Lord, he's so old!"—"He's so rich, minx!"—"He's so cross!"—"So rich, hussey, I say!"—"So positive!"—"That's certainly a fault: I do not like to see people positive; but he's so rich, baggage, that it may be worth your while to reform him: therefore I am resolved;

the thing is as good as done. See little Ingot this afternoon; he's had a new coat made on purpose to visit you: we joke him about it at the club. I shall go to the Commons for a license, and then to the coffee-house: so you'll have the whole evening to kiss and toy by yourselves: I know girls like that; therefore don't look cloudy, the thing's resolved; and when you're Mrs. Ingot, which will be next Thursday, endeavour to reform your husband, you jade! for, deuce take it! I hate positive people myself."—So exit my father; my lover came, as per appointment; said little; I said less: my father returned; the thing, as he observed, was settled by them; and the next Thursday, sure enough, I was Mrs. Ingot.

Charlotte. The most rapid and ingenious matrimonial proceeding I ever heard of.

Isabella. But this was not the worst; for I was not only obliged to take the old man I did not like, but to leave the youth I did.

Charlotte. Invoice, your father's clerk?

Isabella. The same.

Charlotte. Well, you see he is a constant swain; he has followed you to the African coast.

Isabella. Yes, I learned that he was almost distracted when the jealousy of my husband forced me to attend him upon this expedition.

Charlotte. How came he, at his time of life, to venture such a voyage?

Isabella. The failure of his factor roused him. He had a large cargo of slaves, ivory, and gold-dust in jeopardy: this wakened his dormant faculties: he would have pursued the demon Avarice much further than to Sierra Leone, had interest stimulated him.

Charlotte. Well, he has left you an immense fortune.

Isabella. The only thing he ever did to please me.

Charlotte. And Invoice has most fortunately arrived to partake of it.

Isabella. I am sure he almost frightened me out of my senses yesterday.

Charlotte. How so?

Isabella. Why I was sitting in my dressing-room, indeed writing a letter to inform him of my calamity——

Charlotte. Good!

Isabella. I turned, and just cast my eyes upon the looking-glass, where I do not believe I had looked for ten minutes before, and saw Invoice leaning over my chair.

Charlotte. So!

Isabella. He caught me in his arms.

Charlotte. Excellent! I mean abominable—Well, what followed this rudeness?

Isabella. I believe I was very foolish.

Charlotte. Why?

Isabella. Why, taken by surprise—I believe—I believe that I made him some foolish promise——

Charlotte. Which you do not intend to keep.

Isabella. Indeed but I do.

Charlotte. Ha, ha, ha! I should like to make such another.

Isabella. At school we used to call you the captain's lady; and you must have heartily resolved to fulfil our prognostication, or you never would have exposed yourself to such perils and dangers to attain the situation.

Charlotte. What perils and dangers would not any girl brave, to become the wife of Hatchway?

Isabella. The protection which the young officer gave you at Vauxhall seems to have expanded into a violent passion.

Charlotte. It has: I think this voyage is a proof of it.

Isabella. Do you not, also, think, that he will discover you, notwithstanding your disguise.

Charlotte. Impossible! I have frequently seen both him and my father.

Isabella. Your father!

Charlotte. Yes: his mercantile affairs have induced him to undertake a voyage to Africa: so I took an opportunity to make a similar trip. I obtained a passage on board the same ship: though, as I was, in his absence, to go into a remote part of England, I do not believe he yet knows that I have left the country.

Isabella. That cannot long be a secret from him; therefore take my advice; make hay while the sun shines: the captain's at present so engaged with Ergetta, whom he has followed to the tribunal, whither she flew with the utmost eagerness, that——

Charlotte. Ergetta, indeed! what a monstrous depravity of taste.

Sings.

What's an elegant air,
Or a face that is fair,
Or beautiful features, good lack!
What's the lily and rose,
Or teeth, lips, and nose,
If a white is outshone by a black?

Isabella.

Complexion is wanting,
Yet still she's enchanting,
The loveliest of all her whole race;
But were she a fright,
Under cover of night
Each girl has a beautiful face.

Charlotte. You have not, Isabella, I find, forgotten the art of ingeniously tormenting.

Isabella. Mum!

Enter CAPTAIN HATCHWAY *and* INVOICE.

Captain Hatchway. Condemned to the ordeal!

Invoice. 'Tis certain.

Captain Hatchway. Of red water?

Invoice. That is her sentence.

Captain Hatchway. Her death is then equally certain.

Isabella. Whose?

Invoice. Ergetta's.

Isabella. Heaven forbid!

Charlotte. So I say too: yet you know she's only a negro!

Captain Hatchway. Only a negro, youth! what then? Is not her life as valuable as yours? Her lover too must die!

Charlotte. Has she a lover with her?

Captain Hatchway. She has, the gallant Alimama.

Charlotte. Poor girl! oh, then, I pity her with all my heart and soul.

Captain Hatchway. Pity is cold when murder taints the gale; we must do something to shew that Britons abhor such cruelty. My crew shall all attend that can be spared: I will order Stern and his men to lead the way.

Enter TRANSIT.

Transit. That's right! the troops in the factory, the merchants, officers, and ladies are on the wing; they will never see such a sight again while they exist.

Captain Hatchway. As what?

Transit. Why the termination of the lives of Ergetta and Alimama, to be sure; the piles of wood already brought from the forest are immense.

Captain Hatchway. Monster! do you suppose that I will suffer a holiday to be made of a spectacle so repugnant to the feelings of humanity?

Invoice. Or that British sailors will stand by to witness a sight so disgraceful even to savages?

Captain Hatchway. No: I am resolved, ere it comes to the last extremity, to draw out my sailors, join the troops, and rescue the innocent victims.

Ergetta was imprudent to leave my protection; but imprudence is not guilt.

Transit. I have no doubt but, in the scuffle, you will take many captives: we shall be able to obtain a whole cargo of slaves at a low price, sail for Jamaica in a short time, and so make a prosperous voyage.

Captain Hatchway. Before any scuffle ensues, we will see what can be done by treaty; I therefore commission you and Vincent to communicate my determination to the council.

Transit. Me! alas! I am too old.

Charlotte. And I am too young.

Captain Hatchway. I will admit of no excuses; therefore attend us at the hall of the factory, and receive your final instructions.

[*Exeunt* CAPTAIN HATCHWAY, INVOICE, *and* ISABELLA.

Charlotte. Final instructions! yes, those instructions are like to be final; we shall, I fear, never have occasion for any other.

Transit. Are the savages so desperate?

Charlotte. When opposed.

Transit. The devil take me if I mean to oppose them.

Charlotte. Nor I either: they shall have their own way for me.

Transit. Right: savages are obstinate, and I always let obstinate people have their way: yet I wish I was snug in Blowbladder-street.

Charlotte. So do I, so we had our captain with us.

Transit. You! what should you do there?

Charlotte. Pshaw! I mean any where in London.

Transit. You are a pretty youth; I shall be glad to see you when we return. (CHARLOTTE *bows.*) You are vastly like a daughter of mine.

Charlotte. I am glad of that.

Transit. A sad obstinate girl.

Charlotte. But, according to your maxim, you let her have her way.

Transit. Sometimes! She's now on the border of Scotland.

Charlotte. She is?

Transit. I sent her there to be out of the way of a navy officer of whom she became immoderately fond.

Charlotte. Immoderately fond! His name.

Transit. The little toad took care to conceal that from me.

Charlotte. Have you ever seen him?

Transit. Never: but I had my intelligence.

Charlotte. You will, I suppose, consent, when you return?

Transit. Yes, if he has made his fortune.

Charlotte. Fortune! nonsense! Lord, what's fortune?

Transit. The best thing in the world, nothing to be done without it. There's bandy-legged Isaac, of the Stocks (the wags call him *Midas*, because he turns every thing he touches into gold), he has made something like a fortune. I wish he was a widower, and would have my girl.

Charlotte. Both his wife and your daughter are obliged to you. But how has he made his fortune?

Transit. Nay, the Lord knows how!

Enter STERN.

Stern. A breeze has just sprung up, so captain desires you would unmoor, and crowd all your sail, in order to come alongside the council. Here, I have brought you sealed orders (*gives a letter*), which you are not to open till you are in a certain latitude.

Transit. I do not like the commission; they are sad savages.

Stern. What of that? Isn't Providence your best bower anchor? Will not all hands be piped aloft one day or other? Savages! If you mean pirates, to be sure there are some upon the coast; a whole ship's crew were murdered within my memory. What then? the next fleet that arrived peppered the dogs that did it, so all was set as upright as the main-mast.

Charlotte. A prodigious comfort! I declare I'll not go.

Transit. Nor I.

Stern. You must indeed, brother; it's to do a good action; and then who ever minds how many batteries are opened against him: so bear up, get under weigh, scud before the gale, and I'll steer you safely into port.

[*Exeunt* CHARLOTTE, TRANSIT, *and* STERN.

Scene IV.

The exterior of the Palaver-house, which appears at a considerable distance; in the wide area before it are exhibited the various booths and standings as before. Negro men and women, boys and girls, appear.

Enter GANGWAY, BOB BOOM, *and other English Sailors*; FOOLHAH, JAGO, *and other Africans.*

Gangway. Avast, avast, Bob; you seem to run out of your course; you row a long stroke, but I think you'll get stranded.

Bob Boom. I tell you, that since we have been ordered to steer our vessels in the wake of the black girl that I believe our captain deems a fair prize, she has been condemned by the court martial to die by red water.

Gangway. What, do they mean to drown her in the Red Sea?

Bob Boom. If they make the attempt, we'll soon sink their vessel; or, if we can grapple, tow her into another port.

Jago. Have a care, my lads; if you make free with the lawyers that condemned her, they'll soon moor your foot horses in the wooden bilboes.

Foolhah. Ah! they once had me there.

Jago. They did not choose to suffer any jugglers but themselves.

Foolhah. That's exactly the case: I was had to the Palaver-house.

Gangway. Palaver-house! What sort of a building is that?

Jago. It is peculiar to this country; and therefore I'll give you a sketch of it.

Sings.

A song I'll rehearse
In gingling verse,
And do my endeavour,
In crochet or quaver,
Piano or fort',
To add to your sport,
By giving a dash at our Palaver-house.

You see in yon place,
It has got a new face;
Behind the smooth *compo*
They all sit in pompo;
Tho' I never could mean
That it wanted a screen
To shelter each member as snug as a mouse.

Such such is a sketch of a Palaver-house,
Where each member is shelter'd as snug as a mouse.

There some make disorder
By calling to order;
Those hard of digestion
Discuss ev'ry question;
While others are glum
As Orator Mum;
And some shake the roof of the Palaver-house.

There the wise in their slumbers
Dream only of numbers,
While ardent in wishes
They gape for the *fishes*;
And some, for their boasting,
Oft get a good roasting,
But hugging their *loaves* mind not basting a souse.

Such, such is a sketch of a Palaver-house,
Where fishes and loaves tempt each government mouse.

"The nation's undone!"
Cries a clamorous one;
"I rise, sir, you'll guess,
T' oppose the address;
Therefore I've a notion
'Twill shorten the motion
To leave out all words but the particle THAT:
Words here are sonorous,
My friends join in chorus,
As things ebb or flow,
To answer, 'Yes!' 'No!'
Except we unmuzzle
To give them a puzzle,
By calling for PAPERS in notes sharp or flat."
Such, such the effect of the particle THAT,
Which ministers love as a mouse loves a cat.

"My friend has just beckon'd,
I rise, sir, to second
His learned amendment,
Tho' I don't see the end on't."
"Sir, I, on revision,
Demand a division,
So the *ayes* must retire, the *noes* may remain.
The numbers agree,
Like the old rule of three;
We find, to our cost,
The amendment is lost;
The Treasury lure
Has made them secure;
So multiplication is prov'd pretty plain."
As multiplication is prov'd pretty plain,
Long, long may our house of Palaver remain.

[*Music: the company dance in different groups till the scene closes.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE ADVENTURES OF

MAHOMET,

THE WANDERING SULTAN;

OR,

A SKETCH OF

MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Written in 1796.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 187.)

Chapter III.

AFTER an almost sleepless night, the greater part of which the sublime sultan Mahomet spent in reflecting upon the ingratitude of mankind, and in anticipating the consolation he should find in the discovery that it had not extended to the other sex, he left his couch, just as the trumpets from the minerets of the surrounding mosques summoned the people to their morning orisons; and having assumed the dress which had been previously agreed upon, he descended by the private stairs into the apartments of Achmet. The vizier, who had just finished his devotions, started at his entrance, and was only convinced by his voice that he was the sultan in disguise.

Zulima, he said, had already been apprised of his intention to honour her with a visit; they therefore proceeded toward her chamber.

The heart of Mahomet glowed with rapture at the solemn and mournful appearance of the mutes, eunuchs, female attendants, and, in short, every object, animate and inanimate, as they passed through the long colonnade and gallery. There seemed to be a climax of sorrow, which apparently rose by regular gradations the nearer they approached to her apartment, which might be deemed its *acme*.

"The lovely Zulima shall not expire under the pressure of that severe, that heart-rending affliction, the genuine traits of which I already discern. With her my deception shall instantly end: I will instantly discover myself to her. Holy prophet! grant that her suffering may not have already shaken a frame which was certainly formed for the temple of love and sensibility."

This was the ejaculation of Mahomet while passing through rows of female slaves with tapers in their hands, who were also attired in the deepest mourning: he bore the train of Achmet, until they arrived at the presence-chamber of the fair Zulima.

The doors flew open, and discovered the afflicted sultana reclined on a high-raised sofa of black satin, with her cheek resting upon her hand in the most graceful attitude. The sofa was placed in an arched recess, the crown of which formed a canopy, from which descended sable curtains tied in festoons, and elegantly contrasted by a back ground of the purest white satin. Her caftan and tunic were of white Persian silk, which, confined under her lovely bosom by a black zone, showed her form to the greatest advantage, while her train fell in redundant folds over the steps and carpet. Part of her bright chestnut

locks were enclosed in a black turban; the remainder, braided in tresses, with strings of pearl, wandered in luxuriant groups over a neck so exquisitely beautiful, that even Achmet, fortified as he was with a rampart of wisdom and a strong guard of years, could not behold it without emotion.

As the new sultan approached, she had arisen, and thrown back a sable veil, so transparent, that it had scarcely shaded her face. She bent her knee, and at that instant the full blaze of her beauty flashed with the force and almost the brilliancy of lightning upon the eyes of the astonished Achmet. Involuntarily he took her hand, and, conducting her to the sofa, placed himself on a cushion of state beside her.

Devoting a few moments more to astonishment and admiration, at length, perhaps considering her rapid suffusions as an intimation that he ought to begin, he said, "Lovely sultana! impelled by my sensibility, though painful is the task, I am come to condole with you for the loss of our late sultan, Mahomet. His death, although I have succeeded him in the empire, was a severe stroke upon me, inasmuch as it deprived me of what no assumption of power can ever replace, a generous master, a virtuous, a noble, and sincere friend."

At this instant Zulima applied her handkerchief to her eyes; and Mahomet, struck by this token of her sensibility, had nearly forgotten his assumed character, and caught her in his arms; when Achmet proceeded:

"I observe that his sudden death has made a deep impression upon your delicate and feeling mind. Those appendages of sorrow which shade your lovely countenance, and eclipse the brilliancy of your apartments and establishment, convince me, that the situation of Mahomet, as sovereign of your heart, was more to be envied than that in which he was publicly recognised as emperor of part of the Asian and European hemispheres. Can the possessor of the treasury of the seraglio, or even of the diamond throne of Delhi, be for a moment the object of that passion? No! kingdoms and their concomitants, inexhaustible riches; all the paltry ornaments of thrones; all those playthings of ambition, crowns and sceptres; all those petty distinctions of state, precedence, attendance, and observance; vanish and melt into air before the infinitely superior attractions of the most beautiful of the daughters of Eve, the all-accomplished Zulima!"

The fair sultana blushed at the energy with which this eulogium was pronounced by Achmet; when, after a few moments' hesitation, raising her eyes, and directing their penetrating glances toward him, she replied,

"Had the loss of Mahomet involved the heart of Zulima in *real* affliction; had she been absorbed even in the deepest sorrow, she would at this instant have derived consolation from the politeness, the sympathetic tenderness, the benignity of his illustrious successor."

"However conspicuous the tenderness and benignity of his successor may be," returned Achmet; "however he may feel disposed to sympathise with the lovely Zulima, in this her hour of distress; he also feeling, deeply and acutely feeling, the importance of her loss, approaches her with apprehension, lest even his feeble, though consolatory efforts, should fail to erase, for one moment, from her mind, the impression which the image of Mahomet hath made upon it: the remembrance of his virtues is ——"

"His virtues," she replied, with precipitation, "were unquestionably eminent; his mind was as perfect as his form; his countenance, the faithful index of that mind, was equally expressive and amiable; his figure, in the bloom of youth, equally graceful and majestic, seemed a mansion formed for the residence of its godlike inhabitant, a daring, yet susceptible soul. The triumphs of his arms, and the triumphs of his benevolence, are monuments which will transmit to future ages his name with applause; his actions the historic muse will record as subjects of imitation: yet, shall I confess to you, O illustrious Achmet! that the exquisite beauty of his form, the extensive fame of his exploits, or the milder radiance that beamed around his elevated liberality and systematic benevolence, all, all these combined, never kindled the smallest particle of the divine, the animating fire of love in my heart, never in the least degree attracted my inclination toward him."

Achmet started. "How," said he, "sensible as you seem of the mental and personal perfections of Mahomet, could you avoid returning some part of the ardour with which he adored you? What talisman could

shield that lovely bosom against the magnetic influence of a passion for the sovereign of an immense empire, in the bloom of youth, a conqueror magnificent and generous?"

"Imprisonment," replied Zulima, "stood personified with a flaming sword to guard my heart, on the one hand, while the remembrance of a prior engagement, and the spectre of a beloved husband, the blood still streaming from his wounds, haunted me on the other. My story, though short and simple, will not to you, illustrious Achmet! be, I flatter myself, entirely uninteresting.

"I am by birth an Italian, a native of that part of the Veronese which appertains to the state of Venice. My family, though opulent, was not noble; from which you will probably conjecture, that, seated near that great emporium of commerce, which seems to rise from the waves of the Adriatic Sea, the founders of it had erected their superstructure upon the basis of trade. This is immaterial. The comparatively small estate of my father was almost circumscribed by the extensive demesnes of the Marquis de Orellan, whose castle, or rather palace, the only symbol of feudality in the Venetian territory, reared its head in attic magnificence, surrounded by groves, whose ample bounds enveloped numberless vestiges, which denoted, as well as the ruins of many noble families, those of a purer and more refined taste, and was at a short distance from the humbler mansion of my parents, wherein I first drew breath.

"The events of infancy, uninteresting to any one, and which must be particularly disgusting to the elegant taste of your sublime highness, I shall pass over, and appear before you at the time when I arrived at my fourteenth year, the period when the beauty which you have condescended so lavishly to praise attracted the notice of the neighbourhood, and especially that of the marquis, who had, since the death of his lady, been celebrated for his desultory gallantry toward females of a rank inferior to his own. Whether the success that had attended his amours had induced him to imagine, that the virtue of his fair countrywomen was slightly guarded, and that no feminine fortress was impregnable, it is impossible for me to say; but he made a proposal to me that, young as I was, aroused all the powers of my resentment. He treated my emotions in a manner which showed that he had been used to excite such in the bosoms of the other objects of his addresses; and after a colloquy, in which anger predominated on my part, and a cool, sedate, ironical politeness on his, left me. A few days after he applied to my father, who, I should have observed, in some degree depended upon him as his superior lord. What passed at this meeting it is impossible for me to state; all that I knew of it was from its effects, which were inimical to my peace.

"Circumstances induced me to imagine, that a violent resentment against both my parent and myself glowed in the bosom of the marquis; although, perhaps to conceal the malignity of his heart, when we accidentally met, he treated me with less haughtiness than before.

"A few weeks produced an additional reason for my disgust to him; as, during that period, Claudio, his son, returned from the army, and having, among other news, upon his first arrival, heard of the passion of his father, and my refusal of his infamous offers, circumstances which the busy tongue of malice had circulated through the vicinage, he, one morning, greatly to my astonishment, waited upon me. Perhaps his real motive was curiosity: his pretence was, to apologise for the injury I had lately received from his parent, and to guard me against his insidious machinations in future.

"From the first moment that Claudio and myself met on this occasion, a passion equally ardent and sincere possessed our bosoms. We were in an instant the world to each other: an age of love was crowded into the short space of one month; at the end of which period we were united in the chapel of an adjacent convent."

Here the unguarded Mahomet uttered a groan, which, as may be imagined, though for different reasons, greatly alarmed both Achmet and Zulima. Upon being sternly questioned by the former, he said, "a sudden pang had seized him." The sensibility of the fair sultana induced her to petition for his pardon, which, with some observation upon his disrespectful interruption, was at length granted, and she resumed her story.

"Secretly as both my lover and myself imagined we had conducted every circumstance respecting our nuptials, in

a few days we found that the marquis, his father, was apprised that Claudio, the heir to dignities that were acquired even antecedent to the crusades, and to estates which had been the reward of the valour of gothic chieftains at the time when, under the conduct of Alaric, they dispossessed the descendants of Romulus of the western empire, had eternally disgraced and dishonoured his illustrious ancestors by a clandestine marriage with the daughter of a man whose grandfather had been a merchant.

"After the promulgation of a crime of so deep a dye, committed by the representative of so noble a house, Claudio well knew there was no place of safety, either for himself or his accomplice, in Italy. To avoid the resentment of the marquis, we flew to Venice, where, in the Adriatic port, a ship belonging to that city was upon the point of sailing for Cadiz. We went directly on board, the winds aided our flight, and, in a few days, we with exulting hearts found ourselves securely floating on the expanded bosom of the Mediterranean.

"The pleasure, the happiness that awaited us, as we had, from the independent resources of Claudio, largely the means of opulent enjoyment, I need scarcely inform your sublime highness, was the constant theme of our conversation. Why, ah! why was it permitted by Providence that pleasure and happiness should, to us, be only ideal?

"Here let me, even in your august presence, execrate that barbarous policy of the Ottoman Porte, which suffers the piratical states, its dependants, to wage an eternal warfare with certain nations, to plunder commercial vessels, and retaliate the wrongs which Africa had formerly suffered, by condemning Europeans, nursed, perhaps, on the lap of ease and affluence, with sensibility and sensations tremblingly alive to the horrors of their situation, to still more galling chains, to a still more exquisitely cruel slavery!

"Here, O noble Achmet! pardon those tears, the effusions of genuine, though unavailing affliction, which the memory of a beloved, of an adored husband, who fell in an engagement with an Algerine corsair, excites, and ever will excite!

"Proud of his victory, and, as he said, of his prize, the piratical captain, soon after I was taken on board, crowded all his sail, and steered for Algiers, where we a short time after arrived. I shall not trouble your highness with a detail of my reception by the dey, to whom I was presented, which is indeed the only circumstance fixed in my memory. Of the other events that occurred, so much were my faculties absorbed in sorrow, I can remember little.

"Though grief had stolen the colour from my cheeks, and sullied my complexion, still, in the eyes of the dey, my beauty appeared of consequence sufficient to entitle me to the honour of being, in the annual tribute of female slaves, presented to the young, the illustrious sultan Mahomet; as he well knew this tribute of charms was, to him, the most estimable part of his revenue.

"Passing with little notice a time that passed with little vicissitude, I mean the space betwixt my leaving Algiers and my arrival at this seraglio, I shall only observe, that Mahomet, to show his gratitude to the dey for the present he made him, has, as he has since informed me, not only amply remunerated that officer, but promoted his family to some of the highest posts in the empire.

"Almost the first words that I heard from Mahomet were, that I was still more beautiful than the visionary idea which his ardent imagination had formed of an houri of Paradise; that he loved me more than the distracted Osmyn did the celestial Alida: perhaps he had said the same, with the same warmth and animation, to my rivals, of which your highness knows there was a considerable number within these walls. But be this as it may; whether it may be attributed to my remembrance of the only object of my passion, sunk in the abyss of the ocean; or to a mind that revolted from a splendid seclusion, which admitted of neither comparison nor choice, is immaterial. Certain it is, that all the magnificent presents, tender assiduities, and distinguished favours of the sultan, could never, even after I had in a small degree overcome my grief, make the least impression upon my heart. My person had been consigned to him as a present, though he had chosen to pay for it as a purchase; and of that person, I confess with blushes and contrition, I, though reluctantly, suffered him, at last, to become the possessor: but my free, my active, my energetic mind, disdaining such mercenary chains, soared far, far indeed, above the idea of sharing affection divided and dissemi-

nated among, perhaps, half of the numerous beauties immured within this seraglio. I therefore, although extremely shocked at his sudden dissolution, lament his catastrophe only, as that of a young man who, for aught I know to the contrary, might originally have been virtuous and generous, but who, corrupted by a bad system of education, blinded by servile adulation, and mentally enervated by luxury and passionate indulgence, had long suffered his darling propensities to triumph over his original principles."

Achmet could not help confessing, that in the florid declamation of Zulima there was some truth: he, however, as well as he was able, defended the character of his late master, at least as far as his conduct had come within the scope of his inspection; and after promising to make a request which the lovely sultana urged, namely, to be permitted to return to her native country, the subject of his early and serious consideration, he took a tender leave of her, and retired with the same ceremony that he had entered.

From the apartments of Zulima, Achmet proceeded to those of Elmira, a Circassian beauty: and here Mahomet had the mortification to observe, that although his successor was far advanced in years, this fickle fair one took much greater pains to attract his attention than to conceal the little regard which she had had for the former sultan, whose conduct she also descanted on with a license and asperity of language so provoking, that, stung to the quick with her observations, and fired by the brilliant, the animated, though angry glances of her eyes, he was more than once tempted to throw off his disguise, and defend his own character, which her former hatred and jealousy of Zulima excited her to mangle most unmercifully.

"I am come to condole with you, O lovely mourner! upon the almost sudden death of our late august sultan," said Achmet, as he entered the apartment of Saphira. "You might," she returned, "two years since have mourned with me upon the same occasion; for so long has he been dead, at least with respect to me, so long has he ceased to exist as the ardent lover of Saphira; and entombed in the arms of favourites, who, perhaps, have fewer attractions or accomplishments than myself, has drained the Circean cup to the last dregs, nay, rejoicing in his transformation, with a stupidity which I should honour too much to term brutal, neglected my charms, repelled my once fascinating powers, and even set my vengeance at defiance. Thanks to the avenging angel! the voluptuous tyrant is no more! The unerring shaft, impelled by a stronger arm than mine, hath struck him to the heart: I hail that blow as the signal of my emancipation. Surely I may now, O noble Achmet! be permitted to re-enter that world from which I have so long been secluded. You seem irresolute. Am I still to be immured? Must I still, as I have for a tedious term, be bound to deem this palace a magnificent mausoleum?"

"Whither, O lovely and animated Saphira! would you wish to be conveyed?" returned Achmet.

"To Athens," she replied; "to that land which was once the seat of the arts, of learning, of elegance, and liberty: nor has the ignorant severity of the Ottoman government so clouded the atmosphere of that first of Grecian cities, or so torpified the faculties of the descendants from ancestors to whom the father of poets *only* gives the name of a people, but that there still remains in that city indigenous blessings, and enjoyments unknown to servile climes like these."

To this philippic Achmet mildly returned, that however, born in Turkey, he might feel the patriot passion glow in his bosom, and be prejudiced in favour of his native country, he would not enter the lists to dispute whether Constantinople or Athens was superior, with an opponent whose eyes were such formidable auxiliaries to her tongue; because he conceived it would indicate the same degree of insanity as to encounter an houri, who joined to the power of fascination enchantment, as well as an orator whose voice was attuned to the conveyance of sentiments which impelled conviction and, consequently, conversion.

In the visits which Achmet, attended by Mahomet, made to the other apartments of the seraglio, they found that the untimely death of the sultan had rather been a source of joy than sorrow; as their fair inhabitants hoped, from the advanced age of his successor, either to have him more in their power, or else, which was a much more agreeable idea, to obtain their freedom. They

generally spoke of Mahomet with little regard or tenderness of remembrance, and many of them with an asperity arising from jealousy, envy, or resentment for supposed injuries, that more than once put the temper of the disguised monarch to a severe trial.

When they left the grand story, which contained the apartments of the principal sultanas, Achmet proceeded to the Divan, and Mahomet descended to the hall, and mingled among the eunuchs, icoglans, and inferior slaves.

The death of the sultan Mahomet seemed here to have made as slight an impression as it had above. A sumptuous entertainment was preparing to celebrate the accession of his successor. He was invited to partake of the festivity; which invitation he accepted.

The table, he observed, was surrounded by those who had been the immediate objects of his bounty. Among these he imagined that he should hear the memory of their late patron recognized in terms of respect, his virtues made the subject of praise, and even his failings treated with candour. He was mistaken: this subject was not once mentioned until introduced by himself. When he had directed their attention to the topic which he considered as the test of their loyalty and gratitude, he had no great reason to rejoice in the eulogium he had courted; for they placed before his eyes a frightful picture of enormities which he had never committed, of vices of which he had never had the least idea. They lamented his criminal neglect of applications which he was certain had never been made, and of merit which he had suffered to remain unrewarded in the bosoms of persons wherein he had never supposed the least particle of it to reside. In fact, he now discovered, that his worthy household was acting upon Indian principles, and endeavouring to stab the character of the dead monarch, and then dismiss him to the shades, in order to bring forward that of the living, and place it in a stronger and more brilliant point of view, making the vices of the one serve as a sable foil to increase the lustre of the virtues of the other.

(*To be continued.*)

Original Grant *of the* Old Artillery Ground.

CHARLES the 2d by the Grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland King defender of the faith &c. TO ALL to whom these presents shall come Greeting KNOW YE that we for & in cons of the sum of five thousand and seven hundred pounds of lawful money of England paid into the receipt of our Exchequr for our use before the sealing of these our letters patents by our trusty & well beloved subjects George Bradbury & Edward Noell Esqrs. & for diverse other good causes & considerations us hereunto especially moving of our especial grace certain knowledge & meere motion HAVE given & granted & by these presents for us our heirs & successors do give & grant unto the sd George Bradbury & Edward Noell their heirs & assigns ALL that piece or p cell of ground com only called or known by the name of the Old Artillary Ground or the Old Artillary Garden or by wt soever other name or names the same is called or known situate lying & being in or near the City of London & in or near the parish of St Buttolphe Bishopsgate on the west side of the ffields or places com only called or known by the name of Spittlefields and containing by admeasurem[t] five acres & one rood be the same more or less as the same is now discompassed with a brick wall together with the sd brick wall & the ground whereupon it stands & also all that messe at the south west corner of the sd ground together with the ground paled out for a garden to it wch were formerly in the possion or occupation of Hanford Knolls and also all that great brick storehouse standing upon the sd peice or pcell of ground near to the aforesd messe & wch hath com only been used by our officers of the ordnance for laying up of stores with the garden belonging to the said storehouse two other messes or tenemts standing upon the said peice or parcel of ground near to the messe & storehouse before mentioned & also the two gardens thereunto belonging & all that dwelling house wch hath been com only used for the habitation of our master gunner likewise standing within the aforesaid peice or pcell of ground & also the stables coachhouse porters lodge two powder houses the long house or building used by our officers of our ordnance for proving of small guns & keeping of stores & also the charging house lying contiguous to the afsd dwelling house and all other houses edifices & buildings standing & being or which

shall hereafter be erected or built in or upon the said peice or p̃cell of ground called the Old Artillery Ground or the Old Artillary Garden or in or upon any part or p̃cell thereof together with free liberty lȳcence & authority for them the s[d] George Bradbury & Edward Noell their heirs & assignes to erect build & sett up or cause to be erected built & sett up any new houses edifices & buildings in or upon the prem̃es & all & singular ways passages lights easem[ts] watercourses trees ffences p̃fits comõdits priviledges advantages & appurt's w[t] soever to the s[d] peice or p̃cell of ground & other the prem̃es or to any part thereof belonging or in any wise appertaining or usually accepted reputed or taken as part p̃cell or member of the same & the reversion & reversions rem[r] & rem[rs] rents issues & p̃fits of all & singular the prem̃es & all other estate right title interest benefit claim & demand w[t] soever of in & to the same TO HAVE AND TO HOLD all & singular the prem̃es unto the s[d] George Bradbury & Edward Noell their heirs & assignes to the only use & behoofe of the s[d] George Bradbury & Edward Noell their heirs & assignes for ever of us our heirs & successors as of our manor of East Greenwich in the county of Kent not in capite or knight service but in free or com̃on soccage by fealty & the rent of six shillings & eight pence p̃ ann to be paid into our Excheq[r] at Mich as in every year & we do hereby will & declare that these our letters patents & the grant hereby made & every article clause & thing herein contained shall be construed & adjudged most liberarlly and beneficially for the s[d] George Bradbury & Edward Noell their heirs & assignes & that the same shall be good & effectuall in the law & so adjudged & taken to be in all our courts at Westminster & else where to all intents & purposes against us our heirs & successors notwithstanding the not reciting or naming the prem̃es or any part thereof or of any grant or estate grants or estates heretofore made thereof or of any part thereof to any p̃son or p̃sons w[t] soever & notwithstanding the statute or act of Parliament made in the first year of Henry the Fourth late King of England & notwithstanding the statute or act of Parliament made in the 18 year of Henry the Sixth late King of England & notwithstanding any defect want of forme or other deficiences or imperfecc̃on in these presents or any part thereof or any law statute act ordinance proclamation provision or restitution or any other matter cause or thing w[t] soever to the contrary in any w̃se notwithstanding although expresse mention of the true yearly value or certainty of the prem̃es or of any of them or of any other gifts or grants by us or by any of our progenitors or predecessors heretofore made to the s[d] George Bradbury & Edward Noell in these presents is not made or any statute ordinance or p̃vision p̃clamac̃on or restrucc̃on heretofore made or provided or any other matter or thing to the contrary notwithstanding In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patents Witness ourself at Westminster the thirteenth day of February in the four & thirtieth year of our reign by writt of privy seal.

PIGGOTT.

Examinat P̃nose 14th Ffeb[y] 1707

GEO. OWEN. SAM[L] POLLETT.

A true copy of the copy of the original, examined by Geo. Owen and Sam. Pollett, the 14th February, 1707; examined by us the 26th September, 1749.

Henry Gibbs, *Wm. Sanders*, } Clerks to Mr. John Howard, of the Inner Temple.

10th May, 1771. Examined the last above mentioned copy in Miss Merry's possession with this copy.

Lan. Shadwell, *John Scott*, } Clerks to Mr. Lane, King-street, Covent-garden.

MEMOIRS *of Sir* ARTHUR WELLESLEY, *K.B.* LIEUTENANT-GENERAL *of* HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, CHIEF SECRETARY *to the* LORD LIEUTENANT *of* IRELAND, *&c. &c.*

(*Concluded from page* 5.)

AT the commencement of the year 1800, General Harris having quitted India for Europe, the command of the Madras army devolved upon Major-general Brathwaite; about which period it was judged expedient to order Colonel Wellesley upon an expedition against the freebooter Dhoondia Waugh, who was at this time in considerable force, and committed the most violent outrages upon the company's territory, and of whom it was necessary to make a severe example.

This person, originally a partisan in the service of the Pata state of Savanore, having committed various depredations on the territories of Tippoo Sultaun, had incurred the resentment of that prince, who having found means to secure his person, he was induced by him to become a Mahometan, and engage in his service. In some time, however, Tippoo, either suspecting the fidelity, or having detected Dhoondia in some treacherous projects, confined him in the fort of Seringapatam, where he was actually found in irons, at the time of its capture by General Harris.

He was, with many others in similar circumstances, released in consequence of that event: but instead of manifesting gratitude to his deliverers, he fled in the direction of Bednore, where, associating himself with some of the disbanded cavalry of Tippoo, and various predatory adventurers, he spread rapine and desolation throughout that fine province. In the months of July and August, 1799, Colonels Stevenson and Dalrymple, of the Madras army, had been sent against him, took some of the forts of which he had possessed himself, destroyed many of his men, and drove him into the Marhatta territory, whither it was not deemed prudent to follow him.

Severe, however, as was this chastisement, it was not sufficient to deter Dhoondia from again tempting his fate. Upon the return of those officers to their cantonments, he again commenced hostilities, and in the course of a few months his force had increased to that alarming extent, as to menace the tranquillity of the company's possessions, and those of its allies in the western provinces of the peninsula. Hence arose the necessity of detaching Colonel Wellesley with such a force as should, directed by his acknowledged military talents, and conducted by his accustomed zeal and activity, leave little doubt of the total subjugation of the rebel. Nor was the event miscalculated. In the month of September, 1800, this gallant officer took the field; on the 5th, he entered the nizam's territories; and on the 9th, after a series of the most masterly movements, executed with almost unexampled vigour and rapidity, he intercepted Dhoondia's force, consisting of 5,000 cavalry, at Conahgull, on his march to the westward. This body was strongly posted, its rear and left flank being covered by the rock and village of Conahgull; and at this moment the horse alone of Colonel Wellesley's army were come up. With these, however, he determined to attack the enemy, and at the head of the 19th and 25th dragoons, and 1st and 2d regiments of native cavalry, extended into one line, in order to prevent his being outflanked, he commenced the battle. The enemy at first shewed much firmness; but such was the determination and rapidity of the charge, that he soon gave way, and was pursued for several miles by the conquerors: Dhoondia with vast numbers of his followers were killed, and the whole body was so broken up and dispersed, as never again to cause any disturbance.

For this great and essential service Colonel Wellesley received the thanks of General Brathwaite and of the governor-general in council, for the indefatigable activity which he displayed in all his operations—his judicious arrangements for the supply of his army, and the masterly disposition which terminated in the defeat and discomfiture of the enemy. In effect, this short but brilliant and decisive campaign raised the character of Colonel Wellesley in India to a degree, in the estimation of military men, which even his subsequent great actions in that country have not heightened.

At this time the first revolutionary war, which preceded the short-lived peace of Amiens, raged in every quarter of the globe. Having established an apparently profound tranquillity throughout India, the great and comprehensive mind of the governor-general, now Marquis Wellesley, meditated an expedition to Batavia, to be commanded by General Baird, who had distinguished himself by leading the assault at Seringapatam. In the event of the success of this enterprise, a part of the force was to have been detached for the purpose of attacking the Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon. Colonel Wellesley was destined to this important duty. Accordingly, in the month of December, 1800, that officer was recalled from his command in the Mysore, and quitted his government of Seringapatam, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the native inhabitants, and the sincerest testimonies of friendship and respect from the troops so long under his command.

From some strange misconception of the powers of the governor-general,

the necessary co-operation of Admiral Rainier, then commanding in chief in the Indian seas, could not be obtained to this great and desirable object; and it accordingly fell to the ground, very much to the detriment and injury of the British interests in India.

This circumstance enabled the governor-general to avail himself once more of the services of Colonel Wellesley in the Mysore; and he was accordingly remanded to the command of the forces in that country, and to his government of Seringapatam; to which capital he returned in May, 1801.

In the interval between this period and the Marhatta war, in which the subject of this memoir took such a distinguished part, he attained the rank of major-general in his majesty's forces.

It would be as foreign to the plan of this part of our publication, as it would far exceed our limits, to enter into a detailed account of the causes and origin of the hostilities commenced by the British government of India against the Marhatta chieftains, Bhoosla and Scindeah, in November, 1802, and which terminated so gloriously for England in the following year. To dwell upon the profound policy, the unabating energy, and the unchecked prosperity which marked this contest from the beginning, would be to enter upon the eulogium of the Marquis Wellesley—a subject far beyond our feeble pen, and to be handed down to posterity by far other abilities than those we presume to possess. Suffice it for the present, that when the intrigues of those chieftains, their predatory spirit, and the usurpation of the peishwah's authority by one of them, had rendered it indispensably necessary to the existence of the British power in India that they should be checked in their career, Lord Clive, then at the head of the Madras government, assembled an army of 19,000 men, under Lieutenant-general Stuart, on the north-western frontier; whence it became necessary to detach a very considerable force into the Marhatta territories, in order to rescue Poonah, the capital of the peishwah, our ally, as well as the person of that prince himself, from the rapacious grasp of Scindeah and Holkar, who were contending who should possess himself of both.

This force, consisting of about 12,000 men, was placed under the command of Major-general Wellesley, who had also under him Colonel Stevenson, at the head of the nizam's subsidiary force of nearly 9,000 troops, strengthened by 6,000 of that prince's disciplined infantry, and about 9,000 of his cavalry: making, in the whole, an army of nearly 35,000 men, with a proportionate train of artillery.

Having, by the judicious position of the force under Colonel Stevenson, secured his communication with the latter, and supplies of provisions for his own army, General Wellesley deemed it essential to advance to Poonah the whole of the force destined to rescue the peishwah from the tyrannous usurpation of the Marhatta chieftain Holkar, who was not only in possession of his person, but of his capital and dominions. On the night of the 19th of April, therefore, having undoubted information that Holkar's general was determined to plunder and burn Poonah on the approach of the British troops, he pushed forward over a rugged country, through a dangerous and difficult pass, and in thirty-two hours reached the capital of the peishwah, at the head of his cavalry, after a forced march of sixty miles! The unexampled celerity of this movement saved Poonah from the dreadful fate by which it was menaced; and in a few days he had the satisfaction of restoring this city to its lawful sovereign, amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants, who, as well as the peishwah, manifested the greatest gratitude to the British general for their unexpected and almost unhoped-for deliverance.

The result of this brilliant achievement was of the utmost consequence to the British interests in India, at a very critical juncture. Independently of its defeating a project of almost unparalleled barbarity, it enabled General Wellesley, in thus restoring the chief of the Marhatta confederation to his just rank and dignity in those states, to take the full benefit of the treaty of Bassein, concluded between the peishwah and the British government the December preceding, and rendered that prince a most useful ally in the approaching war with Scindeah and the Berar rajah.

Having succeeded in completely restoring tranquillity in the dominions of the peishwah, and placed the revenues and troops of that prince upon the best footing, in contemplation of the approaching campaign, rendered more than probable by the hostile confederation of Bhoosla and Scindeah, immediately under the influence of French

intrigue and interference, General Wellesley marched from Poonah on the 4th of June, with the main body of his army, and, on the 14th, took up his ground at Walker, a strong post belonging to Scindeah, within a short distance of the city and almost impregnable fortress of Amednagur, belonging also to that chieftain, and eighty miles distant from Poonah: a position chosen with the greatest judgment, as it placed the British army in the best situation for commencing hostilities, should the pending negociations be broken off between the British government and the Marhatta confederates.

In this advanced point of the Deccan, it became necessary for the governor-general, on the ground of avoiding unnecessary delay in the important discussions to which we have above adverted, to vest General Wellesley with full powers to carry them on, and settle, on the spot, every requisite arrangement either for peace or war, as circumstances should determine. This important commission was accordingly bestowed on General Wellesley, whose subsequent conduct, during a diplomatic contest conducted on the part of the Marhatta princes with all the wiles and subtilty of the east, fully justified the confidence reposed in his characteristic sagacity, judgment, spirit, and decision.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to detail the various evasive, futile, and insincere measures which marked the conduct of the confederated Marhatta chieftains, and which, at length, compelled the British government to resort to the sword; and it is equally impossible for us to enter into the masterly manner in which the governor-general planned a campaign, in which he brought into the field 54,918 men, so distributed as to carry on at one and the same moment the most vigorous operations against the enemy in almost every quarter of the peninsula of India, and by which he terminated a war of a few months' duration with the attainment of every proposed object, without sustaining in that period the slightest check or reverse of fortune! Suffice it to mention, that while the army of Bengal was destined to act under the personal command of General Lake in the north-western provinces of Hindostan, that of Madras was placed under the orders of Major-general Wellesley, for the purpose of opposing the combined army of the enemy, under the personal command of Scindeah, to the southward.

On the 8th of August, General Wellesley took the field, and marched with about 9,000 troops, in the proportion of 7,000 sepoys to 2,000 Europeans, against Amednagur; and on the same day that city was taken, surrounded as it was by a high and strong wall, by a spirited effort, it being carried by escalade and storm, with but small loss. On the 10th, the batteries were opened before the fortress of the same name, and, on the 12th, it surrendered at discretion: a conquest, the first fruits of General Wellesley's activity, which immediately gave the possession of districts to the annual amount of 72,000l. sterling. On the 24th of August, the British force crossed the Godavery river, and, on the 29th, reached Aurungabad. From this point, by a masterly and rapid movement along the left bank of the Godavery to the eastward, General Wellesley completely prevented Scindeah from crossing that river, and attacking, as he had intended, our ally, the nizam, in his very capital; and, at the same time, covered two valuable convoys of treasure and grain, which were on the way for the supply of his forces.

Scindeah, thus baffled, assembled the whole of the army under his immediate command at a strong position on the north bank of the river Kaitreah, near the Adjuntee Pass, to the amount of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 regular infantry, 500 matchlocks, 500 rocket men, and 190 pieces of ordnance, determined, it should seem, to try the fate of a battle with the British army, which the vast superiority of his force, and the strength of his position, gave him the strongest and fairest probability of hazarding with advantage. In addition to the troops we have particularized, Scindeah stationed a few thousand well-trained Marhatta cavalry in the Adjuntee hills.

On the 21st of September, Colonel Stevenson, who commanded the subsidiary force, and who acted in concert with, and under the orders of General Wellesley, formed a junction with that officer. It was then determined that they should again separate, and advance towards the enemy in distinct divisions, and by different routes, as the best means of compelling him to a general action, were he found disposed to continue the defensive system he had hitherto adopted. General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson accordingly marched towards the enemy's

encampment, the former taking the eastern, the latter a western direction; their point of junction, and the time, having been previously arranged.

On the ever-memorable 23d of September, General Wellesley arrived at Naulnair, where he received information that the combined Marhatta army was within six miles of the ground he intended to occupy; but that some symptoms appeared of his intention to break up his encampment, and retreat on the approach of the British troops. In the apprehension of losing an opportunity which might not again occur of striking a decisive blow, General Wellesley instantly determined, although his army had marched fourteen miles that morning, to attack him, without waiting for Colonel Stevenson's division. This bold resolve was at once the result of the greatest intrepidity and the profoundest judgment. Had the British general awaited the junction, the enemy, informed of their approach, would have had ample time to have withdrawn his guns and infantry during the night, and thus have easily avoided a general engagement; a circumstance which must not only have protracted the campaign, but have probably been greatly detrimental to the future progress of the British arms in that quarter: whereas, by the bold measure which General Wellesley adopted, of attacking him without delay, the smallness of the British force would probably tempt Scindeah to engage, where he had the greatest prospect of defeating.

In pursuance of this resolution, which could alone have been undertaken by the most resolute and dauntless mind, General Wellesley, having refreshed his men, moved forward, and came in sight of the enemy (after a march in the whole of twenty miles, the last six of which under the heats of a vertical sun), posted as we have already described, their right being upon the village of Bokerdun, and their left on that of Assye; which latter place, in giving its name to the battle, has been immortalized.

General Wellesley's approach was in front of the enemy's right; but finding that the infantry and guns were posted on the left, he resolved there to make his attack. Accordingly, he made the necessary movement for that purpose, covering his infantry, as they moved round, with the British cavalry in the rear, and by that of the peishwah and nizam on the right flank. Having forded the river Kaitna at a point beyond the enemy's left, General Wellesley now formed his army in order of battle; drawing up his infantry in two lines; the British cavalry in a third, as a reserve; and the auxiliary native horse were posted on the left flank of the British army, in order to check the approach of a large body of that of the enemy, which had slowly followed its movement, from the right of their own position.

The force of the confederated chieftains we have already detailed; that of the British army did not exceed, on this trying day, 4,500 men, of whom 2,000 alone were Europeans! Superior skill, judgment, discipline, and intrepidity were, however, on the side of the latter, and more than counterbalanced the superiority of the enemy's numbers.

When General Wellesley evinced his intention of attacking their left, the enemy began a distant cannonade, but changed his position with great steadiness and excellent judgment, when he clearly saw the mode in which he was to be attacked. Extending the infantry and guns from the Kaitna to the village of Assye on the Juah river, at right angles thereto, he formed a second line, with its left upon Assye and its rear to the Juah, along the bank of which it was lengthened in a westerly direction. In this masterly position, the British attacked, and advanced under a tremendous fire of nearly 150 pieces of the enemy's ordnance, served with a precision and effect equal to that of any European. The English artillery had also opened in their turn upon the enemy, at an interval of about 100 yards; but it produced little effect on his vast line of infantry, and was rendered incapable of advancing, from the number of men and bullocks disabled by the galling discharges of that of the enemy. Thus circumstanced, the English general resolved to abandon his guns, and try the event of a closer combat. Accordingly, leaving them in the rear, and putting himself at the head of his whole line, he advanced with an intrepidity and boldness which dismayed the enemy; the right of his line being covered in this spirited movement by the British cavalry, under the brave Colonel Maxwell. Notwithstanding the effect of their powerful artillery, the enemy was unequal to such a charge, and was quickly compelled to fall back

upon his second line, posted, as we have already said, in front of the Juah. Here the 74th regiment, which covered the right of the British line, suffered so severely by the enemy's cannon, that a body of his cavalry was encouraged to charge. But the British horse, on the right, repulsing it, charged the enemy in turn with such resistless vigour, that several of their battalions were driven into the Juah with prodigious slaughter. The enemy's line thus broken, and awed by the steady movement of the British infantry, which still advanced with the most collected and unshaken courage, at length gave way in every direction, and the cavalry, led by Colonel Maxwell, crossing the Juah in pursuit, destroyed numbers of the enemy's now broken and dispersed infantry.

The smallness of the British force rendered it impossible for the general to secure all the advantages of his success in the heat of the action: so that some of the enemy's guns, which had been unavoidably left in the rear, were at this moment turned upon the British troops in advance, by several of the Marhatta artillery-men who had thrown themselves on the ground during the action, and were passed over unmolested by the English soldiers; a stratagem not unfrequently practised by the native troops of India. Encouraged by this circumstance, some of the enemy's regular battalions, who had retreated in rather better order, faced about, and thus a second action, of a very furious nature while it lasted, commenced, which left the day for some little time longer doubtful. The personal gallantry and courage, however, of General Wellesley soon determined it; putting himself at the head of the 78th regiment and the 7th battalion of sepoys, he attacked those parties of the enemy who had seized the guns so briskly, as to compel them to surrender; though not without some further loss, and considerable personal danger to himself, having his horse shot under him; while the gallant Colonel Maxwell completed the route of the enemy, by charging with the 19th dragoons those battalions which had rallied, which he entirely broke and dispersed, although he unfortunately fell in the onset. These last attacks were decisive; the enemy fled in every direction, their dead amounting to 1,200, and the surrounding country strewed with their wounded. The fruits of this victory were 98 pieces of cannon, the whole camp equipage of the enemy, all their bullocks and camels, and a vast quantity of ammunition.

We have been thus particular in our detail of this memorable achievement, in which a British army of 4,500 men, not 2,000 of whom were Europeans, gained a complete and decisive victory over an enemy whose force was at least 10,000 regular infantry, formed, disciplined, and in part officered by Frenchmen, supported by the tremendous discharge of nearly 100 pieces of cannon, served with all the precision and much of the science of the French artillery; while bodies of the Marhatta cavalry, to the number of 40,000 men, hovered around, ready to cut in upon and annihilate this "handful of heroes," did the smallest mistake or the slightest appearance of unsteadiness or disorder occur during the engagement. In effect, whether the military skill and judgment of the leader, the bravery of the troops, the disproportion of numbers, or the brilliant result, be considered, the victory of Assye may rank with any one of those by which British valour in India has been every where distinguished, and has placed the name of Wellesley on the same roll of fame with those of the illustrious Clive and Coote in the annals of the British empire in India.

Of the conduct, on this occasion, of the subject of this memoir, the following is the animated picture drawn by an eloquent and able writer:* "The talents displayed by General Wellesley on this memorable day were of the highest order. In his conduct were happily combined a just conception of the character and capabilities of his enemy, as well as of his own; an accurate knowledge of the strength of the position which they occupied; and an enterprising and daring resolution, founded on quick but instructed judgment and rational self-confidence, guided by scientific principles and prudent circumspection, and kindled by a noble zeal for personal fame and national glory."

In consequence of this signal and splendid victory, General Wellesley received the public thanks of the governor-general in council, who thus describes, in that clearness of detail for which he is so justly famed, the consequences of this brilliant day: "The important benefits resulting from the triumph of the

* L. D. Campbell, Esq. editor of the Asiatic Annual Register.

British arms in the battle of Assye are not inferior to the splendor of the action. The immediate consequences derived from the exertions of that day have been the complete defeat of the combined army of the confederate chieftains; an irreparable blow to the strength and efficiency of their military resources, especially of their artillery, in the Deccan; the expulsion of a hostile and predatory army from the territory of our ally, the soubahdar of the Deccan; and a seasonable and effectual check to the ambition, pride, and rapacity of the enemy."

On the evening of the 24th, the day after the battle, Colonel Stevenson joined with his division: the treachery of his guides, and other unexpected causes, had occasioned this delay; for which, however, no blame was at all imputable to that brave and excellent officer, who was immediately despatched in pursuit of the enemy, who, having collected together the broken remains of his army, had moved to the westward, along the course of the Taptee river; whilst General Wellesley himself remained on the heights of Adjuntee, regulating his movements by the approaches which the enemy might make to the southward; and in this situation he received some indirect, but vague and futile, overtures from Scindeah towards a negociation.

While General Wellesley judiciously occupied this important position, Colonel Stevenson was successfully employed in the reduction of the city of Boorhunpoor and the fortress of Asseer Ghur: the latter hitherto deemed impregnable, and the loss of which greatly accelerated the termination of the campaign.

On the 25th of October, General Wellesley, having heard that the Rajah of Berar had passed the hills which form the boundary of Candeish, and was proceeding towards the river Godavery, marched to the southward from the Adjuntee heights with the main body of the army. On the 29th he reached Aurungabad, where he received intelligence of the rajah having gradually advanced to the eastward, being then at Lakeegaun, about twenty miles north from Pultein, and immediately moved his army in pursuit of that chieftain.

The rajah being thus pressed, endeavoured, by every exertion of activity and stratagem, to elude the British force: between the night of the 29th of October and that of the 30th, he changed his position no less than five times, and, with a view of drawing off the attention of General Wellesley, despatched a body of 5,000 chosen horse, under an able officer, to intercept a large convoy of bullocks and other necessary supplies for the British army, distant but a few days' march. Fully appretiating the views of the enemy, and the character of Captain Baynes, who commanded the convoy, the general, however, continued to pursue and harass the rajah with unremitting vigour: the result was a proof of his consummate judgment. Captain Baynes, with a comparatively much inferior force, defeated the enemy's detachment with considerable slaughter, and reached the British camp in perfect safety.

This event, combined with the increasing terror of the British name, and the almost unparalleled activity of General Wellesley, strengthened the rajah's determination of avoiding, if possible, a general engagement; he therefore rapidly retreated towards his own dominions. From that period till the 28th of November, the campaign in this quarter was entirely confined to retreat and pursuit; the British and Berar forces being scarcely ever more than a day's march apart. This unremitting chase was through a country hitherto untraversed by an English general. Extremely difficult in itself, it was infinitely less so to the flying army, who were well acquainted with the local resources of the country, than to that which pursued, who were totally strangers to them. In this novel but arduous species of contest, the military talents of the subject of our Memoir were eminently conspicuous. His patience under great difficulties was never exhausted; sharing the fatigues and privations of the soldiery in the same degree with the meanest private, he was at once their example and their idol: whilst his combined sagacity and activity rendered it impossible for the enemy to escape, notwithstanding the great and manifold advantages in this mode of warfare possessed by the latter.

During this unremitted pursuit of the Berar army, Scindeah found it expedient, reduced as he was to the greatest extremity by the brilliant and decisive victories of Lord Lake in Hindostan, and those of General Wellesley in the Deccan, to send an ambassador to the camp of the latter with propositions of peace;

and at length a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon between that chieftain and the British armies in the Deccan and the Guzerat, the principal condition of which was, that Scindeah's troops should occupy a position forty miles to the eastward of Ellichpoor, and that the British force should not advance farther into the territories of the former.

At length, on the 28th of November, General Wellesley came up with the greatest part of the Rajah of Berar's regular infantry, strengthened by a large party of Scindeah's best cavalry; and as the stipulations of the truce had not been fulfilled on the part of the latter chieftain, although they had been strictly adhered to by General Wellesley, he determined on attacking this combined force with the utmost celerity, in order to deprive the enemy of the means of retreat or of receiving re-enforcements, and in defiance of the remonstrances of the ambassador of Scindeah, then in the English camp. As no treaty whatever existed with the Berar rajah, and as the terms of the truce with Scindeah remained yet unacted upon by the latter, General Wellesley moved forward to Parterly, where he understood the confederates were encamped, and on his march was joined by the division under Colonel Stevenson, who had halted for that purpose at Audorah: by the time, however, that the British army had reached Parterly, the confederates had retired, though they were clearly discernible retreating, from the top of a lofty tower situated near the place.

From the length of way which the British army had already marched, and the extreme heat of the day, General Wellesley was inclined to postpone the pursuit of the enemy till the evening; but he had not been long halted, when large bodies of the enemy's horse appeared in front; and upon the piquets being pushed forward in consequence, the whole army of the combined Marhatta chieftains was discovered at about five miles distance, extended in a long line of cavalry, infantry, and artillery in the plains of Argaum. Finding them in this position, General Wellesley resolved upon giving them battle instantly, and for that purpose moved on with his whole army in one column, the British cavalry leading the attack, in a direction nearly parallel to the enemy's line. On a nearer approach, the British force was formed into two lines, the first composed of the infantry, the second of the cavalry: the right wing was advanced upon the left of the enemy, and the British left wing was supported by the Mysore horse. In this order the whole advanced with the utmost regularity, steadiness, and intrepidity.

The engagement began by the 74th and 75th regiments being attacked by a large body of Persians, who, after a desperate conflict, were totally destroyed by those gallant corps. At this moment of time, also, the enemy's cavalry were repulsed in a charge they furiously attempted upon the 1st battalion of the 6th regiment of native infantry, on the left of the British line. They, however, once more rallied; when General Wellesley, putting himself at the head of the British cavalry, charged them with such fury that they broke, and, with the whole of the infantry, fled with such precipitation as to render it impossible for the English to pursue them with any advantage, but they were pursued for some miles by the cavalry, who cut off vast numbers, and captured the whole of their elephants and baggage, 38 pieces of artillery, and all their ammunition.

This victory, which was as decisive with respect to the army of the Berar chieftain as that of Assye had been to that of Scindeah, was attended with little loss to the victors. In it the same clear perception, quick judgment, and presence of mind which we have already mentioned as distinguishing the British general, was equally remarkable, whilst his personal bravery and skill were most eminently conspicuous. In the charge which he made at the head of the cavalry, having disposed in their intervals some galloper guns, when arrived within a short distance from that of the enemy, he suddenly halted his whole line, and ordering the light artillery to advance, he gave the enemy's horse two or three discharges; when seeing them waver and grow unsteady, he instantly cut in upon them, and, in an instant, totally put them to the rout: thus practising, with entire success, a manœuvre equally novel and judicious, and entirely his own.

There remained now, save the reduction of Gawilghur, hardly any other enterprise worthy of General Wellesley's victorious arms. Upon this measure, therefore, he instantly determined, and, in conjunction with Colonel Stevenson's division, arrived before that

almost impregnable fortress, the last remaining to the enemy of any importance, on the 7th of December, having dragged the heavy ordnance and necessary stores for the siege over mountains and through ravines, for a distance of thirty miles, by roads which the troops themselves were obliged, with infinite difficulty, to make.

Gawilghur has long been celebrated by the historians of the Deccan as one of the strongest bulwarks of that country. It stands on a high, rocky, steep hill, in the midst of the chain of mountains between the Taptee and Poonah rivers. There is one complete inner fort, which fronts the south, where the rock is most inaccessible; and this citadel, as it may be called, is strengthened and defended by an outer fort, which entirely covers it to the north and north-west. The outer fort has a thick and high wall, which covers the approach to it from the north, and all its defences strongly built and fortified by ramparts and towers. To the whole of the fortress there are three entrances: one to the south, which leads to the inner fort; one to the north-west, which leads to the outward; and one to the north, which communicates with the third wall. The ascent to the first gate is very long, steep, and difficult; that to the second is by a road used for the common communications of the garrison with the country to the southward, but this leads no farther than the gate, being extremely narrow, the rock scooped on each side, and, from its passing round the west side of the fort, is exposed to its fire for a considerable distance; the last road to the northern gate leads directly from the village of Lambuda, and the ground along which it is made is level with that of the fort.

We have been induced to go into length in this description, in order to show our readers that the reduction of Gawilghur was an operation that required the union of the utmost skill, intrepidity, and perseverance: but their admiration must be strongly excited, when it is known, that this hazardous and difficult enterprise was achieved within the short space of forty-eight hours! On the night of the 12th of December the first batteries were opened against the north face of the fort, and on that of the 14th a practicable breach was reported in the walls of the outer fort. At ten in the morning of the 14th, the outer fort was carried with immense slaughter of the garrison; but the walls of the inner, which we have already described, had yet no breach whatever. Several attempts were then made to blow up the gate of communication between the outer and inner forts, but in vain. A place, however, on the wall was discovered which it appeared barely possible to escalade. Against this place Captain Campbell, with the light company of the 94th regiment, immediately fixed the ladders, which having mounted with incredible resolution and agility, they threw themselves into the inner fort, the garrison of which, in astonishment and confusion, flung down their arms, and surrendered!

This well-planned, vigorous, and brilliant enterprise brought the war to a speedy conclusion. The Rajah of Berar, terrified and amazed at the rapidity of General Wellesley's operations, even in that mountainous and difficult country, instantly determined on concluding a peace, without referring to the opinion, or waiting the determination of his ally. Not a day was lost in bringing this resolution to the knowledge of the British general. The negociations were set on foot on the 16th of December, and the treaty of peace between the British government in India and the Rajah of Berar was actually concluded the day following!—a striking instance of the characteristic despatch and decision of General Wellesley, who in this act of diplomacy, as well as that of a similar nature conducted with the ambassador of Scindeah a few days subsequent, shewed himself equally able in the cabinet as in the field.

On the 30th of December, General Wellesley had also the happiness and distinguished good fortune to conclude a peace with Scindeah, who thus wisely averted the evils which he saw threatening him with utter destruction. Both treaties were speedily ratified by the governor-general at Calcutta. These treaties were the admiration of all India, for the moderate and equitable conditions which were allowed to the vanquished confederates, and which clearly showed that the objects of the war, on the part of the British government, were not conquest, but a secure and solid peace.

Thus terminated the glorious and ever-memorable Marhatta war of 1803; an eternal record of the comprehensive mind and gigantic ability of the Marquis

Wellesley, who planned, and of the heroism and military talents of Generals Lake and Wellesley, who carried it into execution. Its consequences may be thus briefly enumerated:—The venerable representative of the house of Timur was rescued from the bondage and penury in which he was held by a French faction, and restored to the throne and capital of his ancestors, where his gray hairs have since descended in peace to the grave, and his last prayers, after a life of wonderful and unexampled vicissitude, have been poured forth for the happiness and welfare of his deliverers; the peishwah, another of the native sovereigns, has regained, through the same powerful interference, the musnud of Poonah, and thus secured to the British government a faithful and most valuable alliance, with the full benefit of the treaties concluded with him; a considerable portion of territory and revenue were added to the company's dominions, and their own empire considerably strengthened, and rendered more secure by the acquisition; the French interests in India utterly and irreparably destroyed; and the two greatest native powers of India reduced to an unconditional dependence upon British generosity: whilst the wisdom, policy, and military renown of the British character was raised to such a height throughout the whole peninsula, as must render its empire infinitely more stable in future, and its government thenceforward the certain refuge of its allies, and the dread of its enemies.

The share which General Wellesley had in producing these glorious results were justly appretiated, both abroad and at home. On the 14th of February, the inhabitants of Calcutta came to a resolution of presenting him with a superb sword of the value of 1000l. sterling, which was afterwards presented to him with a suitable address. The inhabitants of the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, as well native as European, also testified their sense of his meritorious services, by their separate addresses of thanks and congratulation, and by splendid entertainments in honour of his name and in commemoration of his victories.

In England, General Wellesley was rewarded for his services by being raised by his sovereign to the companionship of the highest military order of knighthood in the world, that of the Bath; and had the farther gratification of receiving the noblest meed a British officer can acquire, the thanks of his country, voted to him by both houses of Parliament, on the 3d and 4th of May, 1804, for his brilliant achievements.

The esteem and regard in which General Wellesley was held by his brother officers, who had served with him in the campaign in the Deccan, may best be gathered by the resolution into which they entered, on the 25th of February, 1804, to present him with a superb golden vase, of the value of 2000 guineas, as a mark of their esteem and regard, and as a lasting memorial of the brilliant victories to which he led them.

The profound tranquillity which succeeded the Marhatta war in every part of India allowing of no other opportunity of distinguishing himself in that quarter, early in the year 1805, General (now Sir Arthur) Wellesley returned to Europe. About the period of his departure he received two addresses, which must have been particularly grateful to him; one from the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, the other from the officers of the 33d regiment of infantry, of which he had been lieutenant-colonel for nearly twelve years. The first, after expressing their gratitude for the "tranquillity, security, and happiness" which they had enjoyed under his "auspicious protection," and their reverence for his "benevolence and affability," concludes with their earnest wish and prayer, that he may speedily return, to extend and uphold that protection over them which his extensive local knowledge of their manners and customs rendered him so capable of affording. The second, after expressing the unfeigned regret of the officers so long under his command at his approaching departure for Europe, and their admiration of his exalted talents and splendid achievements, offer him the tribute of their particular respect and gratitude, "for that consideration and justice in command which had made obedience a pleasure; and for that frank condescension in the private intercourse of life" which it was their pride individually to acknowledge. Such are the sentiments of those who best know how to appretiate the estimable qualities of a man who, in the different relations in which he had stood with respect to them, had so acquitted himself as to merit these truly honourable testimonials to his character and conduct.

A short time after his arrival in

England, Sir Arthur Wellesley was placed upon the staff, and commanded a brigade in Lord Cathcart's expedition to Hanover in 1805. He afterwards commanded in one of the coast districts, where his discipline and management were as creditable to his military character as a tactician, as his general deportment towards the officers under his command was to his reputation as a soldier and a gentleman.

The death of the Marquis Cornwallis, colonel of the 33d, had made a vacancy, which was filled up by naming Sir Arthur Wellesley to succeed him in the regiment; the only military favour he ever received, and one which he could not have been well denied, having been its lieutenant-colonel thirteen years, and present with it for almost the whole of that time, during a period of very active service.

During the short-lived administration of Lord Grenville, Sir Arthur Wellesley sat in parliament for an Irish borough, and frequently took an active part in the debates, so far as they concerned the Marquis Wellesley, his brother, who at this period still continued to be the object of a persecution unexampled even in the worst times of republican ingratitude. This subject is too complicated, and too foreign to our purpose, to dwell on here. It is sufficient to observe, that upon every question in which the conduct or character of that illustrious person was implicated, Sir Arthur was found at his post. Perfectly competent to the task, he brought his thorough knowledge of the Marquis Wellesley's policy and practice in the administration of the government of India before the bar of the public, and constantly convinced his auditors, if he could not silence his adversaries: whilst his mode of speaking, at once simple, perspicuous, and energetic, was united with so much real modesty and diffidence of manner, as to secure him no small share of the favour of the House, and a constant degree of flattering attention.

On the accession of the present administration, Sir Arthur was named to the high situation of chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and accompanied the Duke of Richmond thither in that situation. This office, one certainly incompatible with the duties of that profession which he had chosen, and of which he was the greatest ornament, he accepted, on the condition of its not prejudicing his military views and pursuits. Accordingly we find him actively employed, and high in command, under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition against Denmark, undertaken with a view of capturing the Danish fleet in the Baltic, in the month of August, 1807.

The characteristic vigour and activity of Sir Arthur Wellesley were eminently conspicuous upon this occasion. As the extraordinary supineness of the vast British fleet under the command of Admiral Gambier threw the burthen of the reduction of Copenhagen entirely upon the land forces, considerable delay took place in the operations against that city, which could not otherwise have occurred. During this period, the Danish troops, taking advantage of the delay, began to assemble in force in the interior of the island, and it was deemed necessary to order Sir Arthur Wellesley to march against them with a strong detachment. This service he performed with his accustomed celerity and good fortune, completely defeating and dispersing the enemy at Kioge, taking upwards of 60 officers and 1,500 men, 14 pieces of cannon, and a quantity of powder and ammunition.

This timely victory, the only service worth noticing in that campaign, materially contributed to the reduction of Copenhagen, which event speedily followed; on the 7th of September, the articles of capitulation being negociated and signed by Sir Arthur Wellesley (who was sent for for that purpose from his command in the country, "where," says Lord Cathcart, in his despatch, "he had distinguished himself in a manner so honourable to himself and so advantageous to the public"), Sir Home Popham and Lieutenant-colonel Murray being also named with him in the same commission.

The virtues and achievements which had hitherto marked Sir Arthur's military career, however really splendid in themselves, from the distance of the scene of action and the supposed imbecility of the enemy against whom he had acted in India, were not so highly appretiated as they deserved to be at home. The moment was, however approaching when his fame was to be thoroughly established throughout Europe, by a series of the most brilliant successes over some of the best troops and ablest generals in the world.

When the recent efforts of the Spanish patriots held forth a prospect of liberating our natural and ancient ally, the Portuguese, from French tyranny and

oppression, Sir Arthur Wellesley (who had now attained the rank of lieutenant-general) was destined to command an expedition fitting out at Cork for the purpose of acting in Portugal. The particulars of this campaign we are enabled to detail with accuracy, as well from the official despatches of General Wellesley himself, which will be found in that part of our publication appropriated to them, as from an account of it drawn up with great apparent fidelity and accuracy in a respectable morning paper.*

On the 12th day of July, Lieutenant-general Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed from Cork, in command of the British expedition destined to act in Portugal against the French troops in that country, and which were now tolerably well known to consist solely of the troops under General Junot, styled "Duke of Abrantes," in the occupation of Lisbon and its vicinity.

On the 17th, Sir Arthur quitted the convoy, and with his interpreter and secretary proceeded in a light vessel to Corunna, where he remained some days; during which time he informed himself of the actual situation of the French force in the north of Spain, took measures to communicate with the patriot juntas in that quarter, and also found means to despatch messengers to that of Seville, and to General Spencer, then supposed to be with his division at Cadiz. Having accomplished these material objects, he proceeded to join the expedition, and arrived with them at Mondego Bay, at the entrance of the river of that name, on the coast of Portugal, after a tedious passage of twenty days.

This point of landing was apparently chosen by Sir Arthur, as, besides being sufficiently near Lisbon to sit down before it in a few days' march, it afforded many facilities for the necessary refreshment of so large a body of troops after their voyage, and for their requisite equipment for the march towards the capital. In fact, during the stay of Sir Arthur at this place, the whole of the troops were put in such a state of comfort, from their supplies of every kind, that they were in a condition to undergo any fatigue or privation without a murmur or any real detriment, whatever service or enterprise they might be put upon, in a few days after their landing. From Oporto, the general at this point also was enabled to receive the most efficient assistance, all the mules and carriages necessary for the movement of the army having been provided through the bishop of that diocese, whose influence was very great, and zeal in the cause of his country unbounded; he exerted himself so as to procure an abundant supply for the use of the commissariat of the whole British army, and forwarded them to head-quarters previously to their march for Lisbon. By landing here also, Sir Arthur Wellesley had the fairest prospect of being joined not only by General Spencer's force, but also that of General Anstruther, of whose intended junction with him he was now apprised—one or both of which events it was absolutely necessary to the future success of his army should take place, before he approached too near Junot, whose force was far superior to his without such assistance. But, above all, in this very critical period, when Marshal Bessieres had been successful against the patriot Spanish army in Leon, and who might have therefore advanced towards Portugal to relieve Junot, General Wellesley would have had it in his power, from this position, to have intercepted that officer, and have given him battle before he could have formed a junction with the Duke of Abrantes.

Fortunately, the successes in South Spain of the patriot general, Castanos, first gave a check to Marshal Bessieres, and then, combined with other circumstances of disaster, compelled him to a retrograde movement from Benavente to Burgos. We say fortunately; for although we have not a doubt but that Sir Arthur would have annihilated the force under Bessieres, it still would have caused a protraction of the very desirable events which have since taken place in another quarter of the country.

Judicious, however, as all these circumstances rendered a landing at Mondego, the disembarkation, owing to the bar at the mouth of the river, was tedious, nor could it be effected at a more rapid rate than that of a brigade a day. This delay was, however, fortunate in one respect, as the force under General Spencer arrived previously to that under Sir Arthur having completed its landing; this operation was, therefore, continued with respect to General Spencer's force, without any period intervening, which gave it the appearance of a single disembarkation: a circum-

* Oracle, September 7.

stance eventually of much consequence, as Junot remained in ignorance of Sir Arthur being thus reinforced, which probably induced him to advance from Lisbon with the whole of his army, in the hope of fighting under the great advantage of superiority of numbers.

This operation was effected under the direction of Captain Pulteney Malcolm, of the Donegal (assisted by Captains Adams and Cadogan, of the navy), and was conducted by him with the utmost skill and attention. Indeed, during the whole of the campaign, the harmony between the two services was remarkable, and was never once interrupted. The force now under Sir Arthur Wellesley was about 14,000 men, including cavalry and artillery, without reckoning the 9th veteran battalion, which remained on board the ships of war, which latter were ordered to sail to the southward, keeping in with the shore, and as much on a line with the *route* of the army as possible. It was at this time understood that the French had a post at Peniche, which the general intended to have attacked, and which service was to have been effected by the above-mentioned battalion, in conjunction with the naval force.

The certainty of Marshal Bessieres having retreated upon Burgos, and the fortunate junction of General Spencer's division, now enabled the commander-in-chief to undertake, consistently with the utmost prudence, active operations against Junot, with every reasonable prospect of success. He, therefore, having completed all his arrangements with respect to the future comfort of the troops, and to their complete equipment for their march, moved, early on the morning of the 9th, to the southward, carrying with him seventeen days' provision for the whole army, in case, that should the fleet be blown off the coast, he might yet act independently of it. Each soldier carried three days' food in his knapsack, there were five days' laden on mules, and nine in the commissariat. Each soldier was also furnished with 120 rounds of ball cartridge.

The British army reached the city of Leria on the 12th, which had lately been occupied by the French, but who had retreated to Ahobaça on the approach of the English, having first plundered the town, and committed the greatest atrocities. In particular, but a few days before, after having used the bishop of the diocese with the greatest indignity, they stripped him naked, and tied him down in his chair, while they brought his niece into the room, and used her with such complicated violence and barbarity that she died on the spot, before the eyes of her venerable relative! This cruelty was effected in order to extort the church plate and other property, which they supposed the bishop to be the depositary of. Leria is a city of Estremadura, containing about 3,500 inhabitants, and is the see of a bishop. It is situate about 60 miles N.N.E. of Lisbon, and about 40 S. of Coimbra.

Hitherto the army had regularly encamped every night, principally in the woods and vineyards. Sir Arthur purposely avoided the towns and villages which lay in his *route*, in order to escape as much as possible putting the inhabitants to inconvenience. It may also here be remarked, that the commander-in-chief, on taking up the ground for the night, always encamped the troops in column, in their order of march, instead of the usual mode of encampment in line;—by which much delay was avoided, both in encamping and in breaking up for the march, and was one far more adapted to the convenience of the soldiery than the usual method.

At Leria information was received that Junot had taken possession of the strong passes in the mountains on the high road to Lisbon, with the advance of his army under Generals Laborde and Breniere; and that he proposed moving the division of his troops under Loison to the assistance of the former, and would most probably bring up himself the main strength of the French army on the same position. It was also now ascertained, that the enemy's advanced posts were at Ahobaça, about a day's march in front of the British army. Under these circumstances, it became essential to his future success, that the commander-in-chief should possess himself of those passes before Laborde should be re-enforced by Loison, and perhaps by Junot himself with the whole of the French army, in a position which, thus strengthened, might oppose the most serious obstacles to the future success of the campaign. To accomplish this object, every species of baggage or camp equipage which could at all impede the rapid movements of the army, even to the soldiers' tents, were left at Leria; and for the remainder of their march the

British troops slept in the open air, which, as the weather was very fine, occasioned little or no inconvenience.

On the 13th, the army occupied Ahobaça, whence the enemy had retreated the preceding evening; and, on the 15th, arrived at Caldas, a small town of Estremadura, distant about 15 miles eastward from Peniche. As soon as General Wellesley took up his ground, he sent a small detachment of riflemen to drive the French from the village of Brilos, where they had a post, three miles in front; which was gallantly effected; pursuing the enemy, however, too far, they were nearly cut off: but, covered by General Spencer, effected their retreat to Obidos, a small town about two miles to the west of Caldas, whither the enemy durst not pursue them. The gallantry of those few troops engaged in this slight affair, the first which occurred, was very conspicuous. Here it was that Lieutenant Bunbury, of the 95th, a native of Ireland, was killed; and the Hon. Captain Packenham, brother to Lord Longford, and brother-in-law to Sir Arthur Wellesley, was slightly wounded. Obidos is 38 miles north of Lisbon. On this day the French were understood to be in force at Borica, about ten miles in front of the British army.

On the 17th, Sir Arthur Wellesley moved forward to attack General Laborde, who was posted on the heights in front of the mountain passes; his right and left were protected by posts on the hills which flanked his position. His strength was about 5,500 infantry, five pieces of cannon, and 500 cavalry. General Brenicre was his second in command.

The situation of the enemy, and the able dispositions made by the commander-in-chief, are so well described in his despatch from Villa Verde of the above date, that we shall not venture even to recapitulate them.* Suffice it, that he succeeded, first, in driving the enemy from the heights in front of the passes; next, in forcing him from his almost inaccessible position in the mountains; and, lastly, in defeating him on the levels on the summit of the mountains, where he made a last and terrible effort to maintain himself, and whence at length he retreated, having lost three pieces of cannon, and nearly 1,500 troops in killed, wounded, and missing. Nor was the loss of the English inconsiderable, it being nearly that of 400 men, and some excellent officers: among the latter were Colonels Lake and Stewart --the former killed on the spot, the latter mortally wounded.

In order to appretiate the vast consequence of this victory, we must remember, that had not Laborde's strong position been forced critically on this very day, he would, according to the best accounts, have been strengthened that evening by Loison's division, who was within a day's march of him; and it was known that Junot had left Lisbon with the same intention, with the whole of his remaining force. As it was, it required all the ability displayed by the general, and all the prowess of the British troops, to drive him thence. How it might have turned out, had such a position been occupied by 15,000 Frenchmen, it is not easy to determine. Indeed both English and French fought on this occasion as if every individual engaged were fully sensible of the absolute necessity, the one of retaining, the other of forcing this important pass. The 9th and 29th foot were, on this day, for some time, exposed to the shock of the whole French force, they having been the first regiments who reached the heights. Three times were these gallant corps attacked in the most furious manner by an immensely superior force of the enemy, and as often repulsed them; till at length other corps having surmounted the heights, came to their assistance, which enabled them to compel their adversaries to retreat.

The positions taken up by the commander-in-chief, his mode of attacking the enemy, and the whole of his subsequent manœuvres, were the admiration of the whole army; whilst his personal exertions and activity appeared almost incredible. Wherever was the hardest fighting, there was the general to be seen; and to his personal gallantry no small portion of the glorious victory may fairly be ascribed.

The want of cavalry was here begun to be severely felt. Had Sir Arthur's army been furnished with any thing like its fair proportion of that species of force, the battle of Rolcia would have terminated fatally indeed for the French. Had there been 1,500, or even 1,000 British horse in the field on that day, in the first instance, the French could hardly have made good their retreat from the heights to the moun-

* *Vide* Gazette, page 223.

tain passes when first pressed by Sir Arthur; and, secondly, when between on their summits, they must have been nearly destroyed in the pursuit. On the contrary, they were by this unfortunate circumstance enabled to retreat in perfect good order. Before we quit this part of our subject, it may not be unnecessary to remark, that the French attack on the heights was made in *echellon*, differing from their mode in the subsequent battle, where they advanced in column—the former by far the most formidable and destructive operation.

On the 18th, the commander in chief heard the joyful intelligence of the division of the British force (despatched from Harwich in aid of General Wellesley's expedition) under Brigadier-general Anstruther, being off the coast of Peniche. Sir Arthur accordingly marched to Lourinha, about eight miles distance from Villa Verde, inclining towards the sea, in order to cover the landing of the newly arrived force, and to effect a junction; both which measures being completely effected by the evening of the 19th, on the 20th Sir Arthur advanced with a strength of nearly 18,000 effective men, in pursuit of the enemy, and took up his ground that evening at the village of Vimiera, which he occupied. In the evening, Lieutenant-general Sir Harry Burrard arrived from England to take the command of the troops in Portugal, until Sir Hew Dalrymple should come from Gibraltar. General Burrard had left that part of the expedition which he commanded, some days before, in the care of Sir John Moore, and came himself in a fast-sailing vessel to the coast. Having had communications with Sir Harry Burrard on board, Sir Arthur, in the belief that he would be attacked the next day by the enemy, ordered the troops to be under arms at sun-rise on the 21st.

General Laborde, after the affair of the 17th, fell back upon Torres Vedras, a tolerably large town, 21 miles north of Lisbon, on the day of his defeat having retreated in the whole about 17 miles, and was joined in the evening by the division under Loison. General Junot arrived there on the following day; and thus the whole French force being concentrated, they determined, as Sir Arthur Wellesley had foreseen, on attacking the British force at Vimiera.

The English troops were under arms, agreeably to their orders, by break of day of the 21st; but the French not appearing, they were allowed to take some refreshment. About seven o'clock, certain intelligence of the approach of the French having reached the commander-in-chief, the *generale* was beat, and the whole army assembled in a moment, with a regularity and quickness most admirable, and with an ardour to be led against the enemy which no danger could damp, actuated as they were by truly British feelings, and the utmost confidence in the abilities of their heroic leader. There being still time, Sir Arthur altered his position, and took that in which he determined to await the attack of the enemy, about a mile in front of the village.

We here gladly again refer to the account of this memorable conflict, as given by Sir Arthur Wellesley himself,* it being the most perfect document which could be framed to convey an adequate idea of his dispositions, and the events of this brilliant day; and shall at present confine ourselves to the detail of a few of the most important facts connected with the battle.

First, it may be truly said, that one more important in its consequences never was gained by England—whether we consider the beneficial effects which must result from it, being not less than the recovery of an entire kingdom from the grasp of the common enemy—its raising the national character to the height it must do in the eyes of all Europe, a circumstance of the utmost value in the present state of the world, and more to be appretiated than conquest itself—and the consequent debasement of that of the enemy.

If this battle be to be estimated by the military talents of the commander, the zeal and good conduct of the officers serving under him, and the individual bravery of every soldier who fought, it will stand second to none which the annals of England commemorate.

In the determined fierceness of attack, impetuosity, and obstinate resistance of the enemy, British troops have rarely been so opposed. On the whole, it was a great and glorious day for Old England, and binds upon the brow of the general, who led her heroes to the field, a wreath of laurel as fresh as it is unfading.

In this action, as in that of the 17th, the want of cavalry is as feelingly to be

* *Vide* Gazette, page 225.

deplored, as it is pointedly alluded to by the commander-in-chief, in his report of the battle. This deficiency alone prevented the victory from being as complete as it was brilliant. In spite, however, of this deficiency, the loss of the enemy cannot be computed at less than 4,000 men, and nearly the whole of his artillery. That of the British was comparatively trivial.

The French had in the field about 15,200 men, of which 1,200 were cavalry: this latter force by no means distinguished itself, not having once come to a charge in the course of the day: but its position and numbers were formidable, and it contributed to keep a considerable body of the British troops in check, occupied by watching its movements. Their uniform was green.

The boasted French artillery on this day was served in every respect far inferiorly to that of the English. Indeed it is impossible to convey an idea of the precision with which the latter was directed, and the execution it made in the ranks of the enemy. The SHRAPNELL *shells* (so called from their inventor, Colonel SHRAPNELL, of the artillery) in particular made dreadful havock among the ranks of the French. They contain about 100 musket bullets, and are calculated to explode at given distances, on which they instantly spread death and devastation around. Indeed, so much were the French dismayed at the effects of this novel instrument of war, that many of the grenadiers, who were made prisoners, declared that they could not stand it, and were literally taken lying down on the ground, or under cover of bushes and the high banks of some ditches in the field of battle.

The honour of the French military character was, however, for some time nobly supported by its infantry. Their order of attack was in column, a mode of warfare which they have hitherto successfully practised against the Austrian and other troops on the continent. On this occasion, however, it entirely failed. So far from attaining the object of this manœuvre, that of penetrating the English line, and taking it then in flank to the right and left, they never approached near enough for the British bayonet to act, that their heads of columns were not invariably broken, and the whole thrown into confusion. What also contributed materially to their defeat was the scientific manner in which the English commander-in-chief met this species of attack.

The French army advanced in three large columns, in such a manner as to bring them all to bear upon the British left and centre. Invariably as each advanced, independently of the resistance it met in the front, it was taken on the flanks by the fire of corps advanced for that purpose by a small change in their position; by which means they lost a surprising number of men before they could put it to the issue of the bayonet. In no case did the French come to the resort of this latter weapon, that they were not instantly broken, not standing its push an instant.

The advance of the enemy to the attack was impetuous, and even furious. As they approached, they saluted the English with every opprobrious epithet which their language is so eminently fertile in. While, on the contrary, the latter in derision cheered them as they approached. Their dress was singular: it was blue, with white facings; over the whole of which was worn a white woollen surtout, somewhat like a waggoner's smock-frock; their caps square, like those of the Hulahns; and goat-skin knapsacks. Their musketry was throughout formidable, particularly that of two Swiss regiments in their service, who behaved most gallantly. Their *voltigeurs* were upon the whole good, but far inferior in activity and real service to the English riflemen.

Before the action, General Junot harangued his army in the following laconic address:—"Frenchmen, there is the sea; you must drive those English into it." In fact, they did their utmost for nearly three hours and a half to obey his orders, but never during that time made the smallest impression on the English line, although they repeatedly rallied, and tried every thing which could be effected by rapidity of movement and pertinacity of attack: at length, wearied out and beaten, they were forced to give way in every direction, and were pursued off the field of battle by the British *infantry* for three miles.

The proportion of forces in the field was greatly in favour of the English; not so of those who were actually engaged. Of the latter, not above 9,000 were brought to action, whilst every man of the French told. When the French retreated, General Hill's wing,

which formed the second line of the British army, and were destined to receive the French had they penetrated the first, had not fired a gun, were quite fresh, and might have been led in pursuit of the enemy immediately, had it been deemed right so to have done.

In short, the battle of Vimiera was decided by superior generalship in the leader, and superior bravery in the soldier—every manœuvre was practised in it which could arise out of the combined and various movements of attack and defence—repeated change of position occurred on both sides, and the palm of victory was at length the prize of him who best deserved to wear it, after a long and arduous contest of nearly four hours.

In considering the relative merit of the privates of the French army with those of their leaders, the credit must clearly be given to the former; for during the battle no distinguishing act of valour could with justice be ascribed to the officer; while the soldier, generally speaking, acted with marked gallantry and courage.

In this glorious and ever-memorable day, the most conspicuous circumstance connected with it is, doubtless, the conduct of the British commander-in-chief, as well from his rank as his responsibility—on him every thing turned—to his conduct every one looked—the good or the evil which might result from the expedition was referred to him alone:—a concise view, therefore, of the principal features of his short but important command, is imperiously demanded from us. Some leading facts, however, as to the state of the army under his command, may, perhaps, answer our purpose better than any thing we can say of himself.

From the day that he took the command to that on which he resigned it, but three desertions took place;—those were all from the 5th battalion of the 60th, a rifle corps, and the parties were foreigners. Those men were caught and delivered up by the Portuguese to the English provost-marshal; but were released without punishment, in consequence of the deportment of the corps to which they belonged. In presence of the whole army, Sir Arthur thanked them for their uniform gallant conduct, and restored them these men without punishment, as the best reward he could bestow upon them.

From the commencement of the march from Mondego Bay to Vimiera there was not a single punishment inflicted for straggling, or plunder even of the minutest article.

Every day during that march each soldier had a pound of flesh meat, and a sufficiency of bread and wine for his comfortable subsistence; and on coming into action there was scarcely a sick man in the hospitals of the camp, the whole army being in such a state of health and vigour, that they were capable of any enterprise they could be put upon.

During the whole of this period, Sir Arthur never went under cover at night, but always slept on the ground in the open air; he was the first up, and the last down of the whole camp—sleeping constantly in his clothes, and his horse piquetted near him, ready saddled, to be mounted at a moment's warning.

In the whole of this anxious period, he was cheerful, affable, and easy of access—enduring every privation himself, he was attentive to the wants of all, and ever active to obviate or remedy them.

Of his dispositions in the field we have already spoken. In personal bravery he has been rarely equalled, never excelled. Conspicuous by the star of the order he adorns, he was constantly in the hottest part of the action; wherever a corps was to be led on, from the death of its officer, or any other unexpected cause, Sir Arthur was on the spot to head it. This was the case distinctly when Colonel Lake fell—he instantly put himself at the head of the grenadiers of the 29th, charged, and defeated the enemy!

Is it wonderful that such a man should be the idol of his soldiers, and the admiration of his brother officers? These sentiments were universally shewn when he was cheered by the whole line, after the action of the 21st, exclaiming—"This glorious day is our OLD general's;"—and when congratulated by the general officers on the victory, they all eagerly ascribed it to him as "EXCLUSIVELY HIS OWN!"

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the glorious 21st of August, Sir Arthur Wellesley's command in chief totally ceased, and, on the 24th, he was named to that of the fourth division.

Sir Arthur is married to the daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Longford, by whom he has two children.

The length of this article precludes our indulging our readers with some further anecdotes of this campaign at present, but which shall appear in a future publication.

THE LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR OCTOBER, 1808.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Elements of general Knowledge, introductory to useful Books in the principal Branches of Literature and Science: with Lists of the most approved Authors, including the best Editions of the Classics. Designed chiefly for the junior Students in the Universities and the higher Classes in Schools. By Henry Kett, B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. The sixth edition, considerably improved and enlarged. In two volumes, 8vo.

BEFORE we make a single observation on this work, we deem it necessary to apologise to its ingenious author for having suffered it to remain so long unreviewed: yet even for this seeming neglect we have two excuses to offer, which, we hope, will be deemed sufficiently important to extenuate us from the charge of intentional negligence. The first, which we have been obliged to urge upon many occasions, is, that the space allotted in our Magazine to critical effusions is so contracted, that it by no means meets our ardent wishes to notice, indeed to analize, many of the elegant and useful productions that are in a continual course of publication: this excuse is general. Another, which is more particular, arises from the contents of the volumes now before us. A work that had in the year 1806 passed through *six editions*, may set all the critics upon earth at defiance; it becomes amalgamated with our general stock of literature, and forms part of the learning of the nation; consequently we imagined that it did not press in the manner that other productions, not "so well known to fame," in many instances most certainly do; and upon this ground, and this ground only, we have postponed, without losing sight of it.

Elementary books, we have more than once declared, have our fullest approbation; they shorten the way to the sciences, and render the path that was heretofore rough and uneven, and full of briars and brakes, smooth and regular. We can remember when the posts and avenues of learning were possessed by persons who might be deemed its encumberers, because, by their fanciful representations of the difficulties attending academical attainments, they, in reality, increased them to the students: they stood like *giants* before the castle of literature; and if a *trembling dwarf*, attracted by the sound of *their horns*, attempted to pass the narrow *drawbridge*, they frightened him so, that he very frequently fell into the surrounding moat.

From this ridiculous parade of erudition it is to the comfort of the juvenile race, as well as to our national honour, that elementary works have, in a great degree, redeemed the age, and, by fostering instead of repressing the expansion of genius, most strongly marked the difference betwixt the morose and the polite scholar.

Calculated to promote this desirable object are the volumes now before us; we shall, therefore, in the first instance, extract the two leading passages of the preface, as they, much better than we can do, explain the author's intention.

"The following work originally contained the substance of a course of lectures which the author occasionally read to his pupils. The satisfaction they expressed in hearing them, encouraged him to hope that they would not prove unacceptable to those readers for whose use they were made public. He has not been disappointed in his expectation; and the favourable reception which this work has met with has induced him to revise the whole, and make some considerable improvements in the present edition. The list of books has been particularly attended to; and he has endeavoured

to make it more comprehensive, from a desire to sketch such a prospect of the best publications as may be pleasing to every inquirer into useful and entertaining literature.

"To lay claim to originality of subject in such a work as this, in order to recommend it to notice, would prove the unfitness of the writer for the task he has undertaken, and be a presumptuous and vain attempt to impose on the good sense of his readers. His pretensions to public regard must in a great measure depend, not on the novelty of his materials, but upon his judgment in selecting and his skill in compressing within a moderate compass, the substance of larger and more voluminous works, and upon the manner in which he has clothed old ideas in a new dress. Upon all his subjects he has endeavoured to reflect light from every quarter which his reading and observation have afforded him."

The design of this work, as it has already been opened by the author in his preface, and is still farther explained by him in "the introductory chapter," is,

"To separate some of the most useful and the most beautiful parts from the great mass of human knowledge; to arrange them in such regular order that they may be inspected with ease and varied at pleasure; and to recommend them to the careful examination of young men who are studiously disposed. It is likewise his object to make the most useful topics of literature familiar and easy to general readers, who have not had the advantage of a learned education."

The author then considers the various branches of literature with reference to young men in the higher classes of life, as they, 1st, are CHRISTIANS; 2dly, as STUDENTS; and, 3dly, as MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, "the welfare and prosperity of which," he observes, "depend upon the usefulness of their attainments, and the respectability of their conduct."

This work is divided into six classes: the title of the 1st is RELIGION; the IId, LANGUAGE; IIId, HISTORY; IVth, PHILOSOPHY; Vth, POLITE LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS; and, VIth, THE SOURCES OF OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY. These are subdivided into chapters; in the first of which, as the foundation upon which the whole of his superstructure is erected, the Christian religion and its proofs are deduced, "I. From the AUTHENTICITY OF THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT; II. THE CHARACTER OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR; III. THE PROPHECIES of which he was the subject, as well as those which he delivered; IV. HIS MIRACLES; V. THE SUBLIME MORALITY OF HIS PRECEPTS; and, VI. THE RAPID AND EXTENSIVE PROPAGATION OF HIS RELIGION, under circumstances the most hostile to its advancement."

In the second chapter, this subject is continued under the following heads: I. "*The Benefits resulting from Christianity;*" II. "*The Church of England.*"

In his general observations upon this important subject, the learned author most judiciously and justly censures those writers who, from the days of JULIAN the Apostate to GIBBON the infidel historian, have misapplied their talents to level the outworks, and indeed to sap the foundation of the only fortress to which, in their last moments, they could retreat for security. Among the modern unbelievers, he does not forget *Voltaire*; and as a counterbalance to his opinion, and those of *Hume*, *Gibbon*, *Godwin*, and *Paine*, mentions the names of *Milton*, *Clarendon*, *Hale*, *Boyle*, *Bacon*, *Locke*, *Newton*, *Addison*, *Lyttelton*, *West*, *Johnson*, and *Jones*; names that, if it had only been a literary question, ought to weigh down all opposition; but even to this illustrious and truly scientific list he adds largely in the note.

Class the second, in its first chapter, treats of "*Language* in general;" which Mr. K. thus defines:

"It is the general vehicle of our ideas, and represents by words all the conceptions of the mind. Books and conversation are the offspring of this prolific parent. The former introduce us to the treasures of learning and science, and make us acquainted with the opinions, discoveries, and transactions of past ages; by the latter, the general intercourse of society is carried on, and our ideas are conveyed to each other with nearly the same rapidity with which they arise in the mind. Language, in conjunction with reason, to which it gives its proper activity, use, and ornament, raises man above the lower order of animals, and, in proportion as it is polished and refined, contributes greatly, with other causes, to exalt one nation above another in the scale of civilization and intellectual dignity."

The other objects which come under the consideration of our author in this chapter, and upon which, having contemplated the rise, progress, force, and operation of language, he fully descants, are, II. "*The Origin and Progress of Literature;*" and, III. "*Characteristic Distinctions betwixt ancient and modern Languages.*"

Chapter II. comprises observations on *the English Language.* This subject is continued through the third chapter; in which is exhibited, "I. *Beauties of the English Language;*" "II. *Defects of the English Language;*" "III. *Sir Thomas Brown—Dr. Johnson—Mr. Gibbon.*" The remarks upon the different styles of these three authors are equally ingenious and correct; though we can tell Mr. K. that Dr. J. would have *growled* if he had met with this passage:

"There is sufficient reason to suppose, that Dr. Johnson formed his style upon the model of Sir T. Brown. He has written his life, and has quoted in his dictionary many words unsupported by any other authority; and perhaps, in his works, it would not be difficult to trace some marks of direct imitation."

There are few authors that we recollect, indeed none of any eminence, whose style varies so much as that of Dr. JOHNSON: it is impossible generally to characterise it. If we begin with the perusal of his Parliamentary Debates, and end with that of his Lives of the Poets, we shall find, that in every work ideas are conveyed through a different medium, and that his language has not only, in many instances, taken the tint of his mental, but his corporeal circumstances. To those who love the microscopic investigation of literature, the style of Johnson, through all its variations and revolutions, would form a curious object of disquisition. Mr. K. as the nature of his work demanded, has proceeded upon a broader principle. This we wish he had still extended, so as to comprehend the fascinating melody of BURKE;* upon which, we can conceive, he would have made many ingenious and useful observations.

"Chapter IV, *The Latin Language,*" gives the author an opportunity to observe, that

"A knowledge of this language introduces us to a knowledge of those works which are deservedly classed among the most elegant productions of the human mind, and are considered as some of the most correct models of literary excellence. If we estimate its comparative value and importance, it claims a place immediately after our own tongue, as not only the Roman writers have made it the vehicle of their genius, but it has been distinguished, since the revival of learning, by the productions of many eminent authors."

With respect to the origin, progress, and operation of the Latin language, it is not, as may be conceived, to be comprised in twenty-eight pages octavo; yet Mr. K. has, in this respect, done all that is requisite, in his observations, to excite the curiosity, and direct the taste of the student to sources which, as an important part of his education, it is absolutely necessary that he should more fully investigate. This, it will be remarked, is an introduction to the use of books, and in this point of view seems to us an elegant and useful guide.

"*The Greek Language*" forms the subject of Chapter V. in which is stated its literary origin, derived from the Phœnician source of *Cadmus* and his followers: its dialects, formed from those of the *Hellenians* and *Pelasgians*: he also makes some remarks upon the theory of *Lord Monboddo*: with which, after adding that the Greeks were, perhaps, the first people that derived many words from their foreign conquests, we fully concur.

"I. *The Characteristics of the Greek Language;*" "II. *The Style of Greek Writers;*" "III. *Duration and Extent of the Language;*" and, "IV. *Modern Greek;*" with a short comparative survey of the *English*, *Latin*, and *Greek* languages; conclude this chapter. These springs, by a natural and necessary transition, turn the current of the work in the next (Chapter VI.) to *Eloquence*, which we take to be the river that flows from those ample reservoirs, and which our author justly defines, *the art of speaking and writing with elegance and dignity, in order to please, instruct, and persuade.* Respecting *Grecian* and *Roman eloquence*, he observes, that

"We may recollect the extraordinary degree of perfection to which it was carried by Demosthenes and Cicero; and their productions which have come down to us give the most satisfactory proofs that they were consummate masters of their art, and that they excelled in it not less by the extent and variety of their knowledge than the brilliancy of their genius. In our own times, we see the effects produced by rude and unpolished eloquence upon the minds of the common people, in the harangues of crafty demagogues, and the sermons of itinerant enthusiasts: it is evident, therefore, what a powerful instrument of persuasion it may be, when placed in the hands of well-educated

* Who, we have been told, and believe, *looked over* the lectures of his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

persons, who, to all the advantages of abilities, voice, and action, which ignorant speakers may possess, unite the guidance of rules, and an acquaintance with the best examples."

The subjects of this chapter, which concludes the second class, are arranged in the following order: "I. *The Sources of Argument*;" "II. *The different Kinds of Style*;" "III. *The Ornaments of a Composition*;" "IV. *The Arrangement of the different Parts of a Composition*;" and, "V. *Propriety of Delivery and Action*."

CLASS THE THIRD. HISTORY. The first chapter of this portion of the work is devoted to "*The Study of History in general*:" upon which the following prelusive observations occur:

"Curiosity is one of the strongest and most active principles of human nature. Throughout the successive stages of life, it seeks with avidity those gratifications which are congenial with the different faculties of the mind. The child, as soon as his faculties begin to open, eagerly listens to the tales of his nurse; the youth, at a time of life when the love of what is new and uncommon is quickened by sensibility, is enchanted by the magic of romances and novels; the man, whose maturer judgment inclines him to the pursuit of truth, applies to genuine history, which, even in old age, continues to be a favourite object of his attention, since his desire to be acquainted with the transactions of others has nearly an equal power over his mind with the propensity to relate what has happened to himself."

This propensity, which urges us to inquire and to detail, varies, we conceive, according to the different periods of our lives. In youth the former is the strongest; it weakens as our years advance; and in age, with respect to ourselves, frequently changes to garrulity. Upon the study of history, we think the instructions of Mr. K. as they are more concise, are much better adapted to stimulate the exertions of the student than either those of *Rollin*, *Du Fresnoy*, or the orations of the French *academicians*, the only books upon the subject that we have immediately at hand. Instead of measuring the days and hours (without adverting to capacity) that a youth ought to devote to the studying each author, he states his general precepts under the following heads: "I. *The Divisions of History, and the Assistance which it derives from other Studies*;" "II. *The Advantages of a Knowledge of History*;" "III. *The comparative Merits of ancient and modern Historians*;" "IV. *The Qualifications requisite to form an accomplished Historian, in order to establish a standard by which to measure the merits of historians in general*."

Among the examples of eminent men who have professionally profited by the study of history, Mr. K. relates the following:

"General Wolfe was a man of education, as well as a military genius. He was once shewing some officers how expert his men were at a new mode of attacking and retreating, and asked one of them, after the performance, what he thought of it. 'I think,' said he, 'I see something here of the practice of the Carduchi, who harassed Xenophon when he commanded the ten thousand Greeks, and hung upon his rear in his retreat over the mountains.'—'You are right,' said General Wolfe, "I took the hint from thence; and I see you are a man of reading: but our friends are surprised at what I have shewn them, because they have read nothing."

Chapter III. treats of *Geography* and *Chronology*, which are aptly termed the eyes of history. Chapter IV. directs the attention of the student to "*The History of the Jews*," and includes observations on "*the Antiquity of the Scriptures*;" "II. *Proofs of their Authenticity*;" "III. *The Subjects of the Books, and Characters of the Writers*." Chapter V. introduces the author's remarks on the study of "the History of Greece," which are continued through the two succeeding chapters. In the VIIIth and IXth, Mr. K. proceeds to the history of Rome; upon which he observes, that

"To be conversant with this important history is to view mankind engaged in the fullest exercise of patriotism, courage, and talents, or to contemplate them enervated by luxury, debased by corruption, and sunk into the most abject disgrace.

——————"O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine!
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy bow'r
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf, where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome." *Dyer's Fleece.*

"In what manner," he continues, "the Romans declined from their greatest excellence of character, and how in the degeneracy of their manners they involved the decay of their genius, our imperfect sketch of their history has shewn. Let the natives of Britain, perusing the instructive lessons here presented to them, indulge the feelings of compassion for the weakness of human nature; and let them, at the same time, collect from such edifying examples new incitements to energy and perseverance in every public and private virtue."

Chapter X. which concludes this volume, contains "*The History of modern Europe*;" the study of which is strongly and justly recommended by the prefatory observations of our author on the effects of time upon *government* and *laws*; on *manners*, *navigation*, and the influence of the *protestant religion* upon the general system; in consequence of which he observes,

"And when we examine these effects more closely, and consider that they have an immediate reference to our own situations in the world; that they relate to the arts which *now* adorn, and the customs which *now* regulate society; to the institutions which direct our conduct, model our manners, and influence our opinions in all religious as well as civil affairs; the subject will rise to a much higher degree of importance: we shall see our interest more strongly involved in it; we shall prosecute our researches with a degree of ardour proportioned to its importance; and shall set its just value upon the history of modern Europe.

"The most striking objects which this history presents us are,

"I. *The Establishment and Abolition of the Feudal System.* II. *The Crusades.* III. *The Institution of Chivalry.* IV. *The Reformation.* V. *The Revival of classical Learning.* VI. *The Progress of Navigation.*

"To trace," says Mr. K. "the historical outlines of those institutions, inventions, and discoveries, which discriminate the history of modern from that of ancient Europe, is our present design. To those eminent writers who have discussed the respective subjects at large, we must refer for more complete information."

Yet we must observe, that the information contained under the heads above enumerated will exceedingly accelerate the student in this laudable and necessary pursuit.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Magna Britannia: being a concise topographical Account of the several Counties of Great Britain. By the Rev. Daniel Lysons, A.M. F.R.S. F.A. and L.S. Rector of Rodmarton, in Gloucestershire; and Samuel Lysons, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S. Keeper of his Majesty's Records in the Tower of London. Volume I. containing Bedfordshire, Berkshire, and Buckinghamshire. Quarto, 1806.

(*Concluded from page* 211.)

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The etymology of the names of counties opens such an ample field for conjecture, that it is as impossible as it is in many instances unnecessary to *condense* the opinions of the learned authors into so small a compass as our present space affords: we shall, therefore, pass over all the introductory passages in this work, as we are conscious that we cannot decide, and cautious of venturing observations which would at last, in all probability, be deemed inconclusive.

"The first historical event connected with this county, which rests on better evidence than conjecture, is that of King Edward the elder building a fortress on each side of the Ouse, at Buckingham, where he staid four weeks."

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"Hanslape Castle, which was situated at Castlethorp, where its vestiges still remain, was held against King John, in his wars with the barons: it was taken, in 1216, by his favourite general, Fawkes de Brent, and demolished. In 1233, Richard Sward, with other foreigners, being in rebellion, laid waste the lands of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, near Brill, and burnt his houses."

The ancient, modern, and ecclesiastical divisions of Buckinghamshire are investigated in the same manner that distinguishes those in the two preceding counties: the editors then proceed to notice the

Monasteries and Hospitals.

"The Benedictine monks," they observe, "had priories at Snellshall and Bradwell: there was an alien priory of the same order at Ascot in Wing. The Benedictine nuns had priories at Ankerwyke, in Wyrardisbury, at Little Marlow, and at Muresley, or St. Margaret's, in the parish of Ivinghoe. There were alien priories of Cluniac monks at Tykeford, or Tickford, near Newport-Pagnell, and at Newton-Longueville. The Cistercian monks had abbies at Bidlesden and Medmenham. The Austin canons had abbies at Missenden and Nutley, and priories at Chetwode and Ravenston. The Austin nuns had a priory at Burnham. The Premonstratensian canons had an abbey at Lavenden. The society of

Bon-hommes had a college at Asheridge, in the parish of Pitston, on the borders of Hertfordshire, being the only house of that order in England, excepting that at Edindon, in Wiltshire. The Gray Friars had a house at Aylesbury. The Knights Hospitallers a preceptory at Hogshaw. It is not known to what order the monasteries at North Crawley and at Gore, in the parish of Hanslape, belonged: they were destroyed at a very early period. At Ludgershall was an ancient alien hospital, subordinate to that at Santingfield, in Normandy. An ancient hospital at Buckingham, two at Aylesbury, two at High-Wycombe, and one at Stony-Stratford, have all been long ago destroyed. There were three ancient hospitals at Newport-Pagnell, two of which were destroyed at an early period; the other, having also been decayed, was refounded by Queen Anne, consort to King James I. and is still existing. The royal college of Eton, founded by King Henry VI. still retains its ancient flourishing state."

Market and Borough-Towns, Population, Crown Lands, and Royal Palaces **are the next objects that present themselves. With respect to the latter, the editors state, that**

"At the time of the Norman survey, there were only eight Buckinghamshire manors in the crown; yet it appears there were at that time two royal palaces in this county. At Bull (which is mentioned in the survey as a crown manor by the name of Brunhalle) was a palace which is said to have belonged to the Mercian kings: tradition assigns the same origin to Cippenham, in Burnham. It is certain, that they were both the occasional residence of our monarchs of the royal line, so late as the reign of Henry III. Chenies, anciently called Iselhampsted and Isenhampsted, was a royal palace in the reign of Edward I. Risborough, mentioned in the Norman survey as one of the crown manors, is said to have been the palace of the Black Prince. The vestiges of a castle are clearly to be seen in a field adjoining the church. Asheridge was, for a while after the dissolution of monasteries, a royal palace, and was occasionally inhabited by Queen Elizabeth."

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Noblemen's Seats.

"The present seats of the nobility in Buckinghamshire are, Stow, the magnificent mansion of the Marquis of Buckingham; Wotton, the ancient seat of his ancestors, now an occasional residence of his son, Earl Temple; Bulstrode, the Duke of Portland's; Taplow, the" (late) "Marquis of Thomond's; Hedsor, Lord Boston's; Eythorp, an almost deserted mansion of the Earl of Chesterfield's; Hampden House and Penn House, the occasional residences of Lord Hampden and Lord Curzon; Ditton Park, the late Earl of Beaulieu's; Dropmore, Lord Grenville's; Wycombe Abbey, Lord Carrington's; Hitchendon, the Countess of Conyngham's; and Middle Claydon, Lady Fermanagh's. Peterly House, an ancient mansion of Lord Dormer's, is occupied by a tenant. Aston-Abbots manor-house, belonging to the Earl of Chesterfield, does not appear to have been ever a seat of the family. Bidlesdon, formerly a seat of the Verneys, is now the property and residence of George Morgan, Esq. Latimers is now the seat of Lord George Cavendish, brother of the Duke of Devonshire. Baileys, the seat of the late Lord Godolphin, and lately in the tenure of the deceased Earl of Roslyn, is, at present, unoccupied. The Countess of Orkney occupies Mr. Dupre's house, at Woburn.

"Among the principal mansions of the nobility that have either been destroyed, or become dilapidated, may be reckoned Asheridge, the seat of the late Duke of Bridgewater, by whom it was pulled down, and the materials sold, in the year 1801; Cheynies, the seat of the noble family of Russel; Cliefden" ('the bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love') "a seat of the" (late) "Earl of Inchiquin, formerly of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Twyford, of the Wenmans; Winchendon, the Duke of Wharton's; and Wing, of the noble family of Dormer. Cliefden House was burnt down in the year 1795. Twyford and Wing have been entirely pulled down; the small remains of Winchendon are fitted up for a steward; what remains of Cheynies is inhabited by a farmer."

The seats of the gentry in Buckinghamshire appear to be very numerous: of these, and of their families, a list is given.

"Among the principal of their deserted or demolished mansions," the editors observe, "may be reckoned Raans, in Amersham, now a farm-house, formerly a seat of the Brudenels, ancestors to the Earl of Cardigan, who had estates in various parts of the county in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Burston House, in Aston-Abbots, formerly the seat of a younger branch of the Lees, of Quarendon, and Astwood-bury, the seat of the Cranmers (an extinct family), both pulled down."

The next objects that are noticed are the "*Geographical and geological Description of the County*"—"Produce"—"Natural History"—"*Rivers*"—"*Navigable Canals*"—"*Roads*"—"*Manufactures*"—and "Antiquities."

"*Roman Remains.*—Very few Roman remains," it is observed, "have been discovered in Buckinghamshire. A mosaic pavement and Roman coins were found at High-Wycombe, in Lord Shelburne's grounds, in

the year 1722:* a Roman vessel and coins were found in digging a cellar in High-street there; and Roman coins and other remains in Desborough-field, near the same place. Coins have also been found near Princes-Risborough, Ellisborough, and Fenny-Stratford, in a place called the Auld-fields, where also foundations of buildings have been dug up. An amphora was found several years ago in a sand-pit on Wavendon-heath; and a small glass vessel and some spear heads near Dinton."

Under the head of "*Church Architecture*," the editors observe, that

"The church first entitled to notice in this county, on account of its antiquity and curiosity, is Stewkley, which is one of the most complete specimens of Saxon architecture we have remaining, no part of it, internally or externally, having been altered or materially defaced, nor have any additions been made to it, except the porch on the south side, and the pinnacles of the tower."

Of this church there is a full description, elucidated with the following plates, viz.

1st, *Including the plan of Stewkley church, arches and capitals of pillars on the west side*; and,

2d, *Chancel of Stewkley church.*

The other embellishments of this section are,

3d, *Door-way of Denton church, Bucks.*

4th, *Door of Water Straford church, Bucks.*

These are both of Saxon architecture; though the former of them has, besides its Saxon ornaments, a Roman *guilloche.*

"There are," it is stated, "very few examples of gothic architecture in the Buckinghamshire churches, of sufficient consequence to entitle them to particular notice, except those of Chetwode and Hillesden: the former was the conventual church of the priory, which was founded at Chetwode, in the year 1244, and, from the style of what remains, may be fairly considered as coeval with the foundation: the chancel is preserved in its original state, having lancet-shaped windows with slender pillars, the capitals of several of which are highly enriched with figures of animals and foliage. There are some remains of this style of architecture in the church of Princes-Risborough, where some of the windows of the south aisle are lancet-shaped, with slender detached pillars. Hillesden church, which was rebuilt in the year 1493, affords a rich example of the latter gothic: it is in a very perfect state, except the groined roof of the north porch, which has fallen down: the inside is richly ornamented, especially the chancel, the walls of which are covered with gothic tracery."

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"*Ancient Stained Glass.*—Some of the most ancient and most elegant specimens of stained glass to be found in this kingdom remain in the chancel of Chetwode church. From the style of the ornaments with which they are enriched, from the dresses of the figures, and the form of the letters in an inscription under that of St. Nicholas, to whom the church was dedicated, and also from the style of the royal arms, there remains little room for doubt of the glass being coeval with the first erection of the church, or the foundation of the priory to which it belonged, about the year 1244, and that it was one of the earliest works of that kind produced in England, since the windows, till after the introduction of the earliest gothic architecture, were too small to have admitted of any diminution of light. The first and fourth lights of this window from the north side of the chancel are nearly entire: in the former are three figures, in oval compartments, two of them representing saints, and the third a king, probably intended for the reigning monarch, Henry III. In the latter are figures of two bishops, and St. Edmund with his symbol, a bow and quiver of arrows; the other parts of the lights are filled with a tracery of foliage, &c. on plain glass, in an infinitely more elegant style, if not so brilliant as that which came into use when the church windows were enlarged in succeeding ages, and entirely filled with coloured glass. In the church of Chesham-Bois are some windows, in the style of the fourteenth century, filled with stained glass, consisting of tracery of foliage and coats of arms. In Hitcham church there are considerable remains of stained glass, chiefly in the windows of the chancel, in each of which is the figure of an angel standing on a wheel: the upper compartments of the east window of the chancel, which is large and elegant, are nearly entire: from the style of the windows, with which the glass appears to be coeval, and the form of the letters in several inscriptions, it seems probable, that it was executed about the middle of the fourteenth century."

A very large and beautiful coloured plate of the objects described elucidates this section; and also a plate including representations of the font in Aylesbury church, ditto in Maids-Morton church, inscription at Nutley Abbey, and part of the Corbel Table in the Hall of Nutley Abbey. We have in this part of the work also plates of two of the stone

* This pavement was said "to have been diversified with a great variety of works, and in the centre the figure of a wild beast," &c. —*See Langley's History of the Hundred of Desborough, pp. 29, 30.*

stalls in Maids-Morton church, Bucks; tomb of Elizabeth, Lady Clinton, in Haversham church; and ruins of the Hall of Asheridge House.

PAROCHIAL TOPOGRAPHY.

Under this interesting head, the editors observe, that

"In the following brief parochial account, the history of manors, and whatever else is not quoted from other authorities, is deduced chiefly from Brown Willis's printed history and MS. collections, and from Mr. Langley's History of the Hundred of Desborough; which is here generally acknowledged, to avoid the frequent repetition of quotation."

"The more modern information," we learn, has, as in the former parts, "been collected by a personal visit to every parish in the county, and by inquiries made of the clergy and others:" the order in which this information is arranged is, as we have before observed, alphabetical.

In the account of AGMONDESHAM, or AMERSHAM, it is stated, that Edmund Waller, the poet, who was a native of Coleshill, in this parish, sat in two of the parliaments of King Charles I. as member for the borough of Amersham. This gentleman, who, like Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, was rather "*a willow* than an OAK," delighted the house by his wit and his eloquence in the time of Charles II. He seems to have possessed every mental qualification, and, as has been observed, to have wanted nothing but political stability.* The celebrated Algernon Sidney was also one of the representatives for this borough.

"John Gregory, author of some learned treatises, among which was one on the ancient custom of the church of Sarum, of electing a bishop among the choristers" (called the Boy Bishop) "on Innocents' Day, was born at Amersham, in 1607."—He died in great poverty, near Oxford, in 1646.

The town of Amersham seems to have suffered much from the licentious fury of religious persecution, both in the reign of Henry V. when many of its inhabitants were executed for professing the tenets of the Lollards, and in the reign of Queen Mary.

* He was buried at Beaconsfield. Messrs. L. in their account of that parish, quote his epitaph from his monument in the churchyard.

The copy of the surrender of the house of the Gray Friars, which was situate at the south end of the town of Aylesbury, we have long considered as a very curious document; of which the preamble has been already quoted in this Magazine,* from the Antiquarian Repertory, vol. i. p. 184: and what appears at first very extraordinary, that paper is stated to be the surrender of the Warden and Freers of the House of St. Francis, in Coventry, of their lands, &c. We have compared the two instruments (now before us); they are in every respect, except the names of the places, precisely the same. This, as we have observed, at first appears extraordinary; but upon a slight consideration convinces us, that the form of surrender was (*mutatis mutandis*) general, and subscribed to not only by the Gray Friars (Franciscans), but by the Carmelites, and all the other orders, on the same occasion.

"The rectory of Aylesbury forms a prebendal corps in the church of Lincoln. This estate was held on lives of the family of Meade, from whom it passed by marriage to the *celebrated* John Wilkes, alderman of London, who represented the borough in parliament, and resided in the rectory-house, adjoining the church, an old mansion, which he partly rebuilt."

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"BOURSTALL, in the hundred of Ashendon and deanery of Wendover, lies about nine miles west of Thame, in Oxfordshire, and about thirteen miles west of Aylesbury. Tradition says, that the site of this manor was given by King Edward the Confessor to one Nigel, for his services in slaying a wild boar which infested the forest of Bernwood, to be held by cornage, or the service of a horn, and that the mansion built by him on the said land was called Boar-stall, in memory of the slain boar."

It does not appear that BUCKINGHAM, the county town, has much in it to arrest the attention of the antiquarian; although the editors observe, that

"At a very early period this town became a place of much celebrity, as containing the bones of Rumbald, an infant saint, the son of a Saxon king (born in the neighbouring village of King's Sutton), who died at three days old, and was canonized in an age of blind superstition. A shrine was erected in Buckingham over his remains, which became the resort of a great multitude of pilgrims, to the no small advantage of the town. St. Rumbald's shrine was rebuilt with a sum of money

* Vol. LI. page 420.

bequeathed for that purpose, by Richard Fowler, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster."

CHALFONT ST. GILES is remarkable for the following circumstance:

"During the great plague in 1665, Milton retired to Chalfont, where he finished his admirable poem of Paradise Lost. The idea of his Paradise Regained is said to have been suggested to him by a conversation which passed at this place between the poet and his friend Elwood, a quaker. The house in which Milton resided is now occupied by a farmer: it was built by some of the Fleetwood family, as appears from their arms over the door."

The plate which is given of "the chancel of Chetwode church, Bucks," exhibits a very beautiful specimen of early gothic architecture, which has already been described under the head of *Church Architecture*, page 487—where, indeed, this print might with greater propriety have been inserted.

"In the parish-church" (of CHILTON) "are some monuments of the Crokes: that of Sir John Croke, who died in 1608, is much ornamented in the style that then prevailed, and has his effigies in armour. Sir John was father of Sir George Croke, the celebrated lawyer, famous for his zealous opposition to the tax of ship-money in the reign of Charles I. He was a native of Chilton, and lies buried in the church there without any memorial."

In the parish-church of Checkers, in Ellesborough, which stands on a small insulated eminence resembling an ancient fortress, are also some monuments of the Crokes.

The ancient COLLEGE of ETON is too well known to render a description of it in this place by any means necessary.

"Among the eminent persons who lie buried in this" (the College Chapel) "are, Richard Lord Grey of Wilton, henchman to King Henry VIII; John Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, confessor to that monarch; Sir Henry Saville, the learned warden of Merton, and provost of this college, who founded the Savilian professorships of astronomy and geometry at Oxford; Sir Henry Wooton, an eminent ambassador and statesman, who was also provost of Eton; Francis Rowse, a distinguished writer among the puritans, and one of the lords of Cromwell's upper house, who died provost of Eton in 1658; Dr. Allestree, provost of Eton (an eminent royalist), who built the new or upper school, with the cloisters beneath, at the expense of 1,500l. and died in 1680, and Nathaniel Ingelo, who died in 1683. The monuments of some of the above persons are now to be seen. Sir Henry Wooton's tomb has the following singular inscription:—

"Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus auctor—
Disputandi pruritus fit ecclesiarum scabies
Nomen alias quære."

"Dr. Ingelo was the author of a romance, called Bentevolio and Urania, which is alluded to in the following singular passage in his epitaph:—*Cujus stylus dum dramate pietatem ad Christi morem sauviter insinuat, an ingeniosus an patheticus sit magis, vicissim acriter et diu contenditur; quâ lite nondum sopitâ, feliciter quievit autor eruditus beatam præstolans resurrectionem, donec decisionis dies supremus illuxerit.*' In the antechapel is a statue of the founder, by Bacon, erected in 1786, the sum of 600l. having been bequeathed for that purpose by the Rev. Edward Betham, fellow of the college, who died in 1783; and a monument of the young Earl of Waldegrave, who was drowned when at Eton school, in 1794. In the school-yard is another statue of the founder, in bronze, erected at the expense of Provost Godolphin. In the cemetery belonging to the college is the tomb of the learned John Hales."

A very curious circumstance relating to the building of the castle of Rochester, induces us to quote the following passage:

"HADDENHAM, in the hundred of Aylesbury and deanery of Wendover, lies about seven miles south-west of Aylesbury, and three from Thame, in Oxfordshire. King William the Conqueror demised the manor of Haddenham, during his life, to Archbishop Lanfranc, who gave it to Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester. On the donor's death it reverted to the crown; and William Rufus, on his accession, demanded 100l. for renewing it: a sum so exorbitant, that the prelates were both astonished, and declared they were not possessed of so large a sum, nor knew how to procure it. Two courtiers, well inclined to all parties, suggested that the manor should be restored to the see, on condition that Gundulph, who was very intelligent and expert in masonry, should, at his own expense, build the castle of Rochester, with stone; which proposal was at length accepted, on the bishop's being exonerated from further repairs. Ernulph, Gundulph's successor, who is supposed to have been the author of the Textus Roffensis, where this is related, supposed that the cost amounted to 60l."

So it appears that, in the twelfth century, an archbishop and bishop were puzzled to raise 100l. and, which is still more extraordinary, that a castle like that of Rochester, of the size of which a complete judgment may be formed by the august vestiges that remain, could

be built for 60l. and as a commutation for the renewal of a lease, by which 40l. was saved.

"In the parish-church" of HILLESDON, of which there is a view, "are several monuments of the Dentons; that of Catherine, wife of Alexander Denton, Esq. one of the justices of the Common Pleas, is by Sir Henry Cheere, and is ornamented with busts, in white marble, of the judge and his lady. There is also a monument for George Woodward, Esq. envoy to Poland, who died at Warsaw in 1755; and the tomb of Godfrey Boate, one of the justices of the King's Bench, in Ireland (the subject of Dean Swift's quibbling elegy), who died in 1722. The church which was rebuilt in 1493 is a very handsome gothic structure. In the east window of the north aisle is some very rich stained glass representing various scenes from the legend of St. Nicholas."

In the account of GREAT LINFORD, we find the following notice:

"Dr. Richard Sandy, *alias* Napier, who was presented to this rectory in 1589, was a very remarkable character: he was the son of Sir Robert Napier, of Luton-Hoo, in Bedfordshire; and having been instructed in physic and astrology, by the celebrated Dr. Simon Forman,* commenced the profession of those sciences in conjunction with the cure of souls. His practice as a physician became very extensive, it being given out that he held conversations with the angel Raphael, by means of which he prognosticated with certainty the death or recovery of his patients. This procured him great credit in a superstitious age, and he was resorted to by persons of the first rank and consequence. It appears by a passage in Howell's Familiar Letters, that the Earl of Sunderland (lord president of the North) was under his care for some months, at his house at Linford, in 1629. It was said of this empiric divine, that he was so devout, that his knees grew *horny* by much praying, and that he died in that posture at a great age, in the year 1634. His burial is thus entered in the parish-register: 'April 15, 1634. Buried, Mr. Richard Napier, rector, the most renowned physician both of body and soul.' Dr. Napier's papers came into the hands of Mr. Ashmole, and are now in the museum at Oxford."

In the account of ONLEY, we find that Moses Brown, author of Piscatory Eclogues, and other works, who, from the humble occupation of a pen-cutter, rose, by his own merit, to the station of a respectable divine of the church of England, was its rector. Cowper, the poet, also resided some time there; whence he removed to the neighbouring village of Weston-Underwood.

To elucidate the account of STEWKLEY, the editors have given a plate of the south-east view of the church. Under the head of Church Architecture, it will be recollected, that we have mentioned another, containing the plan, chancel, and some of the capitals, &c. of the west side of this edifice.

The following account of Stoke-Poges appears very interesting:

"King James the First, about the year 1621, granted the manor in fee to Lord Chief Justice Coke, who appears to have held it many years before as lessee under the crown. In 1601, being then attorney-general, he entertained Queen Elizabeth very sumptuously at this place, and presented her majesty with jewels to the value of 1,000l. or 1,200l. In 1625, this celebrated lawyer, having quitted his high station, and being out of favour with the court, was obliged, much against his will, to serve the office of high sheriff for the county; and it was thought by his friends a great degradation, that he, who had filled one of the highest stations on the bench should attend on the judges at the assizes. Sir John Villers, elder brother of the Duke of Buckingham, married Sir John Coke's only daughter; and this manor (then held by lease) having been settled on him at the time of his marriage, he was, in 1619, created a peer, by the title of Baron Villers, of Stoke-Poges, and Viscount Purbeck. Lord Purbeck succeeded to this estate after the death of Sir Edward Coke, which happened in 1634, at his seat of Stoke-Poges. This house, it appears, was settled on his lady, who was relict of Sir William Hatton. There appears to have been but little harmony betwixt them. During the latter part of his life they lived separate; and so eager was she to take possession, that, upon a premature report of his death, we are told, she hastened down with her brother, Lord Wimbledon, for that purpose; but meeting his physician near Colnbrook, and learning from him tidings of her husband's amendment, she returned disappointed to London. This great man seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate towards the close of his life, and to have suffered much from domestic afflictions: his only daughter, Lady Purbeck, eloped from her husband, and lived in adultery with Sir Robert Howard.* She was

* Dr. Simon Forman was an astrologer of great celebrity in the reigns of Elizabeth and the beginning of James I. There are many of his notable actions recorded in the life of Lilly; also in Antiq. Rep. vol. ii. page 311.

* "After her elopement, she for some time called herself Mrs. Wright, and lay-in privately of a son, who, by virtue of a patent of Oliver Cromwell, he having married the heiress of Sir John Danvers," afterwards took the name of Danvers.

reconciled to her father before his death, and lived with him the two years immediately preceding, but after that event returned to Sir Robert Howard. The proceedings against this lady and her gallant were such as, if they were now to be adopted, would have a greater effect in checking the crime of adultery, than the heaviest pecuniary fines. Lady Purbeck was sentenced by the high commission court to do penance in a white sheet at the Savoy church: she escaped this sentence by flight, but it hung over her for many years. In 1635, the year after her father's death, she and Sir Robert were both taken into custody, and committed to different prisons; she to the Gate-house, and Sir Robert to the Fleet, where he suffered a tedious imprisonment! Lady Purbeck escaped from prison disguised in male apparel, and got over to France. The government demanded her from that court; but whether she was given up, or returned and submitted to her sentence, is not known, as the communicative Mr. Garrand, Lord Strafford's intelligent informer, about that time ceases his correspondence. It is certain, that some years afterwards she was in England cohabiting with Sir Robert Howard, and being with him in the king's garrison at Oxford, died there in 1645, and was buried in St. Mary's church. In 1647, Stoke-house was, for a short time, the residence of the unfortunate King Charles, when he was a prisoner in the power of the army."

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"The ancient manor-house of Stoke has been celebrated not only for its eminent inhabitants, but as having furnished the subject of Gray's 'long story.' The 'dim windows that exclude the light' were filled with the arms of the family of Hastings and its alliances, those of Sir Edward Coke, and many of his great contemporaries in the law. It was pulled down, in 1789, by Mr. Penn" (the present proprietor), "who has built an elegant modern mansion not far from its site, from a design of Mr. Wyatt. The library is a noble room, 140 feet in length, extending the whole of the south front. Among other family pictures in Stoke House are those of the celebrated Admiral Sir William Penn and his son, the still more celebrated founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, painted in armour at the age of 22, before his conversion to the tenets of the quakers. In the park to the north of the house is a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke (by Rossi), on a fluted pedestal sixty-eight feet in height."

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"The church-yard at Stoke-Poges was the scene of Gray's well known elegy. That celebrated poet spent a great part of his youth in this village, and lies buried here himself, under a tomb which he had erected over the remains of his mother and aunt. As there is nothing on the stone that covers his remains to denote his burial, Mr. Penn has erected a monument for him in the adjoining field,* with this inscription: "This monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A.D. 1799, among the scenery celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died in 1771, and lies unnoticed in the adjoining church-yard, under the tomb-stone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and much lamented mother.'"

Stow, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham, has been so frequently described, and its beauties so poetically extolled by Pope and West, that it is impossible to add any thing to the subject, except that Hammond, the elegiac poet, died while on a visit there, in 1742.

In the account of Weston-Underwood we find, that

"Cowper, the poet, resided for several years, during the latter part of his life, in this village, in a house now inhabited by a shopkeeper. Most of his descriptions of rural scenery were drawn from nature, in his walks round this place."

"Over or Upper Winchendon, in the hundred of Ashendon and deanery of Waddesdon, lies about six miles west of Aylesbury. This manor was given by King Henry I. to the canons of St. Frideswide, Oxford. After the suppression of that convent, it was given to Cardinal Wolsey. On the cardinal's fall, the grant was resumed, and it continued in the crown till 1623, when it was granted to the family of Goodwin, and passed in marriage with Jane, daughter and heir of Arthur Goodwin, Esq. to Philip, Lord Wharton: his son Thomas, who was, in 1706, created Viscount Winchenden, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Wharton, made Winchendon his chief residence, having enlarged the manor-house, and made it a magnificent mansion. The gardens were esteemed superior to any then in the county, and were particularly celebrated for a fine collection of orange trees. Philip, Lord Wharton, who

* This circumstance gave rise to the following *impromptu*:

"Apart from envy, noise, and folly,
Rest, sweet son of melancholy!
What tho' no notice mark'd thy hearse,
Yet still survives elegiac verse:
Thy memory, dear to ev'ry age,
Stamp'd on thy own recording page,
To times remote shall bear thy name,
Now known "to fortune and to fame." (*a*)
An instance in yon field we find,
The work of a congenial mind,
Who to avert thy augur'd doom
Has given to thee a rural tomb." M.

(*a*) "A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."
Gray's Elegy in a Church-yard.

succeeded his father in his title and estates, was, 1718, created Duke of Wharton. Granger relates an anecdote of the facetious Colley Cibber, that, riding with the duke in his coach at Winchendon, where the soil is a stiff clay, and the roads very deep and heavy, he thus addressed himself to his noble companion: "Report says, that your grace is running out of your estates;" (but) "I am sure it is impossible for you to *run* out of *this*."

In the church-yard of HIGH WYCOMBE, we learn, is the tomb of Robert Williams, the late sexton, who died in the year 1793, at the age of 102. We mention this circumstance, because we have before us the print of Old Scaleits, the sexton of Peterborough cathedral, who died at the age of 98, and have, in many instances, remarked, that *sextons* have lived to very advanced ages; which certainly might afford an argument in favour of *grave-making*, of which Shakspeare, had he been aware of the circumstance, would probably have taken advantage.

From the copious extracts which we have made, the reader will see how this important, and indeed splendid work is arranged, and the style in which it is written: the first, we must observe, gives us perspicuous ideas of the local state of the districts which it describes, and particularizes the circumstances of the different parishes; the latter, in which the editors aim rather at being understood than admired, is extremely well calculated to detail the variety of objects which are included in its pages. We have lately learned that it is their intention to publish the remainder in parts, each part containing a county, and three to be comprised in a volume: in consequence of this system, we have now in our possession the first part of the second volume, containing CAMBRIDGESHIRE, which, as a very interesting object, it is our intention to review in our next number.

A Review of the Reports to the Board of Agriculture, from the Northern Department of England: comprising Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmorland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the mountainous Parts of Derbyshire, &c. By Mr. Marshall. 8vo. pp. 536. With a Map.

No one has been more zealous, or more successful, in diffusing valuable information on the important subject of rural œconomy, than the writer of the volume now under our consideration. His pages have never been disgraced by theoretical reveries: facts ascertained by practical experiment, and conclusions confidently to be relied upon, are what have placed Mr. Marshall's writings in their present state of pre-eminence. Most, if not all, of his productions have passed under review in our preceding volumes; and in his present work we have to consider *him* as a *reviewer*.

Our author, we find, has been long meditating the plan of a "Review of written Agriculture;" and we observe that he has commenced his labour by correcting the errors, and contracting the enormous bulk,* of the Reports to the Board of Agriculture.

In an ADVERTISEMENT prefixed to the work, Mr. M. briefly explains the advantages to be derived from his undertaking:

"Having," (says he) "in the INTRODUCTION to this volume, explained its plan, what I have to attempt, here, is to point out its utility.

"The reports at large, seeing the magnitude of their bulk, and the comparative smallness of the useful matter they contain, may well be deemed a heavy tax on the time, if not on the purse, of the agricultural public. Their voluminousness certainly debars many practical men from profiting by the useful parts of their contents.

"If it shall be found that I have comprised *more* useful information in one volume than is contained in eight, my endeavours will surely have some claim to utility; and will, I trust, be entitled to the approbation of the Board whose labours I have thus been rendering superiorly profitable to the public.

"The transactions of the Royal Society have been abridged with valuable effect. The volume I am now offering, however, is not merely an abstract or abridgment of the Reports to the Board of Agriculture, or I should have published it as such. I have not only concentrated their valuable parts, but have pointed out—and I believe rectified—their more dangerous errors; and may have thus rendered my work useful to those who have, as well as to those who have not, the Board's reports.

"Should it be said that I have left many errors, if not absurdities, unnoticed, I would reply—every thing that I have left unnoticed is, I conceive, either erroneous or futile, and, to practical men (especially those

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* We are told that the books of the Board were poured in so fast upon a certain personage, that he was heard to exclaim, "I shall be beggared in the binding of them."

who are in possession of my former publications), of no consideration or avail.

"I have a farther claim on the agricultural public:—I have not merely separated the better parts from the confused masses in which I found them dispersed, but have, by appropriate arrangement (as being at once natural and practical), rendered them, I trust, intelligible at sight, and easily to be referred to: and have thus placed them in the most convenient form, not only for *perusal*, but for *study* and *reference*. For, by following each section of the general subject through the several Reports (by the prefixed Table of Contents), the valuable information relating to each individual topic may be read with nearly equal facility, and with the self-same profit, as if the whole were re-cast, and arranged systematically. And, allow me to add, the student, by this fresh reading, will inevitably, though perhaps imperceptibly, receive additional advantage from the information collected by the Board.

"Lastly, I will venture to prefer a claim on the public at large, in having (as far as I have yet proceeded) unfolded a view (hitherto unnoticed) of the face of the country, as it relates to TERRITORIAL CONCERNS; and have thereby furnished an ample field of substantial natural facts, which cannot fail to become of the first utility, whenever the government of this fair isle may find it expedient to attend, in some efficient way, to the amelioration of its own territory."

In an INTRODUCTION, of some length, Mr. M. speaks, first, of "The Origin and Progress of the Board of Agriculture;" which he claims, and, we think, judging from the facts stated, very fairly, as his own.*—Secondly, of "The Plan and Execution of the Reports;" both of which appear, by Mr. Marshall's representation of them, to be unworthy of a public board.—Thirdly, of the "Qualifications of a Reporter;"—which are enumerated and pointed out in detail.—And, lastly, of his own "Plan of Review;" in which the division of the kingdom, into six AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENTS, is made out in what appears to us a satisfactory manner; and which cannot fail, we think, to render the study of its various practices much more easy than it could be if they were blended together.

The report of each county, in the northern department, is then appreciated; the several particulars of useful information extracted and arranged in their natural order, as they occur in practice; and the dangerous errors which they severally contain—especially those that have been committed by men of reputation—pointed out and rectified.

Prefatory to entering on the Report of each county, Mr. M. declares his personal knowledge of its several districts; defines the routes by which he has traversed it; and separates it into NATURAL DISTRICTS: moreover combining, in a MAP prefixed to the work, the natural districts of the northern department of the kingdom.

To convey to our readers some idea of the execution of this work as a *Review*, we will transcribe a passage or two for their perusal.

Having pointed out some errors of calculation, in the Northumberland Report (p. 110), we find the following strictures:

"Now what is the use of these calculations? It needed neither mathematics, nor logic, to prove that two hundred acres of land costs more working—requires a larger capital—than one hundred of a similar texture, &c. &c. &c. And as to the final inference, above quoted, it is altogether vague; or, at most, only serves to show that the calculator's system cannot be *generalized*.*

"But these calculations being before us, let us look into their merits, and see whether they will not afford inferences of a different nature. By them it evidently appears, that an acre of land, which is kept three years in arable crops, and three years in herbage, and whose marketable stock is long-wooled sheep, requires a capital of four guineas;—the occupier being entitled to five per cent. on the amount of the said capital, as his profit; over and above another five per cent. for legal interest thereon;—together making up the ten per cent. above charged. For, if this extra five per cent. is not intended as an equivalent for the farmer's skill and industry, the whole statement is void; there being no other allowance made for these two valuable considerations. Hence a farmer who holds a hundred acres of land, worth 40s. an acre, and pays two hundred pounds a-year, will, on the calculations under notice, be entitled to a profit of no more than twenty-one pounds:—an income which is not equal to that of a common day labourer; and, for this pittance, he is to stand to the loss of stock, seasons, and other risks, perhaps to three times the amount: no allowance for those things appearing in the statement. Hence, secondly, the calculator's favourite system, of six shifts

* Mr. M. *publicly* offered his "Plan for promoting Agriculture," and his "Proposal for a Board of Agriculture;" the former six, and the latter three, years before the institution took place, the transactions of which form the subject of the present work.

" * See note (‡) p. 33 of Rep. P. 44 of Rev.

and long-wooled sheep, leaves, on the first statement, twenty-six shillings an acre for the landlord, but nothing, or worse than nothing, for the tenant; and, on the second part, only seven shillings an acre, rent, for tolerable turnip, barley, and clover land. Hence, thirdly, let us venture to conclude, that there must be more than one radical error in those calculations;—or that the *improved* system of management which has been rather exultingly recommended, is not proper to be adopted.'*

"The reader may be assured that the remarks, here brought forward, were not suggested by a desire of lowering the Northumberland reporters, jointly or separately, in the opinion of the public; but to show how dangerous, to be depended upon, are complex calculations, on general subjects, in agriculture. If such men as the authors of the Northumberland Report are liable to error in agricultural statements, what egregious blunders must not the common order of agricultural writers commit! And what opportunities have designing men to enforce their interests, or their prejudices, by such calculations;—even as an adroit barrister, who is arguing a complex case, in which a multitude of facts are interwoven, is enabled, by bringing forward and magnifying those which best suit his purpose, and keeping others in the back ground—to make the better cause the worse, or the worse the better, as may be most convenient to his views. Yet a very large portion of written agriculture is formed of such *imposing* materials.†

"It is scarcely necessary to add, that the observations, which I have here deemed proper to offer, are meant to put well-intentioned writers on their guard in making calculations of that kind, and inexperienced readers in appretiating them. But I conceive it to be essentially necessary in me to say, that I am far from wishing to decry agricultural calculations altogether. Simplex statements, of ascertained facts, may be, on many occasions, of the greatest use. When founded on real data, the results, if carefully drawn, become certain; and are the surest guides in practice. What I am desirous to show is the fallacy which may arise from speculative calculations, on complex subjects, with no better foundation, perhaps, than assumed premises; or partial facts so much bent as to give a false bias to the whole. When statements of this nature are applied to that most complex subject, the "expense and profit" of agriculture—there being so many things requisite to be taken into the account—they require a compass of mind, a patience in study, and maturity of experience and judgment, which few men possess."

After combating the doctrine held out by the Reporters of the West Riding of Yorkshire, relating to clauses and restrictions in leases, the reviewer thus closes his remarks, and, we think, clears up a point of some magnitude in the management of landed property; a subject which has lately, in a peculiar manner, attracted the attention of our author.*

"If it were" (says Mr. M. p. 866) "required, in this place, to speak, *generally*, on the subject of TENANCY, and the COVENANTS of LEASES, we might say—if all tenants were strictly honest, nicely honourable, covenants to bind them would be useless. If, in the nature of their profession, they had no other object in view than the advancement of husbandry, and the improvements of the country, covenants might, in truth, be injurious and improper. But such a sublime theory of things rural being altogether imaginary, it behoves the proprietors of tenantable lands, whose interests are not always precisely the same as that of their tenants, to institute some rational and practical regulations to secure their property from spoil, by those tenants who may prefer their own interest to that of their landlord. In England, I much fear, where there is one to improve, there are three to deteriorate.

"Regarding covenants to regulate a tenant's plan of management, much depends upon the state of husbandry in the given district. In a country like East Lothian, which is, or rather has been, rising from an abject state of culture to a superior style of management, under the laudable exertions of men of liberal minds and integrity, it would have been ill judged in proprietors to have trammelled such tenants with restrictive clauses; unless toward the expiry of their leases. But in the West Riding of Yorkshire, or in any other district where agriculture is below par, yet in a degree stationary, and where the generality of tenants require a stimulus to improvements, covenants, to teach such tenants the way they ought to go, so as to bring up their practice to a level with that of the best managed districts of the island, could scarcely be injurious to either of the three interests concerned in the agriculture of the country. Hence, we may add, the covenants of management, throughout the kingdom, should keep pace with the state of

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"* It is possible that I may, in my turn, have been inadvertently led into error, in my investigation of this or other subjects. If I have, I will gratefully thank any one who will set me right.

"† When such materials become *embodied*, by men without the slightest pretensions to practical knowledge, or, perhaps, one accurate idea relating to the subject, what chaotic masses of ignorance and error must necessarily be produced!

* See European Magazine, Vol. XLIX. p. 280.

agriculture in its best managed districts. And, under the triennial form of tenancy, such a plan of progressive improvement may be practised.

"Even the West Riding reporter is an advocate for this principle of management;—in other words, is a friend to restrictive, if not to compulsory, covenants.

"Thus, p. 98, 'In order that drilling of turnips and horse-hoeing may be generally practised, we presume that no method could be more effectually taken, than for proprietors to refuse taking broad-cast ones as a fallow crop. It is a mock upon fallow, to consider some of the crops we examined as such; and we are confident, that unless a very great expense is laid out, a broad-cast crop will never allow the ground to be cleaned in manner equal to where they are horse and hand hoed.' This is in the true spirit of dictatorial management. If the above, and several others, of the reporter's favourite practices were urged, in a similar way, by the proprietors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, their country, I doubt not, would thereby be greatly profited. Because there are many absurd and injurious clauses inserted in leases, through the ignorance of those who are entrusted with the important charge of framing them, let not this be produced in argument against the GENERAL PRINCIPLE of REGULATIVE COVENANTS, in LEASES."

In like manner we find, in the prosecution of this work, other difficult points discussed, and, we conceive, satisfactorily settled. The public, therefore, appear to be particularly interested in an undertaking which promises so much benefit to agriculture, and, of course, to the community at large. J.

The Contrast; a Poem: including comparative Views of Britain, Spain, and France, at the present Moment. In two Parts. Addressed to an English Nobleman, by S. J. Pratt, Esq. Author of Gleanings in England, &c. &c. 8vo. 1808.

THE truly amiable and benevolent nobleman to whom this meritorious poem is addressed, whilst residing with his countess at Genoa, for the recovery of the lady's health, was detained there by the tyrant of France, upon the renewal of the war occasioned by his violation of the peace of Amiens. Notwithstanding the strongest remonstrances of our government against the injustice of the detention, and repeated applications for his release, his lordship remained a kind of prisoner nearly four years; and, if we are rightly informed, was obliged to pay a considerable sum for his final emancipation.

An animated and pathetic congratulation on the return of the noble lord to his native country forms the subject of the first part of this interesting poem, and is the basis of the Contrast between the three countries (already noticed in the title), which is carried on throughout the finished piece.

The following lines will give our readers a clear idea of the general plan:

"From realms, my lord, where pow'r unheeds'd reigns,
And cheated vassals seem to hug their chains:
Where trembling slaves suppress the heart-felt sigh,
And, gall'd by fetters, rave of liberty!
From cities sack'd and villages on fire,
Where scarce is sav'd the crutch'd or bed-rid sire;
Where, near her hour of trial, shrieks the wife,
And the scar'd babe untimely springs to life—
Welcome, thrice welcome, to your native land,
Where still fair Freedom makes her awful stand;
Where still Religion holds her sacred sway,
And points to regions of eternal day!"

Leaving the remainder of the just eulogium of his lordship's benevolent disposition, and the gratifying description of his reception on his arrival at his mansion, the ancient seat of his ancestors, from his tenants, and the neighbouring poor, supported by his bounty, who greet with blessings the return of their patron and benefactor—we shall proceed to the national subjects contained in the second part, which gave rise to the production of a finished poem, by a happy union of a private tribute of veneration paid to an exalted character, with the glorious cause of the Spanish patriots; which, says our author, "is the echo of every voice, and the vibration of every heart; and certainly a cause the most important and sublime that has for many centuries *rivetted the undivided attention of Europe.*"

The well known talent of our poet for pathetic description precludes the necessity of expatiating on the beauties of the present composition, which is equal to SYMPATHY, or any other of his former works, and exceeds them by the sublimity and magnitude of the subject: we have only to lament one striking defect—its brevity—the whole poem consisting of only twenty pages. Surely such "a new and animating subject," (we give the author's own

words) might have commanded a more extensive display of his acknowledged abilities for such an undertaking. Let us hope, however, that the encouragement already given by the public to this "first impulse of his enthusiasm,"* will induce him to enlarge on this heart-commanding subject, which in its radiant progress may furnish "new wonders in the north," as well as "the south of Spain," and supply him with ample materials for a complete epic poem.

The concluding apostrophe to our own country cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers. As such, we present it to them.

"And THOU, rever'd and sympathizing land,
Prompt to extend the ever-helping hand
Where'er Oppression lifts his iron rod,
Hostile to man and impious to his God;
Friend to the friendless———
O, native Albion! from whose heav'n-blest store
Flows the rich tide of bounty to each shore;
By foreign rage or homebred tumults crost,
All the fierce passions in thy mercy lost:
In war, in peace, to thee the suff'rers come,
Exiles from ev'ry clime, and find a home;
Find the soft solace of thy shelt'ring arms,
And like a cradled infant, safe from harms:
The heavy laden lay their burthens down,
While Pity's tearful smile succeeds thy frown:
Thou tyrant's envy, and thou patriot's boast,
Still give thy aid to wrong'd Iberia's coast;
Assert her cause, assist her just defence,
And greatly prove her SECOND PROVIDENCE!"

T. M.

ESSAY

On the POWER *and* USE *of* ENEMIES.

By the Author of the "Essays after the Manner of Goldsmith."

"*Malum consilium consultori pessimum.*"

Ill designs are worst to the contriver.

"*Si deus nobiscum quis contra nos.*"

THE world hate us for our successes, and blame us for our misfortunes. It is no wonder, then, that we have many enemies.

There are few circumstances of human life of which men, generally speaking, stand more in fear, than the having enemies. The conviction of their actual existence, and the knowledge that they are moving about us, actively employed within the circle of our connexions, disturbs our repose, keeps our pride in a constant state of alarm, and embitters all the enjoyments of our existence. We view them with an aching heart, and dread the results of their supposed capabilities to injure us.

Let us, in the first place, endeavour to arrange and class this numerous and active genus, who are possessed of stings and poison, and who are always on the wing to do us harm, and then let us examine what just and reasonable cause we have to be afraid, and whether our fear does not rather proceed from a misconception of the power of an enemy, seen through the false medium which our dread places before us, and which magnifies his capacity to do us harm.

The first great enemy of man is himself, and which subjects us through life to many others: he domineers over us by means of some favourite passion, and triumphs by reason of our infirmities: he is the veriest tyrant that can be conceived, and constantly commands us, by his imperious edicts, to do actions at which our good sense revolts: he will not even suffer us to think, as, whenever we attempt it, he puts us on the rack, and we comply with his inclinations, to avoid the torture. Pride is his chief instrument of power, and the world assists him in his depredations on an individual of their own species, who prey on each other by turns. The philosopher is unequal in the contest with him; and the Christian alone, whose humility is his protection, escapes his persecutions.

The monster called an enemy assumes a variety of shapes in the world, and frequently, indeed mostly, first approaches us as a friend. Happily, the Creator has given to man capacities to feel and judge, and has alleviated and recompensed every trouble and mischief by experience, which increases in value every hour we live. Man must, therefore, make use of his capabilities of judging and distinguishing between friends and foes. Nor are the marks of an enemy so indistinct and uncertain as not to be known and ascertained by the man who has had much knowledge of the world; he is able to define them with exactness, as the pilot does the bearings and distances of rocks and shoals.

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* A second edition, we understand, is nearly ready for publication.

The first description of enemy is the assumed friend. DULCEO approaches you with tenderness and respect: he approves all your actions, admires your sentiments, compliments your sense and your wit, blames those who vex you, and praises those you esteem. DULCEO soon makes himself the confidant of all your secrets, obtains the master-key of your passions, and learns all your weaknesses. DULCEO serves you assiduously and constantly, until he *knows the way of the house*, and until he has discovered the *blue chamber*; for every man has a *blue chamber* in his dwelling, where something may be hid, other than murdered wives: DULCEO is the sort of enemy to find out where it is, and with what it is stored. DULCEO, by his industry and application, presently achieves a knowledge of your affairs, and lies by until he can profit by his labour. The attention and kindness of DULCEO lasts as long as you are the major proposition of his experimental philosophy, and until you, by your candour and unsuspicious nature, introduce him to your best and wealthiest friend, with whom, when he once obtains a footing, he enters into the closest intimacy, and plays the same game that he did with you: and now he has found one of more capability to serve him, and who is, as he thinks, inexhaustible to his interests, he forsakes you at once, attaches himself entirely to his new connexion, and soon ungratefully makes your *best* friend your *greatest* ENEMY.

The only certain rule of judging of such an enemy as DULCEO, the most dangerous and best concealed of any, is to seek out his haunts; to find and search his character through life; to notice whether he vilifies and reproaches persons with whom you know he has lived with intimacy, and for whom he has once professed esteem and respect. Watch him narrowly, and you will find him *at home* with *himself*, if I may use the expression, not absent on the marauding excursion of seeking whom he may devour. You will observe him, at times, smile with malignancy when he hears you commended; you will see him turn pale for an instant, and look grim at your good fortune, until he can get time to form his features to a compliment of congratulation; he will not meet your eyes if he can help it; and while he fawns, he lurks round you, to seek a moment to do you harm. The best rule to know a friend, is, from the constancy and sameness of his conduct, not temper; from his doing you *real* service, not giving, nor lending, but promoting your interests in life. Whenever a man is the active means of doing you a lasting service, his character almost ceases to be equivocal, for the lasting service is not the object of an enemy. He gives nothing that he cannot take away, nor builds what he could not easily destroy.

The next description of enemy is the man who affects to speak of you with kindness and candour: such an one is MELLIFACIO. MELLIFACIO, if he hears you blamed, immediately undertakes your defence: he says, that he is convinced that —— and then he stammers; "to be sure he must admit that you have been very censurable." He will say on another occasion, "Poor fellow! I hope that he will do well; though I am afraid that he never will."—"Nobody can depend upon him, sir."—While MELLIFACIO gives the *sum* of commendation, he *subtracts*, at the same time, from it until *nothing* remains. While he prophecies your good fortune, there is a lurking hope in his bosom that it may prove untrue, on which he rests and trusts. His commendation is a lie decorated with the beauties of candour; a honey poisoned with malevolence.

Of much the same description of enemy is the man who affects to be so only to your faults and follies. This is usually as great a hypocrite as the other. This enemy is frequently a very correct and honest man in his dealings with the world, on which punctuality he sets a high value; and his hatred to you arises, as he would persuade those who know you, from his abhorrence of your frailties, and misconduct. The arrogance of VIRGINIUS is from his self-sufficiency, and his *pride* is from his fancied *purity*. He is weak and wicked enough to suppose, that because he has not the faults of the man he affects to blame, he has no other. VIRGINIUS decides on your actions with the solemnity and gravity of a judge on the bench; and in the tribunal of his opinion, all men are criminals. VIRGINIUS occupies a great portion of his time in thinking of his neighbours' weaknesses and infirmities, and laughs in his sleeve that his outward behaviour and conduct places him so much higher in the estimation of the world: your degradation is his triumph. VIRGINIUS has, however, the impudence to call himself

your friend; but VIRGINIUS would not receive you into his habitation in your distress, nor notice you in adversity: he would say, indeed, that he pitied you, but he would add, that your misfortune was from your own misconduct, and that it was your own fault.

The above species may be known by the results of their industry, by the mischief which springs up from the seeds they have sown, by the temporary depreciation of your talents or character, the failure of your prospects, and the retardment of your fortune in life. These things contrived and planned, let a man tell you as smoothly as he may that he is your friend, do not believe him, for *he is an enemy*.

Another description of enemy is the man who always wears an aspect of friendship to your face, but who can serve out either censure or applause; who blames always in public, but whose praise is always *entre quatre yeux*; who never commends but when it can be of no use, nor condemns but when he can sting or destroy. This is a contemptible enemy, who consults his opportunities to do mischief, and who has not the nobleness of nature to endeavour to be just.

The adventitious enemy is only so as it happens, and is a friend or enemy according to what freak is uppermost in his mind. On the Wednesday he says, that you are a very good, a very clever, or a very honest fellow, "there are few better in the world;" and on the Saturday, that you are an extremely mean man, a fool, or a rogue: he fluctuates with incidents and accidents, turns like a weathercock, and with whatever wind blows praises or defames you.

The enemy to the pocket is of a numerous species, and swarms in every clime and country, but abounds most in the sunshine of summer. The pocket enemy seldom storms your purse, he takes it by approaches: nor will he ever leave you while you can supply him with what he wants; but if he finds you exhausted, he hates you for the disappointment, despises you for your insufficiency, and exposes you to the world as an empty broken vessel, not worth the trouble of picking up. Yet BURSO *will stick by you while you have a guinea*.

The enemy to your time is as dangerous, and more difficult to shake off than the last: he is generally a man who has *nothing to do*, and who will not let you *do any thing*. LENTON sits down without being invited, and stays without being asked. If you desire his company to breakfast, he remains until dinner-time. LENTON has such regard for your health, that he will himself be your physician; for your amusement, that he will not suffer you to pine in solitude, he will himself sit with you; for your success, that he will stay by you to see how you prosper. LENTON is attached to you like the little old man to the shoulders of Sindbad the sailor, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Your time is always LENTON'S, *but never your own*.

The libeller is an enemy who has more wickedness than any of the above; and the *truth* even, from *his* lips, is a malignant poison, worse than that of the famed upas of Java.

Another enemy is the man we have obliged. "How is it," cried one to MUTIUS, "that you have so many enemies?"—"It is," answered he, "*because I have been the friend of so many*."

We will now examine the power of an enemy to harm us; and we shall have the satisfaction to find, that his capacity to do us injuries which will last is mostly ineffectual or insufficient, while his plans often turn out to be the very means by which we are led to prosperity.

The reason of the ill success an enemy meets with in his schemes is, that he is a *bad* man; for the instant the vindictive nature is formed, the human character is debased and disfigured; he becomes a wretch, and so grovels after his vile propensity of injuring others, that the meanness and misery of his mind lowers him beneath the standard of a brute, and makes him, in the scale of society, almost inconsequential. What success can an enemy expect? for he is a man unprotected by God; and therefore when opposed to his power and providence, is possessed of such small and pitiful means of doing harm, that, on a fair view of the subject, the good man wonders how he could have stood in dread of so contemptible a being.

It must be a delightful consolation to the honest mind, and must restore to it a sense of safety, the reflection that the enemy is unprotected by his Maker; not only unprotected, but opposed, by means of his active providence, which can and does controul, prevent his designs, or render them abortive, turning the very

schemes by which he would have injured us into causes for our future prosperity: so that when an enemy looks for ill luck to arrive to us, he often finds that he has done better for us than we could have done for ourselves, and that what he meant a *curse* has turned out a *blessing*.

There cannot be any such thing in existence as a *powerful* enemy; and that man must have but a very poor trust in Providence who can believe for a moment that such a thing does exist. It is true, that an enemy may appear in STRENGTH and MIGHT, ready to assail and crush us; but one moment may paralise his vigour, and humble him to the dust; sickness, shame, or sorrow may lower the proud looks of the vindictive man. The *selfishness* that suffers soon seeks a companion to its grief, and the *friendless* enemy would fain become a *friend*.

We will now see the use of our enemies, and whether we may not turn them to our *use* whether they like it or not; and first that great enemy *ourself*: and the more this enemy humbles us the better, for it proves to us that we have no power to stand against him: we must seek a shelter in that humility which teaches us that we are finite beings, full of infirmities, liable to continual temptations, safe only in temperance, and happy only when we are in charity with our neighbours. This enemy would persuade us, that riches, luxuries, honours, are necessary to us: but when we recollect how short a time we have to live, we become just in our opinions of ourselves, and look for help from Everlasting Power.

The chief use of an enemy in the world is to show to us most frequently the precariousness of the strength he boasts, and that it does not depend on him to do us harm: which prevention of his will, and unforeseen circumstances that run counter to his designs, must establish the belief of divine interposition in the mind of every one but an atheist.

Another use of an enemy is to bring us forward in life. Ill nature is an active principle, never at rest, and by some means or other constantly hoisting us up to notice. We are frequently too slothful, too satisfied with being as we are, to seek our own promotion; but an enemy will search your character out, in hopes of defects to blazon to the world; and thus talents, when brought into play by this mischievous exhibition, frequently confound the critic, and the merit of the man shines forth to dazzle and torment the envious. The falsehoods of calumny are fairly heard; and the wretch whose malignancy hungered after food has to lament that he brought forward a character to trial, only to get a verdict of approbation, and perhaps one which would never have been noticed, but for the active and industrious application of an enemy.

The only ENEMY who appears to be of no use is the ENEMY to your *time*. The ENEMY to your pocket may teach you, in *time*, to keep it shut; but the enemy to your *time* will hardly take offence at any thing, and constantly persists *that he is your friend*.

G. B.

An ACCOUNT *of* PORTUGAL.

PORTUGAL extends about 360 British miles in length, by 120 in breadth; and is supposed to contain about 27,280 square miles, which, with a population of 1,838,879, will yield 67 inhabitants to the mile square. The extent and population thus approach nearly to those of Scotland: but by some accounts the population of Portugal may exceed the calculation here followed by nearly half a million.

The religion of Portugal is the Roman catholic; and a strict observance of its duties forms one of the national characteristics, the men vying with the women in attention to their repeated daily devotions. There are two archbishoprics, and ten episcopal sees; and there is besides a patriarch, but he does not seem to possess extraordinary powers. The number of parishes approaches four thousand.

The constitution of Portugal is a monarchy, absolute and hereditary; yet in case of the king's demise without male issue, he is succeeded by his next brother, whose sons have, however, no right to the throne, till confirmed by the states. The chief articles of the constitution are contained in the statutes of Lamego, issued by Alphonso I. in 1145. The king's titles are numerous: that of the heir apparent is Prince of Brazil; his eldest son, Prince of Beira. The laws have few particularities: they are lenient in cases of theft, which must be repeated four times before death be the punishment. An adulteress is condemned to the flames: but this, like

other laws too severe for the offence, is never put in execution.

Portugal is divided into six provinces. 1. Entre Douro-e Minho. 2. Tras-los-Moutes. 3. Beira. 4. Estremadura. 5. Alentejo. 6. Algarve. The two first being on the north of the kingdom, the next two in the middle, the two last in the south. The first province derives its name from its situation, between the rivers Douro and Minho, and is very populous and fertile. The second is mountainous, as the name imports; but there are vales which contain vineyards, and other cultivated lands. Beira is a large and fertile province; and is rivalled in soil by Estremadura, which, like the Spanish province of the same name, is said to derive its etymon from having been extreme frontiers towards the Moors in the south. Alentejo, having been most exposed to the attacks of the Spaniards, is defective in population. Algarve is a very small division, which has, however, the honour of forming an addition to the royal titles, as Navarre to that of France; those minute provinces having been comparatively recent acquisitions. The population of the whole is, according to Boetticher, 1,838,879; but by Murphy's statement 2,588,470. As this last is derived from Portuguese authors, who have little skill in statistics, it seems to be exaggerated, as usual in such cases.

The chief colony from Portugal is that established in Brasil; and they still retain many settlements on the coast of Africa, with Goa and Macao in the East Indies, the relics of great power and territory.

The army is only computed at about 24,000; and the militia might perhaps amount to as great a number. The naval power, once considerable, is reduced to thirteen sail of the line, and fifteen frigates.

The revenue is calculated at 2,000,000l. sterling, and the gold of Brazil mostly passes to England in return for articles of industry.

Portugal retains small influence in the political scale of Europe. Her commerce is almost wholly dependent on England; but by land she is exposed to no danger, except from Spain, or by the consent of Spain. The union of the two countries would doubtless be advantageous to both, but might prove detrimental to English commerce; and the weight of England in the Portuguese councils would infallibly subside.

The manners and customs of the Portuguese are discriminated into those of the northern and southern provinces, the former being more industrious and sincere, the latter more polite and indolent. In general the Portuguese are an elegant race, with regular features, embrowned by the sun, and dark expressive eyes. The prejudices of nobility are as common and pernicious in Portugal as in Spain; nor is that general intercourse found which imparts knowledge and vigour to society. All ranks seem fond of retirement and silence, and little inclined to social pleasures. Yet they are friendly to strangers, especially if catholics. The women are commonly of small stature, yet graceful and beautiful. Like other southern nations, the Portuguese esteem a plump roundness of the limbs; nor is the green, or rather sea-green, eye, so much applauded by the European poets of the middle ages, without its share of modern admiration. Ladies of rank still imitate the industry of their ancestors in spinning flax from the distaff: and the oriental manner of sitting on cushions on the floor is often practised. The dress resembles the Spanish, but the men prefer the French, with the exception of a large loose cloak. The peasantry remain miserable vassals of the fidalgos, or gentlemen.

In diet the Portuguese are temperate, or rather abstemious; and the beauty of the climate induces them to spend most of their time in the open air, a house being little more than a conveniency to sleep in.

The games are billiards, cards, and dice. The common people fence with a quarter staff; but the chief amusement consists in the bull fights.

The Portuguese language is more remote from that of Castile than might be expected from the circumstances. As the royal race was of French extract, it is supposed that many of the words are derived from the Limosin and other dialects of the south of France. It is a grave and solemn speech; but would have been little known among foreigners, had it not been diffused by the fame of the Lusiad.

The literature of Portugal may be said to commence with Deniz, the sixth sovereign, who cultivated poetry and the belles lettres, and founded the university of Coimbra. In his reign lived Vasco Lobeira, who is said to have been the original author of that famous romance Amadis de Gaula. In more recent times,

Saà do Miranda has acquired reputation in pastoral poetry. The chief historians are Joao de Barros, Fr. Luis de Sousa, Fr. Bernardo de Brito Vieira, Osorio Bishop of Sylves, Duarte Ribeiro de Macedo, the venerable Bartholomeo do Quartal, and the Count de Ericeira. Among the poets are celebrated Camoens, Digo Bernardes, Antonio Barboza, Bacelar, and Gabriel Pereira: two dramatic writers are also mentioned, Vicente Antonio Josephar, whose plays are published in four volumes; and Nicola Luis, called the Portuguese Plautus. In mathematics Pedro Nunez distinguished himself at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Of late years natural history begins to be a little studied: but Portugal is the last of nations in that department.

Education seems greatly neglected in Portugal, though the university of Coimbra be of ancient date. Link computes the students at 800. That of Evora was founded in 1553; and a college at Mafra in 1772. The royal academy is of recent erection, and the design aspires to considerable public utility.

Lisbon, the capital city of Portugal, was called by the ancients Ulyssippo, and the foundation fabulously ascribed to Ulysses. The situation is grand, on the north side of the mouth of the Tajo, and is sheltered on the N.W. by a ridge of hills. The haven is capacious and excellent. This capital was regained from the Moors in the twelfth century. The population is computed at about 200,000. The earthquake of 1755, a dreadful and memorable epoch among the inhabitants, has contributed to the improvement of the city, the new streets being broad and well paved, resembling those in the west end of London. For constant residence the ladies prefer the attic floors; and ventilation and coolness are chiefly consulted, grates being almost unknown; while in winter a warm cloak supplies the place of a fire. There is no court end of the town; and the finest streets are inhabited by tradesmen. There are public walks, two theatres, and a circus for the bull feasts. The patriarchal church is singularly magnificent; and the revenue is computed at 114,000l. The English have an open burial-ground, in which are deposited the remains of the celebrated Henry Fielding, an author unrivalled in the just delineation of life.* The royal monastery of Belem, founded by King Emanuel in 1499, stands about five miles S.W. of Lisbon: and to the N. is a noble modern aqueduct, completed in 1732. The consumption of butchers' meat at Lisbon, in 1798, was, 27,985 oxen, 1,279 calves, 27,562 sheep, 11,927 hogs. The chief edifices of Lisbon are the cathedral and monasteries, formerly mentioned. The nobility, as in Spain, crowd to the capital; whence the country is little decorated with villas. In the mountains of Cintra, the furthest western extremity of Europe, about 20 miles W. of Lisbon, is placed a remarkable monastery, 3,000 feet, as is said, above the sea, towards which there are remains of ancient buildings, and a curious bath replenished by a never-failing spring. On the E. of the mountain is a summer palace of Moresque architecture. The environs are rich and delightful, supplying most of the fruits and greens used at Lisbon. Here is also a small vineyard, that of Carcavella, yielding a peculiar grape, which gives name to our calcavella, a wine generally fabricated in London.

The next considerable town, especially in the eye of strangers, is that of Oporto, seated on the N. side of the river Douro, about five miles from the sea, upon the declivity of a hill, so that the houses rise like an amphitheatre. The streets are however narrow, and the houses ill constructed. Population about 30,000. The churches are of little note: the British factory is a large and neat building. The chief exports are wine, oranges, lemons, &c. and linen cloth to the American colonies in Brazil.

Setuval, or St. Ubes, is a considerable town with about 12,000 inhabitants, and a prosperous commerce.

Braga, though inland, is another considerable town: and in the second northern division are the towns of Miranda and Braganza, the last of which conferred the ducal title on the present reigning family.

In the province of Beira is the venerable city of Coimbra, with its ancient university. Alentejo contains the city of Ivora, rather of ancient fame than of modern consequence. Tavora, the principal town of Algarve, does not exceed 5,000 inhabitants.

Portugal seems to have paid no attention whatever to the construction of canals: nor, perhaps, are they found indispensable in a country abounding with rivers, and bordered with an ample extent of sea coast.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Europ. Mag. Vol. XXIII. p. 408.

Three Letters *on* Prostitution.

BY BENEVOLENS.

Letter I.

Si quæret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis; indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Clarus post genitis.

Hor. 3 lib. 24 od. 27 vs.

Of all the sources of depravity and misery, none is more prominent and fruitful than prostitution; it consequently presents to the humane and considerate mind a most extensive and variegated field for the exercise of charity; and yet (strange as it may appear) there is no order of beings so much neglected and despised as those who, by complicated and very often mysterious occurrences, have been forced to seek their bread in this way. It must be acknowledged, that the name of "*Prostitute*" is indeed a very disgusting distinction, and always carries its own infamy: nevertheless, Mr. Editor, I am fully persuaded, that the contempt and (I may say) most unchristian malice which these unfortunate creatures experience, not only from their own sex, but from that which was the first and only cause of all their sorrow, is, in a great majority of instances, most unjustly and indiscriminately applied. If your readers, for a moment, reflect what horrors surround the wretch, by what black arts she was first allured into sin, and the bitter punishments of her crime, they will not, they cannot, if they have any sense of feeling, withhold that sympathy, that commiseration, which their case loudly demands. Very few consider the gradations of vice—from what purity and delicacy the mind, by imperceptible degrees, may sink into insensibility and bestiality. *Hence* it is, and not from any rooted, inveterate hate, I should hope, that they meet with such treatment. Again, if they reflect from what a height of glory, into what a gulf of shame they are precipitated, they will have another most powerful argument in their behalf. Let them consider further, that these unhappy mortals were once, perhaps all of them, the delight of their fond parents, who watched their rising youth with joy and hope, contemplated their approaching maturity with exultation, and introduced them into the *busy* scene of life with cautious diffidence, and they will find another cause for regret and pity. Again, many of them were born of parents in respectable and *lofty* situations—their education was studiously attended to—they were formed with all the accomplishments of nature and learning—were brought up with the utmost delicacy and care—and were once to have comforted the declining years of a *father* or a *mother*—and they will have another most urgent plea. If they will go a little further, and view the distresses and privations they now labour under, the piercing vicissitudes of fortune they are liable to, their case will gain increased weight. Are not the most poignant agonies of mind theirs? Are they not, one and all, constantly exposed to disease? And do we not, every day, behold some who, but a few weeks before, rolled in plenty and affluence, mirth and gayety surrounding them, now reduced to a level with the meanest object?—without a home to go to, to screen them from the inclemencies of the weather—pennyless—smarting with the keenest hunger—not knowing where to turn for a morsel of bread—without a friend to pity or relieve them—nay, even without one to whom they might impart the torments of their souls—languishing under a ruthless disorder—in cold, unsheltered rooms—or (more fortunate reverse!) seeking refuge in an hospital—and, to aggravate the condition, (oh! dreadful, lamentable truth!) exposed to each other's fury and resentment—convulsing their habitations with animosity and malice—and acting in all the tumult of rage and despair?—And will any human being, either male or female, say, that they are not more deserving of compassion than detestation? The man, or the woman, that does, believe me, Mr. Editor, ought to be driven from society: such deserve not the name of *human* beings. Consider again, that their ruin, and consequent misery, is owing to man. Is not every means used to draw them from the path of duty? Are not all the arts and flattery imaginable, the most infernal stratagems, and direct violence, had recourse to, in order to make these devoted victims stoop to their desires?

——O! térque, quatérque beatæ,
Quèis ante ora patrum——
Contigit oppetere!——

Virg. *Æneid*, 1 lib. 93 vs.

Many of them have been left orphans; and placed by treacherous relatives under the tuition of domineering, oppressive masters and mistresses. Some fiend

or other, taking advantage of their situations, has employed all his eloquence and address to seduce the neglected creatures; and in an evil hour they yielded to him, though with trembling and reluctance, yet trusting in his promises and *honour*: but now, alas! they feel to the utmost his perfidy and their own woe. And shall the man who has been guilty of this presume to cast their shame in their teeth?

Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primùm inquinavere, et genus, et domos.
Hor. 3 lib. 6 od. 17 vs.

Again, are not those of their own sex very often instruments of their perdition? And (to come to the point) are not *parents* and *guardians*, oft times, most unpardonably and viciously negligent of the company and connexions they take their children into? And shall these express contempt and hatred to the class? Further, are not the means of their reformation (generally speaking) entirely and absolutely cut off? Deserted by man, and detested by woman, without character, without friends, who will listen to their tale of sorrow and protestations of penitence? Who will receive them into their houses, and administer any consolation? Thus goaded by guilt and remorse—every hope of relief cut off—nothing but a mis-spent life to look back upon—and nothing but a fearful end in their distracted view—can we be surprised at those horrible excesses they fall into? If we compel them to continue in the same mode of life, by rejecting them, is it just that we should harbour such malice against them? If we refuse to prove their sincerity, and deny them the choice of amending, how dare we deride and abhor them? Yet most people overlook the real cause of these things, and attribute to the innate depravity and viciousness of their hearts what their own cruelty, as well as imperious *necessity*, must produce. But though man is, in general, the cause of their destruction, yet it is most certain that they receive the greater contempt and detestation from their own sex. This, Mr. Editor, is highly unwarrantable; for leaving every other argument out of the question, your fair readers should consider that, as mutable beings, of like passions and affections, they are liable to the same frailties and errors themselves, unless supernaturally assisted. The mind which has never been assaulted by temptation, has never been in similar circumstances, and has never had a trial in life, unacquainted with the wiles of man; and withal a superficial observer of the causes which led to their downfall is ever ready to declaim against their impiety, and sets all down to their own folly and disobedience. Hence we are informed of a variety of methods by which they might avoid the gripe of poverty and necessity, and prevent them, if they chose, from turning to so dreadful an expedient. I do not hesitate to say, that this arises from a palpable want of candour. (*Quid ultrà tendis?*—Hor. 2 lib. 18 od. 32 vs.) Examine them, and you will find how futile, how utterly impracticable they are! In short, a thousand obstacles lie in the way of their being ever accomplished. Here I would have your readers pause, and seriously consider what has been said; and if they find the case as I have represented it, I hope they will turn their attention to so important a subject, and endeavour, each according to his or her power, to alleviate the amazing mass of affliction, distress, and torment, which these ill-fated females suffer.

Hitherto, Mr. Editor, I would wish to be understood as comprehending those only who, by a multiplicity of circumstances, have been forced to follow this way of life, in order to procure a scanty, precarious subsistence. Here justice obliges me to confess, that there are some (oh fatal deed!) who have voluntarily forsaken their friends, and cast themselves "*upon the town*:" but their number is, I have every reason to hope, very, very small, comparatively. (*Proh—— inversi mores.*—Hor. 3 lib. 5 od. 7 vs.) These, though they have not such a claim upon our pity as the others, are notwithstanding to be deeply lamented; as suffering in the same manner, but, perhaps, a more exquisite pain of mind; and as being equally desirous of reforming their past acts, if an opportunity were but afforded! This manner of living is big with terror—shocking to nature—and, to a person unacquainted with it, really inconceivable——a picture of consummate misery and darkest confusion. Oh! Mr. Editor, if any of your readers, who are ignorant of this species of infelicity, could but survey the avocations of a week, they would be thunderstruck; it would rouse every faculty of their souls, and melt them into floods of tears!

I cannot conclude this letter better, than with the following quotation from

Mr. Lewis's Monk: "Haughty lady, look not so sternly on yonder poor unfortunate, who seems an outcast to society: she once, like you, was virtuous, and had parents and friends that loved, and possessed, perhaps, a more tender and feeling heart than you do. And how do you know but the very man to whom your more fortunate stars have united you might have been the wretch who caused the seduction and misery of the poor object whom you now scorn and shun! Oh! take this supposition to your heart; thank your guardian angel that you are what you are; and let it not be too *hard* to afford relief."

BENEVOLENS.

London, Sept. 14, 1808.

A PROSPECTUS *of* CURSORY SKETCHES *of the* BRITISH STAGE, *from its* COMMENCEMENT *to the* CLOSE *of the* EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"The manners of an age are much elucidated by its public amusements—No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures."—JOHNSON.

IT has long been the opinion of the best judges of literary merit, that dramatic compositions are entitled to rank amongst the first productions of genius—not only as the best practical representation of human nature, by making us conversant in the manners of the world without encountering its difficulties; but by being highly serviceable to the cause of virtue in general, by exciting its energies, and repelling the seductions of vice.

The Athenians, in the zenith of their refinement, supported the theatres at an immense expense, and did not disdain to choose from amongst their poets governors of provinces and generals of armies. They were a people highly jealous of their liberties; and they considered the freedom of their theatre, next the senate, the best support of that liberty against all the undermining arts of those who might traitorously attempt to sap its foundation.

Rome followed her example, and in proportion as arts and sciences increased, and eloquence and poetry flourished, the stage assumed a higher importance. Lælius improved his social hours with Terence, and Scipio thought it not beneath him to make one of so agreeable a party. Cæsar, who was an excellent poet as well as orator, always thought the former title an addition to his honour; and Brutus—the moral Brutus—thought his time not misemployed in a journey from Rome to Naples, only to see an excellent troop of comedians, who gave him so much pleasure in their performances, that he sent them to Rome with letters of recommendation to Cicero to take them under his immediate patronage.

Amongst Englishmen the stage has been always looked up to as a school of manners and refinement; and, except in those gloomy fanatical days of puritanism under Cromwell and his followers, when every rational pleasure and elegant amusement shared the overthrow of the constitution, the patronage of rank and the pen of genius have been uniformly employed in the support and encouragement of a well-regulated theatre. Amongst these we are to number the names of Sydney, Dorset, Buckingham, Addison, Steele, Chesterfield, &c. &c. &c. who to the talents of public business, science, or fame in arms, united a taste for the stage, which they embellished by their writings and support.

Even churchmen have led or followed in this respectable list, as may be referred to in several instances; and amongst other we are happy in recording the name of Archbishop Tillotson, a man who by his own example in private life, as well as by his incomparable treatises on divinity, laid a foundation for the practice of moral virtues that will remain a benefit to mankind to the latest posterity. This truly learned and pious man, speaking of plays, gives the following testimony in their favour: "That they might be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful, to put some follies and vices out of countenance, which cannot, perhaps, be so decently reproved, nor so effectually exposed and corrected, any other way."

On this consideration, a history of the English stage ha- long been a *desideratum* among the *connoisseurs* of the drama: but so many materials are wanting to make this complete; such as the obtaining and comparing the old copies of plays, the names of their authors, an exact register of their principal performers, with dates, illustrations, &c. &c. that though they may be found dispersed in the cabinets of the curious and laborious commentators, yet they require so much research, so much lei-

sure, and, above all, so much taste for selecting, that it would be, perhaps, too Herculean a labour for any one man to attempt it. If ever it should be undertaken, it must be done by a combination of men of talents and industry equal to the task; and then, perhaps, it must be, from its nature, so bulky and voluminous, as to become a work more of instructive reference and amusement than systematic reading.

Viewing the object in this light, a writer long acquainted with the stage as an *amateur*, proposes taking up this in a more abridged, though perhaps a not less useful way, by giving, through the medium of the European Magazine, Cursory Sketches of the British Stage, from its first Commencement to the Close of the Eighteenth Century.

These sketches will only go to show the outline of the British stage, beginning with the original mimes, or *mummers*, and then graduating from the *mysteries*, the *moralities*, and the *interludes*, to the origin and establishment of regular tragedy and comedy: they will likewise be divided into five parts: the first beginning with a description of the *mummers* to the age of SHAKSPEARE, whose transcendent genius alone, unaided by birth, patronage, or education, created, as it were, at once not only the foundation of the British stage, but has left it surrounded by the lustre of his own works, which will never decay whilst a genuine taste for nature and sublimity of sentiment remain amongst us.

2d, From the age of Shakspeare to the *Restoration*, when the stage, reviving from the barbarisms of the civil war, shone out with redoubled lustre under the guidance of Sir William Davenant, Killegrew, and others, aided by the powerful talents of Betterton, Monfort, Nokes, Kynaston, &c. &c.

3d, From the *Restoration* to the management of Wilkes, Dogget, and Cibber (afterwards Wilkes, Booth, and Cibber), when the stage received considerable improvements in its morals and theatrical regulations, which, in some respects, continue to the present time.

4th, From Wilkes, Booth, and Cibber to the first appearance and management of Garrick; who was nearly as great a luminary in the art of acting, as Shakspeare was in the powers of writing.

5th, From the management of Garrick to the close of the eighteenth century—during which period the stage has undergone many revolutions; which some particulars relative to these revolutions will best explain.

To this will be added, short traits of the principal authors and actors, with incidental anecdotes, relative to the customs, scenery, prices of admission, &c. &c. during the different periods.

In short, the whole is intended as a brief philosophical view of the British stage—showing its slow progress from buffoonery to a regular drama; the state of its different eras in ascent or declension; and the causes which are supposed to have created these changes. Hence, to those unacquainted with the history of the stage, these sketches may give some information; whilst others, at the same time, may be induced to consider what may impede, or what accelerate, the perfection of an art which contributes so much to their amusement and instruction, and of which they always should respect themselves as the natural guardians and protectors.

(*The first Number in our next.*)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPT. 26.—THE KING'S THEATRE.—The Covent-garden Company this evening commenced their performances at the Opera-house, with the tragedy of *Douglas*, and the opera of *Rosina*. The band played *God save the King*, by way of overture; and then Mr. Kemble, coming forward amidst repeated peals of applause, addressed the audience to the following effect:—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

"I know not how to express the very sincere feelings with which I stand before you upon the present occasion; or how to thank you for the very flattering marks of your favour, with which I am now, and have long been, honoured. I feel I shall not be able to state, in the collected manner I could wish, the object for which I at present stand before you; and I beg you to impute that failure to any other cause, than a want of respect to those whom I have the honour of addressing.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Immediately after the late destruction of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, I trust the proprietors paid that humane attention to its workmen and dependents to which they were justly entitled; and I also trust they have lost no time in

preparing to resume their share of contribution to the amusements of this metropolis, by engaging and fitting up for your reception the house in which we are now assembled. We have, however, to ask great indulgences at your hands; and we must be forgiven if we do not represent the productions of our poets with all those illusions of scenery, habits, and decorations which the proprietors formerly spared no expense to provide, and no occasion to bring forward. In the Theatre of the Italian Opera, to which we have been compelled to have recourse, we are naturally not so well provided to give life to the works of our native poets, and we must make large drafts upon your indulgence. Permit me, however, to state, that we shall make daily progress in bettering our present provision, and shall immediately set about to erect a new theatre, such as we think will be worthy of the metropolis, and in which we hope to be able to receive you by next September."

Mr. Kemble then retired amidst universal applauses.

Mrs. Siddons and Mr. C. Kemble, in the parts of *Lady Randolph* and *Douglas*, were also received with loud greetings; and Mr. Barrymore, who made his appearance in London for the first time after a year's absence, in the character of *Glenalvon* (Mr. Cooke not having arrived from the country), was also saluted with marks of approbation. The public is already too well acquainted with the transcendent excellences of Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Randolph*, and Mr. C. Kemble's *Douglas*, to make any comment necessary on those performances. It is sufficient to say, that they amply justified the reputation they possessed. Mr. Barrymore, the *Glenalvon* of the evening, was entitled to much praise in his representation of that character; and Mr. Pope, as the *Stranger*, was judicious and pathetic.

The house has sustained a material alteration in the removal of all the crimson curtains, which gave so glowing an appearance to its interior. But as the destruction of the partitions has been absolutely indispensable for enabling the spectators to see and hear, when they are placed, as at present is the case, in parties of six or eight within each box, the necessity of the alteration must compensate for its want of beauty. The house overflowed in every part, and hundreds of people were parading the lobbies, unable to procure any seat.

Some of the most fashionable families have resigned their right in the private boxes, to accommodate the concern on this occasion.

PROLOGUE,

Intended to have been spoken at the Opening of the Opera-house by the Company of Covent-garden Theatre.

When Ilium's falling tow'rs and blazing wall
The chief beheld in *Dido*'s pictur'd hall,
Gazing in silence at the sad employ,
He wept, as he remember'd ruin'd Troy.
Observant Pity own'd the strong appeal,
And sooth'd the sorrow which she could not heal.
Hither escap'd a gen'ral wreck we come,
Like him, to seek a transitory home.
To you we turn—to you, whose smiles can give
The succour that can bid us hope and live.
What suppliant here, but has been ask'd to stay?
What tear has flow'd, but you have wip'd away?
Like guardian angels still presiding near,
The weak to strengthen, and the sad to cheer.
For favour long enjoy'd—so large a part,
Words can but ill express the struggling heart:
Spare the attempt—our gratitude will show,
For all your kindness past, how much we owe.
These welcome plaudits—these expanded walls,
This gay assemblage to my fancy calls
Those splendid domes, where oracles of old,
In mystic voices, various fates foretold.
To us poor wand'ring Trojans—hark! they speak,
*"Once more your dear and ancient parent seek."—
Bless'd be the sound—again her tow'rs shall rise,
Again new glories fix inquiring eyes.
Cheer'd by the omen—hope retains in view
That happier day to meet and welcome you.

C.

29.—Drury-lane.—After the comedy of *The Wonder*, a new operatic farce was performed, intituled "The Fortune-teller;" the principal *Dramatis Personæ* of which were as follow:—

Lordly	Mr. Wewitzer.
Joe	Mr. Bannister.
Charles	Mr. Smith.
Francis	Mr. Powel.
Trigger	Mr. Matthews.
Edward	Mr. Gibbon.
Lady Worthland	Mrs. Mountain.
Margery	Mrs. Bland.

PLOT.

Lady Worthland, an heiress, a stranger to Lordly, in whose power every thing had

* ——————*antiquam exquirite matrem.*
Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris, &c.
Virgil. Æneid. l. iii. v. 96.

been left till her coming of age, is brought up and educated at a distance from her estates; but having heard of various outrages and abuses, on tenants and property, by Lordly, in order to convince herself how far the above reports are true, she gains admittance, by means of Francis (formerly a servant of her father's), to Blackthorn's family, as a temporary inmate, calling herself Emma; when Edward, Blackthorn's son, becomes enamoured of her, and she of him, but rejects him; in consequence of which Edward enlists for a light-horseman. Lady Worthland secretly promises him a commission; goes herself to the camp, and conveys it to him in such a manner as to keep him ignorant of his benefactor: she also contrives to meet him, and, as a fortune-teller, to apprise him of some good fortune that awaits him; she then returns, and assumes her own character. Edward soon after receives his commission, and returns to his father's, whom he finds ordered by Lordly to quit his farm, in consequence of some indignity shown to Joe, Lordly's son. Margery contrives to meet Lady Worthland, and to appeal to her in behalf of her father, when, in the lady, she recognises her friend Emma. Lady Worthland takes Margery home with her. Edward shortly arrives; all parties meet; an explanation takes place; and Edward receives the hand of Lady Worthland.

The story, as will be evident, is not very intricate, nor very probable; nor was there much dexterity in the management of it. The author here and there had struck out some good sentiments which were tolerably well expressed; but in general the dialogue was tame and insipid; neither enlivened by humour nor wit, nor embellished with imagery. There was little variety in the characters, and they were but feebly drawn. The music, by Mr. Reeve, had much variety and sweetness; the overture consisted of a pastoral movement, in which much science was displayed, and it was followed by a rondo for the flute of a very sprightly turn. It was much applauded, and most of the songs were *encored*. The performers made every exertion to give effect to the piece; but it became very dull toward the conclusion, and provoked no small degree of opposition.—We have heard no more of it, and therefore conclude that it is withdrawn.

Oct. 4.—The comedy of *The Rivals* introduced to the London stage a Mrs. Orger, from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. This lady, who appeared in the part of *Lydia Languish*, possesses a pretty figure, evinced considerable talent in the performance of the character, and will prove a useful addition to the strength of the company, particularly in parts of tenderness and simplicity.

7.—The King's Theatre. *Covent-garden Company.*—After the representation of *The Stranger*, a new melo-drama was exhibited, intituled "The Forest of Hermanstadt; or, *Princess and No Princess*. The following were the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Almaric, Duke of Transylvania ..	Mr. Thompson.
Oswald.....	Mr. Brunton.
Zavalano	Mr. Farley.
Carle	Mr. Blanchard.
Basil	Mr. Chapman.
Andrew.....	Mr. Liston.
Wallachian Soldiers	Messrs. King & Tubby.
Ellesina, Princess of Bulgaria....	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Oswald's Sister (the pretended Princess).....	Mrs. Gibbs.
Gertrude	Mrs. Davenport.

Villagers, Soldiers, &c.

STORY.

Almaric, Grand Duke of Transylvania, having heard much in praise of Ellesina, daughter to the sovereign of Bulgaria, sends Oswald, his confidential friend, to make proposals of marriage in his name.

Oswald has an accomplished but ambitious sister, named Ulrica, who has never been seen by Almaric. Oswald sends home the picture of his sister, instead of that of the Princess Ellesina, to his master, who becomes enamoured of the portrait, and sends orders to his treacherous friend to hasten the marriage. Oswald concludes his negotiation, and departs from Bulgaria with the princess, but by a pretended rencontre with a Wallachian banditti, he puts to death all those of Ellesina's retinue who had seen her face, it having been the custom for ladies in Bulgaria to appear always veiled in public; and leaving the princess to the care of two ruffians, in a ruined palace in the forest of Hermanstadt, he decks his sister with the royal ornaments and dress, and carries her towards the court, under the assumed title of Princess of Bulgaria.

The true Ellesina, having succeeded in softening the hearts of her ferocious guards, and escaped from their intentions of murdering her, finds shelter in a little inn on the borders of the forest. To this inn the Duke Almaric brings Ulrica, the pretended princess, having met her in her progress towards his capital. Oswald and Ulrica are dismayed at seeing their victim, and by their threats and artifices prevent the affrighted princess from discovering herself. She experiences a variety of adventures while thus situated, and parti-

cularly attracts the notice of Almaric, who already begins to dislike the haughty measures of Ulrica, and to wish he had not so hastily been fascinated by her picture. In the mean time, Zavalano, one of Ellesina's escort (a nobleman and a friend of her father, the Bulgarian king), having escaped the fate of the princess's other attendants, arrives, on his way to Hermanstadt, at the inn, recognises his sovereign's daughter under her disguise, and having induced Oswald's confidant (Karle) to confess part of his master's villany, he throws himself at Almaric's feet, and accuses Oswald and Ulrica. His testimony is not at first believed, till two ruffians who were to have despatched Ellesina, are brought in support of it, and a diamond ornament, which Ulrica knows not the secret to open, is opened by Ellesina, and produces an heretofore-concealed portrait of the real princess. The conspirators are punished, and Almaric is united to Ellesina.

The rustic comicality of the innkeeper, Bazil, his wife Gertrude, and their man Andrew, forms the lighter part of the piece. Andrew, supposing Ellesina to be one of his own rank in life, makes love to her, and assists, innocently, in adding to the embarrassments she is perpetually thrown into by the novelty and danger of her disguised situation.

This afterpiece (as will be seen on a reference to Vol. LIII. p. 458) is Mr. Skeffington's play of *The Mysterious Bride* compressed into two acts by Mr. T. Dibdin, with the aid of pretty and appropriate music by Jouve, and all the assistance of scenery and decoration which the liberality and activity of the proprietors could effect under the pressure of their recent calamity. The performers exerted themselves very commendably. Brunton, Farley, Blanchard, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Davenport, displayed their respective talents to advantage. Liston gave a loose to his characteristic drollery, and by a ludicrous imitation of Parisot and Deshayes, "well suited to the trick of the scene," convulsed the house with merriment.—The heroine of the evening was Mrs. H. Johnston, who exhibited such elegance of attitude and expression of countenance as were highly captivating.—Oscar Byrne, the Vestris in miniature, appeared, after a retirement of two years, and was loudly applauded; he is much grown, and exhibited evident proofs of having studied with improvement the graces of Terpsichore.—The piece was well received, and has since had a prosperous career.

17. DRURY-LANE.—After an intermission of five years, the romance of *Blue Beard* was revived. As a literary composition it would be ridiculous to criticize this piece; but as it contains a great deal of pomp and show, it will always be a favourite; and, in respect of these qualities, it is by no means less attractive than it was in its first season. It is curious to observe, that of all the performers who originally played in it, only Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Bland are left; and on this night, Mr. Penley took Mr. Bannister's part at a short notice.

In the play of *The Busy Body*, which preceded it, Mr. Lewis acted the part of *Marplot*, instead of Mr. Bannister, who was prevented from appearing by a domestic calamity. His mother, we were told, died in the afternoon of that day.

22. *The Stranger*, which was performed with so much success in France, and excited so much interest in this country from the inimitable performance of Mrs. Siddons, was revived at this theatre, to bring forward Mrs. MUDIE, from Windsor, a lady of provincial celebrity, in the part of *Mrs. Haller*. Mrs. Mudie is of middle size, slender, a good figure, and, we suppose, about thirty-five years of age. Of her voice, several of the upper tones reminded us of Mrs. Jordan. In her early scenes (perhaps from the timidity natural to the novelty of her situation, in appearing before one of the most crowded audiences that ever graced this theatre, increased by the apprehension of following such an actress as Mrs. Siddons, her predecessor) several of her lower tones were not distinctly audible in the distant parts of the theatre; but in the scene with the *Countess*, and in that with the *Stranger*, she convinced the audience that her voice has considerable compass. Mrs. Mudie evinced a just conception of her author, and in our opinion will prove a useful acquisition to the managers.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW TRADITIONARY PLAY,

INTITULED,

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

Written by LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, *Esq.*

Spoken by Mr. PUTNAM.

WITH anxious mind, with agitated breast,
By ev'ry terror forcibly impress'd,

Our bard to-night, exalted in his views,
Resigns the comic for the serious muse;
Beneath her banner variously displays
Passion's mere spark extended to a blaze;
While moral ardour kindles into birth
The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
Here Virtue hails, contending claims above,
The tear of pity on the cheek of Love!
Our bard no longer treads on Fairy land,
Where Fancy, like a despot, holds command;
No longer now endeavours to excite
Ideal grief, and fabulous delight;
Still less attempts, with vigour, to transmit
Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
While learning rears, with animated haste,
Reviving elegance, and rescued taste;
He simply offers, unadorned by art,
One touch of Nature on a gen'rous heart,*
Though pageantry, though magic he forsake,
Though "*Sleeping Beauties*" here no longer wake,
Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
That love, when noble, never slumbers here.
Hearts like your own with clemency can feel;
To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
He that solicits mercy, You that spare.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

SEPT. 17. The Windsor theatre closed for the season. At the end of the play, Mrs. Mudie came forward, and returned thanks to a brilliant audience for the kind and liberal patronage she had received from them for five seasons, in the following address:

Fain would I tell, good friends, ere yet we part,
What grateful feelings animate my heart;
But all my tongue in labour'd praise could say,
Would be too weak those feelings to display;
The gen'rous patronage I here have found
Might make me vain; for this is classic ground,
"By godlike poets venerable made,"
Whose genius hallows every grove and glade;
But that protection you to all extend
Who aim to please you, and who need a friend.
Soon shall I leave you for an ampler scene;
Yet fond remembrance still will hither lean,
And justly too; for if my humble name,
Can boast some portion of theatric fame,
From your applause the flatt'ring honour came.
Nor think, should I escape from critic rage,
And rise to favour on a prouder stage,
Whate'er that favour, it could more endear,
Than the kind praise that cheer'd my efforts here;
No—in "the book and volume of my brain,
A grateful record will through life remain."

POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF
MR. PROFESSOR PORSON.
BY THE REV. JAMES RUDGE.

—*Munet in animis hominum—in æternitate temporum—famâ rerum!* TACITUS.

PORSON is dead—a name to all endear'd,
By science courted, and by Cam rever'd;
Porson is dead—in him hath learning lost
Its chiefest ornament and proudest boast:
Him science mourns—in him was close combin'd
Whate'er could dignify the human kind.
Profoundly skill'd—in learning deeply read,
He form'd the judgment, while the taste he led.
Whate'er the subject that engag'd his mind,
By him enlighten'd, was by him refin'd.
The scholar—critic—he explain'd the art
To mend the judgment, and inform the heart.
In Grecian learning he was deeply vers'd;
The best of Grecians, he was *own'd* the first:—
So deeply vers'd—so skill'd—in Grecian lore,
A loss so deep must science e'er deplore!
That mind, which oft illum'd the classic page,
And smooth'd the labours of a distant age,
Is fled to mansions of eternal rest,
And there exists among the wise and blest!

Oct. 8, 1808.

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* This is an allusion to the character of *Mieco*.

VERSES,
WRITTEN DURING A STAY IN THE COUNTRY.

——*recubans sub tegmine fagi.* VIRG.

HOW sweet, enclos'd by Nature's smiles,
And Hospitality's fair dome,
Secluded from the city's toils,
To leave awhile our proper home!

To press the gentle lap of ease,
To taste the cool refreshing air:
See ev'ry friend inclin'd to please,
And cheer you with attentive care!

Such scenes dilate the heart with joy,
And melting love for all mankind;
Sweets which no inward thoughts alloy,
Except for friends we leave behind.

For *friends* indeed—perhaps for *one*,
One much-lov'd friend—a sigh we spare,
To call each blissful spot our own,
And not to see him smiling there.

Or if some maiden's modest grace
For ever blooms in mem'ry's eye,
Claims in our heart the dearest place,
And asks our softest, fondest sigh;

Still do we dwell with dear delight
Upon the fascinating theme;
Pleas'd bring each past event to sight
Which can augment the blissful dream.

Yet in the heart a void is found
Not Nature's sweetest charms can fill;
Tho' all her beauties smile around,
Our *best belov'd* is wanting still.

—Wand'rers to other climes have said,
Whatever worlds they're doom'd to roam,
Still, still, to Fancy's footsteps tread
The paths around their distant home.

E'en thus my soul with joy surveys
Each blissful scene which strikes the eye;
Thanks Friendship for the boon it pays,
And ah! it leaves it with a sigh!

Yet still in fond affections twin'd,
Like ivy round its native cot,
Joys in the scenes it left behind,
In scenes, tho' absent, not forgot.

Islington, 7th Oct. 1808. THEODORE.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I.

FULL many a mile have I journey'd with sorrow,
When cold o'er the heath the piercing wind blew,
When joyless the present, and fearing the morrow,
While night o'er the landscape her sable veil threw:
Since in the lone church-yard my mother was laid,
Who left me an orphan her loss to deplore,
Barefoot to wander, in tatters array'd,
And to sigh for the joys to be tasted no more.

II.

Oft I stand at your door the least morsel to crave,
While fast falls around me the soft fleecy snow;
But few will bestow a pittance to save
From trials which they themselves never know:
Then I shrink from the blast to some old ruin'd shed,
Till morning's bright beams fresh life shall restore;
But short is my sleep, uneasy my bed,
For I dream of the joys to be tasted no more.

III.

But soon in the grave my sorrows will cease;
A home there awaits me where none can molest;
No storm can disturb, or hinder the peace
Which mortals enjoy when there laid at rest:
Then no longer I'll mourn, nor look forward with fear
To encounter the woes which may yet be in store;
Nor for my hard lot will I shed the vain tear,
Nor sigh for the joys to be tasted no more.

W———, *9th Sept.* 1808. T. G.

ANACREONTIC.

Written with a Pencil in a Lady's pocket Atlas.

BY THE LATE EDMUND LECHMERE, ESQ.

BRING me a bowl—a brimming bowl—
Wine invigorates the soul:
Dash away obtrusive care;
Throw a sprig of myrtle there.

Now for her I pledge the glass,
Whose wit the world may ne'er surpass:
When her lip has sipp'd the wine,
Love, enraptur'd, fixes mine.

That wit—that wine—those lips—those eyes—
That soul-taught bosom's magic swell—
Awake my long forbidden sighs,
And prompt me still my pains to tell.
Bring me a bowl, &c.

LINES,

Written to a young Lady, accompanied with two Volumes of pathetic and moral Tales.

TO warm the heart, to stimulate the mind,
The fictious tale was first by Heav'n design'd;
To rouse in virtue's cause the dormant pow'rs,
And fire with energy the youthful hours;
For this the labours of each ancient sage,
Whose well dissembled scenes adorn the stage;
Whether with flowing vest and sportive mien,
Grac'd with each charm, the gay Thalia's seen;
Or with inverted eye, and footstep slow,
Melpomene appears array'd in weeds of woe:
In each alike one common aim we find,
Th' instruction and refinement of mankind;
Virtue in all her native charms appears,
And Vice his own, his demon aspect wears.
Nor do these pages less conspicuous shine,
Tho' void of verse, and form'd of humbler line;
Here Johnson lives, with moral virtues fraught,
In manly style, and elegance of thought;
And Addison's harmonious numbers glide,
Soft as the breeze that skims the glassy tide;
While others here appear of lesser fame,
Their chief design and motive still the same;
All side with virtue; in her cause divine
With ardent zeal their noblest efforts join.
Whate'er with noxious pride inflames the heart,
In these devoted pages claims no part:
No tale devoid of moral here is seen;
No specious vice, array'd in virtue's mien;
And here should e'er thy tear of pity flow,
Thy bosom heave at scenes of human woe,
Oh! stifle not within the lab'ring sigh,
Nor check the tear that glistens in thine eye.
Should virtue triumph in her nobler cause,
And vice appear convicted to the laws,
The smile will then thy winning features grace,
And heighten still the beauties of thy face.
Such smiles and tears as these in thee combin'd,
Will prove thine angel form contains an heav'nly mind. J. S.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

WHITEHALL, SEPT. 24, 1808.

THE king has been pleased to grant the dignity of a baronet of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the following gentlemen, and the respective heirs male of their bodies lawfully begotten; viz.

Edward Buller, of Tranant Park, Cornwall, Esq. rear-admiral of the blue squadron of his majesty's fleet.—Mark Wood, of Gatton, Surrey, Esq.—Henry Conyngham Montgomery, of the Hall, county of Donegal, Esq.—Thomas Jones, of Stanley-hall, Salop, Esq.—James Graham, of Kirkstall, Yorkshire, and of Edmond Castle, Cumberland, Esq.—Sitwell Sitwell, of Renishaw, Derbyshire, Esq.—Andrew Corbet, of Moreton Corbet, Salop, and of Linslede, Buckinghamshire, Esq.—Wm. Coles Medlycott, of Ven-house, near Milburne-port, Somersetshire, Esq.—Charles Hoar Harland, of Sutton-hall, Yorkshire, Esq.—John Perring, of Membland, Devonshire, Esq.—George Pigott, of Knapton, Queen's County, Esq.—Gore Ouseley, of Claramont, Herts, Esq.

[This gazette contains an order of his majesty in council, stating those of 6th January and 4th of May last, directing certain measures respecting the property of persons residing in Portugal, or elsewhere, under the controul of France, detained by British cruisers; and, in consequence of the deliverance of Portugal, ordering that all such Portuguese property be forthwith restored. All questions respecting such property shall be summarily discussed by the court of Admiralty].

ADMIRALTY-OFFICK, SEPT. 27.

Copy of a Letter transmitted by Rear-admiral the Hon. Sir A. Cochrane, K. B. Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels at the Leeward Islands.

His Majesty's Ship Acasta, off
SIR, *la Guira, July* 17, 1808.

I beg leave to inform you, that le Serpent French national brig, of eighteen guns and one hundred and four men, commanded by Mons. Lamanon, enseigne-de-vaisseau, was this day captured off la Guira by his majesty's ship Acasta.

I am, &c.

P. BEAVER.

Copy of a Letter from Vice-admiral Lord Collingwood, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated on board the Ocean, at Gibraltar, August 27, 1808.

SIR,

I enclose, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the copy of a letter I have received from Lord Cochrane, captain of his majesty's ship the Imperieuse, giving an account of the surrender of the castle of Mongal (a fort on the coast of Catalonia, in possession of the French), to his majesty's ship under his command, which his lordship had subsequently destroyed, after having delivered the principal part of the military stores to the Spanish militia.

I have great pleasure in transmitting this information to their lordships, as it points out one of the many instances in which his majesty's ships on the eastern coast of Spain have rendered effectual aid to the patriot Spaniards, in resisting and driving the enemy out of their country, and of the zeal and indefatigable industry with which Captain Lord Cochrane engages in that service.

Captain Otway, of the Montague, landed at Rosas Bay a party of marines in aid of the Spanish peasantry, to oppose a French force which was approaching to attack that fortress on the 23d ult. and obliged the enemy to retire.

I am, &c.

COLLINGWOOD.

His Majesty's Ship Imperieuse, off Mongal, 31st July, 1808.

MY LORD,

The castle of Mongal, an important post, completely commanding a pass in the road from Barcelona to Gerona, which the French are now besieging, and the only one between those towns occupied by the enemy, surrendered this morning to his majesty's ship under my command. The Spanish militia behaved admirably, in carrying an out-post on a neighbouring hill. Lieutenant Hone, with the marines, took possession of the castle, which, by means of powder, is now levelled with the ground. The rocks there are blown down into the road, which in many other places is rendered impassable to artillery, without a very heavy loss of men, if they determine to repair them.

I enclose to your lordship a list of the prisoners, and of the material part of military stores; all that could be of use to the Spanish militia have been delivered to them.

I have the honour to be, &c.

COCHRANE.

1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 2 serjeants, 8 corporals (7 wounded), 5 gunners (2 killed), and 54 soldiers.—Total 71.

5 cannon, 80 muskets, 80 bayonets, 80 cartouches, 500 cannon balls, 15 barrels of powder, and cartridges, &c.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

LETTER FROM HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SWEDEN TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

HONOUR and humanity enjoin me to make the most forcible remonstrances to your Imperial majesty, against the numberless cruelties and the injustice committed by the Russian troops in Swedish Finland. These proceedings are too well known and confirmed to require from me any proof of their reality, for the blood of the ill-fated victims still cries aloud for vengeance against the abettors of such enormities. Let not your imperial majesty's heart be insensible to the representations which I find myself compelled to make to you in the name of my faithful subjects in Finland. But what is the object of this war, as unjust as it is unnatural? It is not, I suppose, to excite the strongest aversion for the Russian name. Is it criminal in my subjects in Finland not to have suffered themselves to be seduced from their allegiance by promises as false as the principles on which they are founded? Does it become a sovereign to make loyalty a crime? I conjure your imperial majesty to put a stop to the calamities and horrors of a war, which cannot fail to bring down on your own person, and your government, the curses of divine providence. Half of my dominions in Finland are already delivered by my brave Finnish troops. Your majesty's fleet is shut up in Baltic-port, without the hope of ever getting out, any otherwise than as a conquest. Your flotilla of gallies has recently sustained a very severe defeat, and my troops are this moment landing in Finland, to re-enforce those who will point out to them the road to honour and glory.

Given at my head-quarters, the 7th of September, 1808.

(Signed) GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OCTOBER 12.

HIS majesty arrived at the Queen's-palace, from Windsor. At two o'clock his majesty was waited upon by a deputation from the corporation of the city of London, consisting of the lord mayor, the recorder, Aldermen Smith and Wood, the sheriffs, common sergeant, town-clerk, and other city officers; Messrs. Waithman and Quin, the mover and seconder of the address and petition to his majesty. There were likewise present several others of the common council.

The following is a copy of the address and answer:—

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

The humble and dutiful address and petition of the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common council assembled.

Most gracious sovereign,

We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common council assembled, most humbly approach your majesty, with renewed assurances of attachment to your majesty's most sacred person and government, and veneration for the free principles of the British constitution.

To express to your majesty our grief and astonishment at the extraordinary and disgraceful convention lately entered into by the commanders of your majesty's forces in Portugal, and the commander of the French army in Lisbon.

The circumstances attending this afflicting event cannot be contemplated in British minds without the most painful emotions, and all ranks of your majesty's subjects seem to have felt the utmost concern and indignation at a treaty so humiliating and degrading to this country and its allies. After a signal victory gained by the valour and discipline of British troops, by which the enemy appears to have been cut off from all means of succour or escape, we have the sad mortification of seeing the laurels so nobly acquired, torn from the brows of our brave soldiers, and terms granted to the enemy disgraceful to the British name, and injurious to the best interests of the British nation.

Besides the restitution of the Russian fleet upon a definitive treaty of peace with that power, and the sending back to their country, without exchange, so large a number of Russian sailors, by this ignominious convention, British fleets are to convey to France the French army and its plunder, where they will be at liberty immediately to recommence active operations against us, or our allies. The guarantee and safe conveyance of their plunder cannot but prove highly irritating to the pillaged inhabitants, over whom they have tyrannised, and for whose deliverance and protection the British army was sent, and the full recognition of the title and dignity of Emperor of France, while all mention of the government of Portugal is omitted, must be considered as disrespectful to the legitimate authority of that country.

We, therefore, humbly pray your majesty, in justice to the outraged feelings of a brave, injured, and indignant people, whose blood and treasure have been thus expended, as well as to retrieve the wounded honour of the country, and to remove from its character so foul a stain in the eyes of Europe, that your majesty will be graciously pleased, in-

mediately to institute such an inquiry into this dishonourable and unprecedented transaction, as will lead to the discovery and punishment of those by whose misconduct and incapacity the cause of the country and its allies has been so shamefully sacrificed.

We beg to assure your majesty of our unalterable fidelity and earnest desire to co-operate in every measure conducive to the peace, honour, and security of your majesty's dominions.

Signed by order of the Court,
HENRY WOODTHORPE.

To which address and petition his majesty was graciously pleased to return the following answer:

I am fully sensible of your loyalty and attachment to my person and government.

I give credit to the motives which have dictated your petition and address, but I must remind you, that it is inconsistent with the principles of British justice to pronounce judgment without previous investigation.

I should have hoped that recent occurrences would have convinced you, that I am at all times ready to institute inquiries on occasions in which the character of the country, or the honour of my army is concerned; and that the interposition of the city of London could not be necessary for inducing me to direct due inquiry to be made into a transaction which has disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation.

The lord mayor and sheriffs (only) kissed hands.

The address and petition were read by the recorder, and the answer by Lord Hawkesbury.

FINANCIAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

From the quarterly accounts which have lately been made up at the exchequer, it appears, that in the quarter which ended the 10th instant, the surplus of the Consolidated Fund has amounted to 2,714,000l. In the corresponding quarter of 1807, it amounted to 2,310,000l. But as there is a sum to be deducted from each of these amounts, on account of the deficiency of the preceding quarter (the consolidated fund being loaded with the heaviest charge in the quarters ending the 5th of July, and the 5th of January, on account of the consols in those periods), the following statement will be a clearer mode of exhibiting the actual surplus produced towards the current service of the year, in the half years ended 10th of October, in 1807 and 1808, respectively:

Surplus on the 10th of October, 1807	£2,310,000
Deduct deficiency on the 5th of July, to be made good.....	118,000
Remained surplus, applicable to the service of the year.....	2,162,000
Surplus, 10th October, 1808 ..... £2,714,000	
Deduct deficiency at 5th of July..... 406,000	
Remains surplus, applicable to the grant of the year.....	2,308,000

The whole surplus granted for the service of the year 1807 (ending 5th April, 1808), was 3,750,000l. and considerably more than that sum was actually produced within the year. For the present year, 3,500,000l. only has been charged upon the same fund; so that, deducting from that sum the 2,308,000l. above stated, there remains only 1,192,000l. to be produced in the two ensuing quarters of January and April, to complete the grant.

The amount of the war taxes in the quarter just ended is	£6,404,705
In the corresponding quarter of last year, it was.....	6,179,073
The net produce of the property tax paid into the exchequer, in the year ended 10th October, 1808, is.....	11,851,000

BIRTHS.

THE Marchioness of Donegal, of a son.—At the Grange, Hampshire, Lady Henry Stuart, of a son.—The lady of Lord Kinnaird, of a daughter.—The lady of Viscount Hinchinbrook, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

AT Bristol, by the very Rev. the Dean, Daniel Burr, Esq. major-general in the Hon. East India company's service, to Miss Mary Davis, youngest daughter and coheiress of the late James Davis, Esq. of Chepstow.—On the 3d instant, at Low Layton, Essex, Alfred John Kempe, lieutenant of the 1st royal Tower Hamlets, to Miss Mary Prior, of Rockingham-row west, Newington.—At Whitby, Mr. Nathaniel Langborne, of that place, to Miss Widowfield, of Stokesley, grandaughter of the late gallant Captain Hornby, of the ship Wrightson and Isabella, who, with five men and three boys, fought

a French privateer, of 10 carriage and 8 swivel guns, and 75 men, for six hours, when the latter blew up; for which gallant conduct he received a gold chain and medal from the hands of his late majesty, George II. as a reward for his bravery.—The Hon. Robert Curzon, son of Viscount Curzon, and M.P. for Clithero, to Miss Bisshopp, daughter of Sir Cecil Bisshopp.—At Bath, the Rev. Archdeacon Philiot, to the Right Hon. Lady A. St. Laurence, sister to the Earl of Howth and Viscountess Sydney.—William A'Court, Esq. son of Sir William A'Court, Bart. of Heytesbury, Wilts, to Miss Maria Bouverie, daughter of Lady Bridget Bouverie.—Daniel Rainier, Esq. of Hackney, to Miss Sarah Mayhew, of Ramsgate.—W. E. Rolfe, jun. Esq. of Bedford-place, to Miss Louisa Nicholson, daughter of the late Robert Nicholson, Esq. of Loampit-hall, Kent.—William Crawshay, Esq. of London, son of R. Crawshay, Esq. of Merthyr, to Miss Eliza Homfray, daughter of F. Homfray, Esq. of the Hyde, near Stourbridge.—Lord Charles Bentinck, son to the Duke of Portland, to the Hon. Miss Seymour. After the ceremony, his lordship received orders to proceed to Yarmouth to embark with the expedition.—Robert P. Milnes, Esq. M.P. of Fryetton, Yorkshire, to the Hon. Henrietta Maria Monckton, daughter of Viscount Galway.—Richard Edensor Heathcote, Esq. of Longton-hall, in the county of Stafford, to Emma Sophia, daughter of the late Sir Nigel Gresley, Bart. of Drakelow-park, Derbyshire.

Marriages extraordinary!—At Bedminster, in the midst of divine service, and in the presence of a numerous congregation, James How, of Othery, aged *seventy-eight*, to Martha Wilcox, of Bath, aged *twenty-two*: majority in favour of the gentleman, *fifty six!* The bride instantly became a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother to a numerous progeny.—At Bewcastle, Mr. Robert Oliver, of Crosshill, to Miss Haughan, of Raw. The united ages of the happy couple amount but to 34; the bridegroom being 20, and the fair bride 14 years of age.—At Kingston church, near Portsmouth, after a *protracted* courtship of *three days*, Mr. Page, who had lately returned from sea, to Widow Knight, near Kingston-cross. When they returned home, after the marriage ceremony was performed, the brave son of Neptune threw a *bundle* of Bank notes into the lap of his fair bride. The acquaintance arose in his accidentally observing her put up her window-shutters; when he very politely tendered his assistance, and afterwards his person, *till breath should cease!*

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, in the 60th year of his age, Mr. Mark Scott, of Willington, agent to Messrs. Bell and Brown, in whose employment he had been 56 years.—At Londonderry, Yorkshire, at an advanced age, Mrs. Hunton, wife of Timothy Hunton, Esq. of that place.—At Maidenwell, near Louth, Mr. Southwell, in his 100th year. He enjoyed a good state of health till within a few days of his death.—At Bedlington furnace, in the 98th year of his age, Sergeant William M'Anglish. He was born in the English army, and served several campaigns with it in Germany. Having received an honourable discharge on account of his wounds, he entered into the employment of his late master, Mr. Hawkes, where he continued near half a century.—Mr. Alderman Bristow, printer and bookseller, of Canterbury. He has bequeathed a legacy of 100*l.* to the Kent and Canterbury hospital, and also twenty guineas to the lying-in-charity lately established in Canterbury.—At Tattingstone-place, Suffolk, in his 88th year, Thomas White, Esq. He served the office of high-sheriff for that county in 1749, and was again nominated to that office in 1794.—At Greenwich, aged 43, Mr. John Bowler, of the city of Oxford, who suffered so severely in an action on board the Blenheim, that an amputation of both legs became indispensable.—At Brighton, Miss C. Napier, youngest daughter of the late Honourable G. Napier, and of the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Napier.—At Colonel Jeaffreson's, Dullingham-house, Cambridgeshire, aged 80, Mrs. Crop, relict of R. Crop, Esq. of Westoe-lodge, in the same county, but late of Taplow, Bucks.—At Bristol hot-wells, aged 47, E. C. Hurry, Esq. banker, of Gosport.—At Blackpool, Jemima Wilkinson, aged 106. She retained her senses, and was able to walk without assistance within a few hours of her death.—At Tattershall, aged 30, Mr. Samuel Butters, grandson to the late Rev. G. Boyce, who was 62 years the Baptist minister at Coningsby. The corpse was taken for interment to the burial-ground belonging to the General Baptists in Coningsby; but being refused the boon of "a little earth" by the minister and congregation of the *Old* Chapel there, was conveyed back to Tattershall, the clergyman of which parish kindly consigned the bones to the narrow house of those at rest.—At Norwich, in the 49th year of his age, Dr. Richard Lubbock. He married in 1779, and leaves a widow and eight children.—At Stoney Stratford, James Richardson, an old huntsman (usually called Old Jemmy), who many years kept the Fighting-cocks public house. He had attained his 96th year, with his faculties unimpaired; notwithstanding it is supposed that he has not been sober a whole day during the last forty years!—Sir Andrew Ferguson. Returning homeward af-

ter having dined in the neighbourhood of Derry, and driving with incautious rapidity over a bridge wanting some repairs, the vehicle was unfortunately overturned, and Sir Andrew precipitated from it with such fatal violence, that he lived but till his arrival at his own residence. His son, by whom he was accompanied in the carriage, escaped without injury.— At Bath, in the 88th year of his age, Charles Pye, Esq. late of Wadley, in Berkshire.—Mr. Thomas Stodart, of York.—Mr. William Smith, of Duke-street, St. James's.—Mrs. Frances Heslerege, wife of Thomas Hartley Heslerege, Esq. of Great Queen-street, Westminster.—Aged 98, Mrs. Jones, relict of Thomas Jones, of Vessington, county Meath, Esq. and mother to the patentee and proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Dublin.—At Horncastle, Mr. Harrison. He has left property, amounting to upwards of 7000l. acquired by jobbing in pigs.—At Margate, Ed. Vaughan Williams, Esq. of St. George's-place, Surrey-road.—Aged 55, the Rev. W. Willan, of Melford, Suffolk, having been deeply affected with paralysis for the last twenty years. His misfortune deprived him of the power of moving his feet from the floor.—At Croxall, Derbyshire, the Rev. J. B. Pearson, a prebendary in the cathedral of Litchfield, vicar of Croxall, &c. He was suddenly attacked by illness, about eleven o'clock, which terminated fatally in one quarter of an hour.—Aged 72, at Spital-house, Berwickshire, Blake Stow Lundie, Esq.—At Langford-grove, Essex, aged 76, Nicholas Wescomb, Esq.—Robert Scott Esq. professor of botany in Trinity college, Dublin.—Mrs. Fitzgerald, wife of Thomas Fitzgerald Esq. late of Ivy-bridge, Devonshire.—At Skipwith, Mr. John Spedding, an eminent farmer. His wife only survived him four hours. They were both buried in one grave.—Colin Campbell, Esq. a partner in the house of Campbell and O'Hara, of Kingston, Jamaica.—In Millbank-street, Westminster, in his 88th year, Mr. Andrew Cosser.—John Roberts, Esq. brother of the Rev. Canon Roberts, of Worcester.—Mr. John Pattison, town clerk of Leith.—At Cork, of a fever contracted by attending a patient, Joshua Clibborn, M. D. late of Dublin, aged 26.—Lord Claude Hamilton, second son of the Marquis of Abercorn.—At Clifton, Mrs. Rochford, wife of John Staunton Rochford, Esq. and daughter of Sir Horace Mann, Bart.—At Carmarthen, Mrs. Giles, upwards of 25 years attached to the different theatrical companies in that principality.—At Johnstown, on his way to Dublin, to consult the physicians, G. P. Stoney, of Greyfort, Tipperary, Esq.—Mrs. Morris, wife of Dr. Morris, in Parliament street.—At the age of 82, Patrick Bride, Esq. one of the directors of the bank of Ireland.—At Lgard, county of Longford, Roger O'Farrel, Esq. aged 88 years.—In Dublin, Thomas Morgell, Esq. barrister-at-law, and brother to Lady Denny Floyd.—At Oxford, aged above 90 years, Mrs. Isham, relict of the late Rev. Eusebius Isham, and mother of the present Sir Justinian Isham, Bart. of Lamport, Northamptonshire.—The Rev. Andrew Allen, archdeacon of Clogher, and vicar-general of that diocese.—Captain William Hanham, of the Dorset regiment of militia, son of the late Sir James Hanham, Bart. of Dean's-court, Dorset.—In the 56th year of his age, Mr. Weston, comedian, formerly belonging to the Exeter theatre.—John White Parsons, Esq. many years an active member of the Bath and west of England agricultural society.—Mrs. Ann Barry, a maiden lady of Sylebam, in Suffolk. She was seized with an apoplectic fit whilst in her carriage going out to dinner; and on being taken out, survived little more than an hour.—At Brompton, in his 70th year, Benjamin Harding, Esq. late of St. James's street.—At Wyeham, near Louth, aged 48, John Grant, Esq. one of the most considerable farmers and graziers in the county of Lincoln, having in occupation at the time of his death nearly 10,000 acres of land.—About eleven o'clock, one night lately, an alarm of fire was given at Greenock. On the arrival of the engines at the spot where the fire was said to be raging, the alarm was discovered to be false. Such conduct is highly criminal, and is frequently attended with fatal consequences, a melancholy instance of which occurred that night. On the alarm being given, Mrs. Currie, wife of Mr. Currie, spirit-dealer in that town, rose from her bed, and went to the window, for the purpose of inquiring where the fire was, when she was so struck with terror that she burst a blood-vessel, and expired almost instantaneously. What renders this accident the more melancholy is her being far advanced in pregnancy.—At Alves, in Morayshire, Joseph Anderson, a tenant on the Earl of Moray's estate. In reaping some corn, he had one of his fingers slightly wounded by a prickle, which caused almost immediate swelling in his hand and arm, accompanied with extreme pain. A surgeon was called in the same day, but a mortification ensued, and the unfortunate man expired on the seventh day. He was a man of a very amiable character, and respectable in his station. He has left a son, who, it may not be unworthy to remark, is the only remaining representative of a line of ancestors that have resided, as the Earl of Moray's tenants, on the farm of Easter Cleves, since the middle of the thirteenth century; it being but a few years ago that his father gave up to the earl's factor discharges of rents paid to Earl Randolph.—Mr. Wade, of Madget farm, near Chepstow. He was attempting to turn a bull out of the fold-yard belonging to his house; when the animal became enraged, and attacked him so furiously, that he died of the wounds he received thereby a few days after.—At Wampole, near Bootle, Mr. Walters, the owner of a limekiln which had been burning for some

days, attempting to walk across the kiln, the chalk gave way beneath, when Mr. W. sunk down, and was burnt to death before any assistance could be given.—At Cheltenham, in his 24th year, Captain G. Burrington Whinyates, of the royal navy, son of the late T. Whinyates, Esq. of the East India company's service, and nephew of Sir T. Frankland, Bart. of Thirkleby-park, Yorkshire.—At Berwick, James Morrison, an old pensioner. He was, for his gallant behaviour at the battle of Minden, offered a pair of colours, which he refused, never having learned to write. He was in the American war, and was there much distinguished for his bravery.—At Boath, near Nairn, Alexander Dunbar, late of Bengal.—In his 65th year, Samuel Wilson Bishop, Esq. of Holywill, Oxford.—At Margate, William Whiting, Esq. of Thatcham, Berks.—Aged 33, Mr. R. Williamson, wine and spirit merchant, in York.—Mrs. Frances Carrington, late of Maize Hill, Greenwich.—In Church-street, Stoke Newington, Mr. John Francis Rivaz, in his 79th year.—After a short illness, Robert Bramley, Esq. of Leeds, brother to Alderman R. R. Bramley.—In his 21st year, Mr. G. Guillod, late of the navy-office, of a decline.—In her 64th year, Mrs. Wood, sen. of Shrewsbury, relict of the late Thomas Wood, printer of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.—Isaac Parry, Esq. of Walworth terrace, aged 71 years.—At Market Weighton, Mr. Bibbing, many years a schoolmaster at that place.—Suddenly, aged 77, Mr. Sayles, of Wentbridge. He was proceeding to the farmer's club at Bawtry, by one of the coaches; but, previous to entering the place, he pulled out his watch, and, although apparently in good health, he fell back in the coach and expired.—At Malton, in the prime of life, the Rev. John Ware, of Stockton, captain commandant of the Stockton-forest rifle-corps.—At Stetchworth, Cambridgeshire, the Rev. Mr. Symonds, vicar of that parish, and of Swaffham Barnet, both in that county.—At Littletown, Scotland, in the 95th year of his age, Andrew Allan, farmer, remarkable for his regularity and early rising. Until a few days before his death, he was never known to be confined to bed by sickness, or by any other cause whatever.—At Birmingham, Mr. Freer, surgeon, father of Mr. Freer, banker, of that place.—At Blackrock, near Dublin, aged 18, Lady Caroline Gore, daughter to the Earl of Arran, and half-sister to the Marchioness of Abercorn.—Mr. Joseph Lewis, carpenter, of Swansea. He was returning home from a sale in the neighbourhood, and, owing to the darkness of the evening, unfortunately fell into the Swansea canal, and perished.—*Extraordinary Longevity.* In the village of Aberfeldie, Perthshire, John Stewart, commonly known by the name of Colonel John Stewart, at the very advanced age of 111 years. The history of this man is not a little remarkable. At the age of 18 he joined the pretender's banner, and was present at the battle of Sheriff-muir, near Stirling, as a young piper. In the year 1745, he again took up arms in support of the pretensions of the house of Stuart, and was present in the same capacity in the battles of Falkirk, Prestonpans, and Culloden; in which last he received a severe wound in the thigh, in consequence of which he was afterwards so lame, that he made use of crutches. He was married to eight wives, by each of whom (except the last, whom he married about seven years ago, and she being 72 years old) he had several children; the number of his descendants now alive is calculated to be more than 200. By trade he was a tinker, and was famous for making Highland dirks and snuff-mulls. He retained to the last the full possession of his mental faculties, and walked to church, which is about a mile and a half from his house, the Sunday before his death. The late Sir Wm. Forbes, of Edinburgh, allowed him for many years a pension of 10*l.* per annum. It is believed, that his death was more owing to excess in drinking whiskey (of which he was always rather fond), than to any natural decay.

Sept. 7. William Thorold, Esq. son of Sir James Thorold, Bart. of Syston-hall, near Grantham.

8. Aged 25, of a concussion of the brain, occasioned by a fall from his horse, Mr. Wm. Langley, druggist, of Exeter.

13. At Portarlington, James Stannus, Esq.—At Edmonton, in the 84th year of his age, Laurence Brown, Esq. of Edmonton.—Anna Maria Gerard, wife of Sir Wm. Gerard, Bart.—Mrs. Vanderzee, wife of Mr. George Vanderzee, of John's-street, King's-road.

14. Mrs. Johnson, of King-street, relict of Samuel Johnson, Esq. counsellor-at-law, and the last surviving daughter of Hamon l'Estrange, Esq. of the ancient house of the l'Estranges, of Hunstanton. This venerable lady was born in the year 1712.

15. The Rev. J. Fisher, rector of Marske, near Richmond, in consequence of a fatal accident on the Moors the 16th of last month.

16. Joseph Bladworth, Esq. of Barking, Essex, aged 62.

17. In Cheapside, W. Brice Collett, in the 24th year of his age.—At Glenkin, Argyleshire, in the 90th year of his age, Thomas Harkness, Esq. of Clachaig. Mr. Harkness was thrice married, and has left behind him 14 children, 37 grandchildren, and 16 great-grandchildren—in all 67 descendants now living. He had the merit of being the first who introduced the present system of sheep-grazing into Cowal. This mode of farming, with a very inconsiderable capital, enabled him to amass so ample a fortune, that, by his death, five of his sons are become landed proprietors in Cowal, and a suitable provision is also left for the other members of his family.—In Chancery-lane, of a brain fever, Mr. Wm. Burton, pocket-book and frame-maker, formerly of the Strand.—Mrs. Reader, widow

of the late Rev. Thomas Reader, of Taunton, Somersetshire.

19. Mrs. Bevington, wife of T. Bevington, Gracechurch-street.—At Barham, Kent, Edward Dering, Esq. eldest son of Sir Edward Dering, Bart. of Surenden.—Mr. Beere, one of the clerks of the cathedral church of Winchester.

20. At Mount Tiviot, John Elliot, Esq. admiral of the red.

21. A young woman of genteel appearance, who said her name was Martha Young, went to the house of Mr. Baxter, butcher, in Shoreditch, to inquire after an apartment which was to let, saying she was going to be married; when, on a sudden she complained of a violent pain in the back part of her head, instantly dropped down, and expired without a groan.—Charles Lewis, Esq. of Frederick's-place, London, merchant, in the 33d year of his age.—At Kentish-town, in the 70th year of his age, John Thomas, Esq. late of Llangadock, South Wales.

22. Mrs. Harriet Webb, wife of Mr. Rich. Webb, of Plashett, East Ham.—A lady who lodged in a house in Castle-street, Air-street, was met by a fellow-lodger, who kindly asked her how she did; but instead of being able to make a reply, the blood gushed from her mouth and nostrils so violently, that she was a lifeless corpse before the surgeon who was sent for could arrive.—The Rev. Mr. Vickers, vicar of St. Lawrence's church, Cateaton-street, London, while on a visit to Ramsgate. He had dined with a party of friends at the London hotel, and parted with them in the evening to go to Burgess's library, where, after having sat some time reading the papers, he went out about ten o'clock, unaccompanied by any other person, to walk on the east pier-head (his regular custom previous to retiring to rest); he had got nearly to the extremity of the pier, at which place Sir Wm. Curtis's pleasure yatch lay moored alongside; when, in looking over at her, the night being dark, he stepped too far, and fell between the vessel and the wall (against both which he is supposed to have struck in his descent into the water), a height of about 30 feet, and was taken up with several bones broken, and otherwise so dreadfully bruised and lacerated, that he expired about three hours afterwards.

23. Mr. J. Etherington, druggist and spirit merchant, and many years post-master at Great Driffield.—Mr. Thomas Humpston, of Scot's-yard, Cannon-street.—Mrs. Goldsworthy, wife of Major Goldsworthy, of the Hon. East India company's service.—The Rev. G. Thompson, of Hull, vicar of Wawne, curate of Sutton and Drypool, and 44 years chaplain to the Trinity-house, Hull.—In York-place, Chelsea, Wm. Bate, Esq. late of York-street, Dublin.—At Brighton, the Right Hon. Lady Alice Vernon, countess of Shipbrooke, viscountess of Orwell, and Baroness Orwell; her ladyship was the only daughter of the late S. Ibbetson, Esq. of Denton-park, in the county of York.

24. Mr. Dickie, late a stationer in the Strand, who had been confined nearly five years in the Fleet-prison, in consequence of a verdict given against him for 700l. damages, for uttering defamatory words against Mr. Aris, the keeper of Coldbath-fields prison! He has left a distressed widow and four children.

25. Aged 58 years, William Hill, late of Measham, in Derbyshire, Esq. formerly a partner in the banking-houses of Wilkes and Hill, at Measham and Burton upon Trent, and afterwards in those of Fisher's-hill and Mammatt at the same place, and at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester.—At Warwick, in her 85th year, Mrs. Dorothy Mordaunt, half sister to the late Sir John Mordaunt, Bart. and aunt to the present representative for Warwick.—Richard Porson, M. A. of Trinity college, Cambridge, and Greek professor of that university. He departed this life after a short illness, at the house of the London institution, of which he was the principal librarian. [*A portrait and memoirs of this very learned gentleman are in preparation for our Magazine.*]

26. In Upper Harley-street, Hardinge Stracey, Esq.—At Woolbeding, Sussex, the Rev. Charles Williams, aged 64, rector of the parishes of Woolbeding and Kingstone-by-sea.

27. In Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, aged 54, Mrs. Eyers, wife of Colonel Eyers.—Philip Burgess, Esq. of Norwich, aged 70.—At Upper Slaughter, Gloucestershire, the Rev. Ferdinando Tracy Travell, rector of that parish upwards of 44 years, and author of several literary works.—Mrs. Johnson, wife of the Rev. John Johnson, rector of Great Parndon, Essex, and daughter of the late John Waters, Esq. of Hungerford-park, Berks.

28. At Lewisham, in the 25th year of his age, Mr. Frederick Thomson, of that place, brewer, eldest son of Frederick Thomson, Esq. of Kensington.—The Rev. W. Humphreys, pastor of the Independent congregation at Hammersmith.—At Brompton-grove, aged 71, the widow of the late Francis Grojan, Esq. and mother of Mrs. Willock, of Golden-square.

29. Mrs. Sarah Moule, of the Rainbow coffee-house, King-street, Covent-garden, aged 62.—At Canterbury, aged 70. Mrs. Mary Hodges, widow of the late Captain John Hodges, of the royal navy.—Mrs. O'Donnell, wife of Capt. O'Donnell, late of the 62d regiment of foot, and now adjutant of the Bath volunteers.—George Donnaldson, Esq. town-clerk of Haddington.

30. Mr. Thos. Edmeades, surgeon, Greenwich.—At Kingston, Surrey, Mrs. Swaine, relict of the late Mr. W. Swaine, hop-merchant, of the borough of Southwark.—At Lambeth, Wm. Smith, Esq. aged 82.—At West Wickham, Sir John Chichester, Bart. of Youlston, in the county of Devon.—In

the 78th year of her age, Mrs. Caillaud, wife of Brigadier-general Caillaud, of Ashton Rowan, Oxfordshire.

Oct. 1. At Brighton, aged 32, Mrs. S. Proby, late of Hatfield Peverel, Essex.—At York, in the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Hoyes, a maiden lady, sister of the late Colonel Robert Hoyes, and niece of the late Dr. Warburton, bishop of Gloucester.—At Cromarty, Scotland, Mrs. Allan, in the 99th year of her age.—At Camden-town, Mrs. Vigurs, wife of Mr. George Vigurs.—Mr. John Vetch, of Basinghall-street.—At Hampstead, Mr. John Newman, of Skinner-street, Snowhill.

2. John Slack, Esq. of Sloane-street.—At Bow, the Rev. W. James French, rector of Yange, in Essex, and chaplain to the elder brethren of the Trinity.

3. Suddenly, whilst on a visit at Heddleston, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Adkins, Esq. and fifth daughter of the late Rev. Robert Adkins, rector of Rainham.—At Dunbar, Major-general John Forbes, late in the service of the Hon. East India company. He returned from Bengal about eight years ago, with a competent fortune, after serving the company with reputation above 40 years. He was the youngest son of George Forbes, Esq. of Lockermick, near Aberdeen.—At Walworth, Jonathan Steele, Esq.

4. At Twickenham, in the 69th year of his age, Mr. Wapshott.—At Roehampton, Miss Anne Catharine Markham, sixth daughter of the late Archbishop of York.

5. In Dorset-street, Portman-square, R. Browne, late of Fortland, in the county of Sligo, Ireland, Esq. aged 32.—At Guernsey, Mr. N. E. Robinson, late of Bond-court, Walbrook, London.—By the bursting of a blood-vessel, in the 35th year of his age, Mr. Mark Hesp, late captain of the Kingston, of Hull, and son of Mr. Mark Hesp, of York.

6. At his father's house, Upwood, Dorsetshire, Edward David Batson, Esq. banker, Lombard-street.—At Wexford, William Alcock, Esq. one of the aldermen, and late mayor of Waterford.—At the Manse of Monzie, the Rev. Ralph Taylor, minister of the gospel.—At Limerick, where he was on a visit, Henry Sandes, of Carrunakilla, near Tarbert, county of Kerry, Esq. He went to bed apparently well, but soon after complained; on which Doctors Geary and Grogan were instantly sent for, they arrived in less than six minutes only to witness his dissolution, he having expired immediately on their arrival.—Aged 31, Mrs. Lemome, wife of Mr. Lemome, coal-merchant, of Craven-street, Strand.—In the 78th year of his age, Mr. John Freeth, of Birmingham, commonly called the Poet Freeth; a facetious bard of nature, 48 years proprietor of Freeth's coffee-house, Bell-street.

7. In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Katharine Maria, wife of William Leveson Gower, Esq. and heiress of the late Sir John Gresham, Bart. of Titsey-place, in Surrey.—The following alarming *mementos* of mortality, in four instances of sudden death, occurred at Whitby, during the night between Oct. 7th and 8th. Mr. Andrew Hall, late owner of the Elizabeth, Whitby and Hull trader, had been indisposed by some slight spasms in the stomach, the preceding day, but was sufficiently well to take his usual walk upon the pier in the evening; about midnight, on the appearance of some alarming symptoms, medical assistance was procured, but without effect; he expired about one o'clock. Mr. Joseph Breckon, whitesmith, had retired to rest in his usual state of health, having previously been smoking his pipe in a neighbour's house, and died in the course of the night. Mrs. Ann Crow, widow, who had gone to bed without apparent indisposition, died early in the morning; which was also the case with Mr. Thomas Gosling, mariner, who, about two years ago had been obliged to leave off the sea, in consequence of a hurt received on board ship.

8. Mr. Fraser, of Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square.—At Hillsborough, County Down, Lieutenant David Wright, of the first troop of Iveagh cavalry, aged 65. He served with honour and repute upwards of 20 years in the same regiment with the brave Abercromby.—At Glasgow, Dr. James M'Nayr.—At Hammersmith, Samuel Moody, Esq. aged 75, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury.—At his cottage on the river Ex, John Sheldon, Esq. F. R. S. lecturer on anatomy at the royal academy, principal surgeon of Exeter hospital, &c.—Miss Saunders, eldest daughter of Dr. Saunders, of Upper Berkeley-street.—At Newington Terrace, Mrs. Stokes, widow of the late Mr. Nehemiah Stokes, banker, of Lombard-street.

11. Mrs. Bland, of the Swansea theatre; an actress of considerable merit, and much respected in private life.

13. In Upper Berkeley-street, Henry Ibbetson, Esq. of St. Anthony's, in the county of Northumberland.—After a few hours' illness, Mr. Mills, surgeon, Greenwich. It is somewhat remarkable, that his partner, Mr. Edmeades, died only about three weeks before.

14. In the 35th year of her age, Mrs. Isabella Kerr, the lady of Major John Manners Kerr, of the 62d regiment.—In Peter-street, Cork, Edward Fitzgerald, Esq.—Mr. John Holmes, of Parson's-green, Fulham, coal-merchant.—In Fenchurch-street, of the dropsy, William Ellis, Esq.—In Piccadilly, Mrs. Hawkes, wife of Thomas Hawkes, Esq.—At Camberwell, Mr. Joseph Rickman, jun. late of Craven-street, aged 29.

15. Aged 68, Anthony Buxton, Esq. of Seething-lane.—In Hans place, Mrs. Cowell, wife of Lieutenant-colonel Cowell, late of the first battalion of royals.—At his house, in Mildred's-court, Poultry, William Storrs Fry, banker. He was of the society called quakers; though there was nothing in him of bigotry

or superstition mingled with the peculiar distinctions which mark that people, he retained the moral purity of every sect, without any of their particularity of error. By honest exertion and successful industry in trade, he increased his patrimonial fortune to an immense sum. That is the greatest virtue which withstands the temptation to vice most obnoxious to our circumstances and stations. Though a complete tradesman, Mr. Fry possessed a princely mind in the disposition of wealth, as well as in its accumulation and preservation. He considered, "there is that which scattereth, and yet withholds, and that which withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." He was daily stretching forth his hand to honest penury, with a secret liberality, and met with ardour the wishes of oppressed merit.—In Duchess-street, Portman-square, the lady of the Hon. Lieutenant-general Fox, only surviving brother of the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox. She was sister of Sir Wm. Clayton, Bart.—At West Ham, James Anderson, of Moume, in the county of Aberdeen, LL. D. a man no less distinguished for the variety and depth of his literary attainments, than for that philanthropic zeal in endeavouring to contribute to the welfare of mankind in general, and of this country in particular, which is so manifest throughout his numerous writings on agriculture, political economy, and other subjects of general interest.

16. At Clapham, Mrs. Clementson, relict of the late John Clementson, Esq. deputy sergeant at arms, and mother to the present gentleman who fills the same office.

17. At Exeter, Lieutenant Henry Rice, of the royal navy.—A mournful instance of mortality occurred lately in the family of Mr. Christ. Heaps, jun. of Leeds. Three of his children, a girl and two boys, were successively attacked with a degree of fever, accompanied with an ulcerated throat (a complaint very prevalent at present among children), which was succeeded in all of them by that alarming complaint the croup, and terminated fatally to the first on Friday the 14th, the second on Monday the 17th, and the third on Tuesday the 18th inst.

18. E. Rogers, one of the police officers of the public office, Shadwell.—Mary, the wife of Mr. P. Burgess, bookseller, Ramsgate.

19. Mr. Edward Gyles, of St. George's-place, Christ Church, Surrey, baker, aged 55.

20. Higgins Eden, Esq. of Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.—Mrs. Jane Wells, wife of Mr. James George Wells, of Long-acre. Her death was occasioned by the fright of the fire in Castle-street, two days after her accouchement.

24. J. Maddison, Esq. of the Foreign-office. Those who knew him best have the greatest reason to lament his death, after a life spent in the exercise of true philanthropy.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Calcutta, Captain Thomas Spence, late of the Diamond frigate.

Whilst attending his duty at the Military Board in India, General Bellassis.

At Onore, Lieut. Spottiswoode Lawson, of the 14th regiment of Madras native infantry, son of the late Wm. Lawson, Esq. of Cairnmuir.

In Berbice, Alexander Bruce Morris, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, Esq.

JULY 10. At Bauhenhoff, the Russian privy counsellor, Count Von Sievers, in the 78th year of his age. His whole life was devoted to the service of his country, and of mankind in general. He enjoyed the confidence of the Empress Catharine in a very high degree, and in the early part of his life was employed in various missions of great importance. He expended large sums of money in erecting and endowing schools in Moscow, and many other cities and towns; and almost all the Russian universities, and Dorssat in particular, are indebted to his bounty. To the latter he gave 46,000 roubles, for the purpose of founding exhibitions. One of the last acts of his life was to destroy a number of bills and bonds signed by persons who might be put to inconvenience by enforcing payment of them.

SEPT. 4. On board his majesty's sloop of war the Phipps, Colonel Charles Williamson, in his passage home from the Havannah, with despatches to government.

MONTHLY STATE OF COMMERCE.

London, 24th October, 1808.

SPAIN.

(Continued from our last.)

THE population has increased considerably of late years, for in 1727, it was computed only at 7,700,000, and at present 11,000,000, as before stated: this increase, should it continue, will soon raise Spain to that station amongst the nations which she has a right to fill; and to shew that we are not singular in our opinion upon this head, a late French writer has said, that "a change in the political circumstances of this *brave and generous nation* would alone be sufficient to make it at once reassume an eminent rank among the nations of Europe:" to which he adds, "*it is at present not a dead, but a sleeping lion.*' The truth of which saying let us hope the tyrant of the continent will experience to the utmost. The change of circumstances as above mentioned has taken place: the sleeping lion has been roused, by injury and insult, and the Gallic cock, assaulted by the Spanish lion on one side, and the British one on the other, will have no other resource to escape their merited vengeance, but by spreading his wings and flying home.

Sept. 21, 1808.

The Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies do hereby declare, that they will put up to sale, at their present September sale, besides those goods already declared, the under-mentioned, viz.

Company's damaged Coast piece goods;

On Tuesday, November 8, 1808, prompt the 10th of March, 1809.

Also, on Wednesday, February 1, 1809, prompt the 5th of May following,

Company's black pepper.....4,700 bags.
————white ditto..... 300 ditto.

The pepper will be put up at 12½d. per lb. and in future no pepper dust will be offered for sale, but will be destroyed, including that unsold at present, in the Company's warehouses.

Likewise, on Monday, December 5, 1808, prompt the 3d of March, 1809, the under-mentioned Teas:

Bohea	500 000 lbs.
Congou and Campoi	4,850,000
Pekoe and Souchong	300,000
Singlo and Twankay	850,000
Hyson Skin	100,000
Hyson	300,000
	6,400,000 lbs.

Including private trade.

And on Tuesday, November 22, prompt the 24th of February, 1809,

Prize, per Batavier	Cloves	45,000 lbs.	
Privilege, per Windham	Mace	2 chests	
Private trade, per several ships	Mace (black)	9 ditto, 4 casks	
	Nutmegs	12 ditto, 2 boxes	
	Ditto and Cloves	4 ditto	

Also, on Monday, March 13, 1809, prompt the 14th of June following,

Company's indigo..... 1,575 chests
Private trade and privilege ditto.....11,726 ditto.

At the Company's late sale of spices, Cinnamon sold from 3s. 7d. to 7s. 4d. per lb. Tmevellan ditto, from 1s. to 1s. 9d. ditto; Mace, from 13s. 3d. to 36s. 6d. ditto; Nutmegs, from 7s. 7d. to 21s. 6d. ditto; Cloves, from 4s. 5d. to 6s. 6d. ditto: the duties to be paid if for home consumption.—Their sugar sold from 39s. to 42s. 6d. per cwt. exclusive of the duties.—At their silk sale, the skein sold *dearer*, whilst the novi, China, and organzine, sold, upon the average, considerably *cheaper* than at their March sale.—Cotton averaged from 1s. 5⅞d. to 3s. 2⅞d. per lb. and Hemp, from 65s. 6d. to 91s. 6d. per cwt.—Cochineal, 5s. 1d. to 5s. 9d. per lb.

SALES OF WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

September 20th to September 27th.

2,141 hogsheads, 101 casks, 2,117 bags Plantation coffee.....from 70s. 0d. to 120s. 0d. per cwt.
153 serons Spanish indigo .....from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 0d. per lb.
28 bags pimento, bonded.....from 1s. 2⅛d. to 1s. 2¼d. per lb.
38 ditto Jamaica white ginger .....from 5l. 2s. to 10l. 0s. per cwt.

September 27th to October 4th.

1,096 hogsheads, 66 casks, 2,179 bags Plantation coffee .....from 65s. 0d. to 120s. 0d. per cwt.
7 barrels, 9 bags Jamaica white ginger....from 5l. 10s to 9l. 15s. per cwt.

October 4th to October 11th.

332 hogsheads, 29 casks, 52 bags coffee...from 68s. 6d. to 100s. 0d. per cwt.
187 bags pimento, bonded..... 1s. 2⅞d. per lb.
12 casks, 11 bags Jamaica white ginger..... 5l. 0s. per cwt.

October 11th to October 18th.

530 hogsheads, 30 casks, 2,535 bags coffee..from 65s. 0d. to 101s. 6d. per cwt.
45 bags Cariacou cotton.....from 2s. 8d. to 2s. 9⅞d. per lb.
4 casks Jamaica white ginger.....from 7l. 5s. to 10l. 0s. per cwt.
96 bags Barbadoes ditto .....from 4l. 4s. to 4l. 6s. per cwt.

October 18th to October 25th.

249 hogsheads, 29 casks, 408 bags coffee....from 60s. 0s. to 105s. 6d. per cwt.
101 puncheons Leeward Island rum.....from 3s. 8d. to 3s. 11d. per gallon.

Average price of brown or Muscovado sugar, exclusive of the duties payable thereon;

For the week ending Sept. 21, was 36s. 11¼d. per cwt.
For the week ending Sept. 28, was 37s. 4d.
For the week ending Oct. 5, was 37s. 9½d.
For the week ending Oct. 12, was 37s. 4d.
For the week ending Oct. 19, was 36s. 10½d.

SALES OF AMERICAN PRODUCE.

September 20th to September 27th.

112 bags Surinam, Maranham, and Brazil cotton, from 2s. 7½d. to 3s. 2⅞d. per lb.

September 27th to October 4th.

15,946 Brazil and Buenos Ayres hides ..... from 1½d. to 5⅞d. per lb.
5,487 horse hides ..... from 2s. 4d. to 7s. 0d. per hide.

October 4th to October 11th.

361 barrels pot-ashes ..... from 62s. 0d. to 78s. 0d. per cwt.
59 ditto pearl-ashes ..... from 61s. 6d. to 77s. 9d. per cwt.

October 11th to October 18th.

132 bags Demerara and Surinam cotton..... from 2s. 6⅝d. to 3s. 0⅝d. per lb.

October 18th to October 25th.

20 chests Brazil sugar, for exportation..... from 36s. 0d. to 40s. 0d. per cwt.

Alum, English	ton	£	22	0	0	to	23	0	0	Iron, Pig, British,	ton	£	7	0	0		9	0	0
Anniseeds, Alicant	cwt.		5	15	0		6	5	0	Ditto, in bars			15	0	0		16	0	0
Ditto German			3	12	0		3	15	0	Ditto Swedish, bars			23	0	0		24	10	0
Ashes, American Pot			2	18	0		4	0	0	Ditto Norway			24	0	0		25	0	0
Ditto Pearl			2	15	0		3	10	0	Ditto Archangel			25	0	0		26	0	0
Barilla, Carthagena			2	18	0		3	0	0	Juniper Berries, German	cwt.		3	0	0		3	3	0
Ditto Sicily			2	7	0		2	8	0	Ditto Italian			3	2	0		3	5	0
Ditto Teneriffe			2	6	0		2	8	0	Lead in pigs	fod.		39	0	0		40	0	0
Bark, Oak British, 45 cwt.	L.		31	0	0		35	0	0	Ditto red	ton		37	0	0		38	0	0
Ditto Foreign			10	15	0		15	0	0	Ditto white			52	10	0		53	0	0
Brandy, Cogniac	gal.		1	2	0		1	3	0	Lignum Vitæ, American			18	0	0		29	10	0
Ditto Spanish			0	19	6		1	0	0	Ditto Tortola			0	0	0		0	0	0
Camphire, refined	lb.	0	7	4			0	7	6	Logwood, Camp.			18	0	0		19	10	0
Ditto unrefined	cwt.	33	5	0			34	0	0	Ditto Honduras Chipt			15	0	0		16	0	0
Cochineal, garbled	lb.	1	2	6			1	2	0	Ditto Unchipt			uncertain						
Ditto East Indian		0	5	6			0	6	6	Ditto Jamaica Chipt			13	0	0		16	0	0
Coffee, fine	cwt.	5	0	0			5	10	0	Ditto Unchipt			uncertain						
Ditto ordinary		3	0	0			4	5	0	Madder Roots, Smyrna	cwt.		3	10	0		3	16	0
Ditto Mocha in Time		18	15	0			19	0	0	Madder Roots, Dutch Crop,	cwt.		4	15	0		5	10	0
Copperas, Green	lb.	0	7	0			0	8	0	Mahogany, Honduras	ft.		0	1	3		0	1	9
Ditto White		2	0	0			2	5	0	Ditto Jamaica			0	1	3		0	1	11
Cotton-wool, Surinam		0	2	9			0	2	11	Ditto Hispaniola			0	1	5		0	2	3
Ditto Jamaica		0	2	2			0	2	7½	Molasses	cwt.		1	11	6		0	0	0
Ditto Smyrna		0	2	1			0	2	3	Oak plank, Dantzic, 4 & 3 inch	load		11	0	0		12	0	0
Ditto Bourbon		0	2	8			0	3	6	Oil, Lucca	25 gal. jar		18	10	0		20	0	0
Ditto Pernambucca		0	3	0			0	3	2	Ditto Spermaceti	ton		95	0	0		96	15	0
Ditto East Indian		0	1	4			0	1	10	Ditto Whale, Greenland			26	0	0		27	0	0
Currants, Zant	cwt.	4	8	0			4	15	0	Ditto Southern			31	0	0		32	0	0
Deals, Dantz. Fir, 3 in. 40 f.	piece	2	12	0			2	15	0	Ditto Florence	half chest		3	3	0		3	10	0
Ditto 2½ 36		1	9	0			1	12	0	Opium, Turkey	lb.		1	7	6		1	9	0
Ditto 2 30		1	8	0			0	0	0	Orchilla, Canary	ton		225	0	0		240	0	0
Elephants' Teeth 1. 2. 3.	cwt.	26	10	0			30	0	0	Ditto Cape de Verd			130	0	0		150	0	0
Ditto 4. 5. 6.		20	0	0			26	0	0	Ditto Madeira			0	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto Scrivell		14	10	0			20	0	0	Pimento	lb.		0	1	10		0	2	0
Figs, Turkey		3	5	0			4	15	0	Pitch, American	cwt.		0	15	0		0	16	0
Flax, Riga	ton	110	0	0			115	0	0	Ditto Stockholm			0	17	0		0	18	0
Ditto Petersburg, 12 head		105	0	0			110	0	0	Ditto Archangel			0	16	0		0	17	0
Fustick, Jamaica	ton	17	0	0			18	10	0	Quicksilver	lb.		0	4	2		0	4	3
Ditto Cuba		19	0	0			21	0	0	Raisins, Bloom	cwt.		7	10	0		10	0	0
Galls, Turkey	cwt.	5	5	0			7	7	0	Ditto Malaga			3	0	0		3	8	0
Geneva, Hollands	gal.	1	0	6			1	2	0	Ditto Sun			4	5	0		4	10	0
Ditto English		0	9	6			0	14	0	Ditto Muscadine			10	0	0		12	5	0
Ginger, Jamaica, White	cwt.	5	0	0			12	0	0	Rice, Carolina			2	10	0		3	2	0
Ditto Black		2	18	0			3	5	0	Ditto East Indian			2	0	0		2	19	0
Ditto Barbadoes		4	4	0			4	8	0	Rum, Jamaica	gal.		0	5	0		0	6	3
Ditto East Indian		3	4	0			4	0	0	Ditto Leeward I.			0	4	0		0	4	9
Gum Arabic, Turkey	cwt.	8	0	0			12	15	0	Saltpetre, East-India Rough	cwt.		3	15	0		3	18	0
Ditto Seneca		5	0	0			5	10	0	Ditto British Refined			4	2	0		4	4	0
Ditto Sandrach		8	8	0			9	0	0	Shellach			5	0	0		10	0	0
Ditto Tragacanth		24	10	0			26	10	0	Shumack, Faro			1	3	0		1	4	0
Ditto Mastic	lb.	0	5	8			0	6	0	Ditto Malaga			1	2	0		1	5	0
Hemp, Riga Rhine	ton	97	0	0			98	0	0	Ditto Sicily			1	5	6		1	6	6
Ditto Petersburg clean		97	0	0			98	0	0	Ditto Oporto			0	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto East Indian		80	0	0			100	0	0	Silk, Thrown, Piedmont	lb.		2	4	0		4	0	0
Hides, English	lb.	0	0	3½			0	0	5	Ditto Bergam			2	8	0		3	2	0
Ditto Buenos Ayres		0	0	3			0	0	6	Silk, Raw, China, 3 Mos. Sm.			0	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto Dutch salted		0	0	3½			0	0	8	Ditto 6 ditto			1	14	0		2	0	0
Ditto Spanish		0	0	5½			0	0	8	Ditto Bengal, Sm. Sk. g.			0	18	0		1	7	6
Indigo, Caracc. No. 1s & 2d		0	10	3			0	11	6	Ditto Novi			2	0	0		2	5	0
Ditto East Indian Blue & Purp.		0	8	6			0	11	9	Ditto Organzine			1	18	0		2	5	0
Ditto Brazil		0	5	6			0	6	6										

State of the Weather.

Sugar, Jamaica	C.	£3	3	0	3	16	0	Tobacco, Virg. York River	lb.	£0	0	10	0	1	3
Ditto East India			3	5	0	4	12	0	Ditto, James River			0	0	10	0	1	2½
Ditto Lumps			5	1	0	5	6	0	Wax, English	cwt.		15	15	0	17	10	0
Ditto Single Loaves			4	15	0	5	12	0	Ditto Dantzic			15	0	0	15	15	0
Ditto Double Ditto	lb.	0	1	3	0	1	8	Ditto African				9	15	0	11	0	0
Tallow, English	cwt.	5	2	0	0	0	0	Ditto American				14	15	0	15	10	0
Ditto Russia, candle, white		5	2	0	5	3	0	Whale-fins, Greenland	ton			30	0	0	34	10	0
Ditto, yellow		4	18	0	0	0	0	Ditto S. Fishery				26	0	0	28	0	0
Ditto, Buenos Ayres		4	18	0	0	0	0	Wine, Red Port	pipe			75	0	0	105	0	0
Tar, Archangel	B.	2	0	0	2	2	6	Ditto Lisbon				85	0	0	95	0	0
Ditto, Stockholm		2	3	0	2	5	0	Ditto Madeira				74	0	0	125	0	0
Ditto, American		1	16	0	2	2	0	Ditto Calcavella				90	0	0	100	0	0
Tin in blocks	cwt.	5	18	0	0	0	0	Ditto Sherry	butt			80	0	0	105	0	0
Ditto, Grain, in blocks		7	7	0	0	0	0	Ditto Mountain				65	0	0	80	0	0
Turpentine, American		1	18	0	2	0	0	Ditto Vidonia	hogs.			70	0	0	85	0	0
Tobacco, Maryl. yellow	lb.	0	0	0	0	0	0	Ditto Claret				44	0	0	95	0	0
Ditto, Mid. brown		0	0	8	0	0	11	Yarn, Mohair	lb.			0	3	6	0	9	0
Ditto, Long Leaf		0	0	7	0	0	8										

PRICES
OF
Canal, Dock, Fire Office, Water Works, Brewery Shares, &c. &c.
at the Office of Messrs. L. WOLFE *and Co.*

21st October, 1808.

London Dock Stock .....117l. per cent.
East India ditto .....125l. per cent.
West India ditto.....161l. per cent.
Commercial Dock Shares .....127l. per cent.
Grand Junction Canal .....126l. per cent.
Grand Surrey Canal .....60l. per share.
Imperial Fire Insurance .....3l. per cent. premium.
Globe Fire and Life ditto.....114l. per cent.
Albion ditto ditto ..... 2l. per cent. premium.
Hope ditto ditto .....25s. per share premium.
Rock Life Assurance..... 4s. per share premium.
East London Water Works .. ...46l. per share premium.
Golden Lane Brewery .....80l. per share.
London Institution ..... 84l. per share.
Surrey Institution .....33l. per share.
Commercial Road .....114l. per cent.

LEWIS WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers,
No. 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.
By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,
Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock, A. M.

1808	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*
Sep. 27	29.80	53	N	Fair
28	29.65	49	NNW	
29	29.34	44	N	Ditto
30	29.45	44	NW	Ditto
Oct. 1	29.70	47	NW	Ditto
2	29.87	50	SW	Rain
3	29.95	51	W	Fair
4	30.11	52	SW	Ditto
5	30.09	52	SW	Ditto
6	29.94	53	S	Ditto
7	29.72	53	SW	Ditto
8	29.30	54	W	Ditto
9	29.59	52	SW	Ditto
10	29.74	51	WNW	Ditto
11	29.92	48	SW	Ditto

1808	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*
Oct. 12	29.87	51	NW	Fair
13	29.99	50	N	Ditto
14	29.45	49	S	Rain
15	29.16	51	SW	Ditto
16	29.27	48	SW	Fair
17	29.49	47	NW	Ditto
18	29.70	48	NW	Ditto
19	29.43	47	W	Ditto
20	29.65	48	NW	Ditto
21	29.30	49	N	Rain
22	29.50	46	W	Fair
23	29.41	45	SW	Ditto
24	29.37	47	SE	Rain
25	29.64	48	S	Fair
26	29.21	49	SW	Ditto

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.

EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR OCTOBER, 1808.

Days	Bank Stock	3 per Ct Consols	3 perCt Reduc	4 perCt Consol	Navy 5 perCt	New 5 perCt	Long Anns.	4 perCt Scrip.	Imp. 3 perCt	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 perCt	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	StafeLot Tickets.	Cons. for Ac.
Sept.26	——	65½ a ¾	——	——	97⅝	——	——	2¾ dis.	——	7 11-16	——	——	——	——	1s dis.	2s pr.	——	65⅞ a 66
27	——	65⅝ a ¾	——	——	97¾	——	——	2¾ dis.	——	7 11-16	——	——	——	——	1s dis.	1s pr.	——	66⅛
28	——	65⅝ a ⅞	——	——	97⅞	——	——	2½ dis.	——	7 11-16	——	——	——	——	2s dis.	1s pr.	——	66 a ⅛
29	holiday																	
30	——	65⅞ a 66⅛	——	——	98	——	——	——	65⅝	——	——	——	——	——	1s dis.	2s pr.	——	66⅛ a ¼
Oct. 1	——	65⅞ a 66⅛	——	——	98⅛	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	1s dis.	4s pr.	——	66 a ¼
3	——	66 a ⅛	——	——	98⅜	——	——	2¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	5s pr.	——	66¼ a [illegible]
4	——	66 a ⅛	——	——	98½	——	——	2½ dis.	——	7¾	——	——	——	——	par	4s pr.	21l 15s	66⅛ a [illegible]
5	——	65⅞ a 66	——	——	98½	——	——	2¾ dis.	——	——	——	71¼	——	176½	par	3s pr.	21l 15s	66 a ⅛
6	——	65¾ a 66	——	——	98¼	——	——	2¾ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	177	par	2s pr.	21l 15s	65⅞ a 66
7	——	65½ a ¾	——	——	98⅛	——	——	3¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	2s pr.	21l 15s	65⅝ a [illegible]
8	——	65½ a ⅞	——	——	98	——	——	3 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	177½	par	3s pr.	21l 15s	65⅝ a 66
10	——	65⅞ a 66	——	——	98⅛	——	——	2⅞ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	1s pr.	4s pr.	21l 15s	65⅞ a 66
11	——	66 a ⅛	65⅜	80¼	98¼	——	18 1-16	2½ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	178	2s pr.	5s pr.	21l 15s	66 a ⅛
12	——	65⅞ a 66⅛	65⅜	80	98½	——	18 1-16	2½ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	178¾	5s pr.	7s pr.	21l 15s	66 a ⅛
13	——	65⅞ a 66	65⅜	79⅞	98⅜	——	18	3¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s pr.	7s pr.	21l 15s	——
14	233	65¼ a 66	65¼	80⅛	98⅜	——	18	2¾ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s pr.	7s pr.	21l 15s	66¼ a ⅜
15	——	66 a ⅛	65½	80½	98⅜	——	——	2¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s pr.	8s pr.	21l 15s	66⅜ a ⅜
17	——	66 a ⅛	65½	80¼	98¼	——	18 1-16	2¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	180	5s pr.	8s pr.	21l 15s	66½ a ⅝
18	holiday																	
19	233	66 a ⅛	65½	80⅞	99	——	18 1-16	2 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	179¾	4s pr.	8s pr.	21l 15s	66⅜ a ½
20	233½	66⅛ a ¼	65½	81⅛	99	——	18 1-16	1¾ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	179¼	4s pr.	8s pr.	21l 15s	66⅜ a ⅝
21	——	66⅛ a ¼	65⅝	81⅛	99	——	18⅛	1½ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s pr.	7s pr.	21l 15s	66½ a ⅝
22	——	66¾ a 67⅜	66¼	81⅞	99⅛	——	18⅜	½ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	180½	5s pr.	8s pr.	21l 15s	67 a ⅞
24	——	66⅝ a 67	66⅛	81⅝	99¼	——	18½	1 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	5s pr.	8s pr.	21l 15s	67 a ⅝
25	holiday																	
26	holiday																	

EDWARD F. T. FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, *No.* 13, CORNHILL.

N.B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each Day is given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.